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Mirrors of the year :

1927-

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

Rollin Kirby, in the New York *World*

"INDIGESTION"

Obviously the Gentleman in the Bed is Not a Headline Writer—or Is He?

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

A NATIONAL REVIEW OF THE OUTSTANDING FIGURES, TRENDS AND EVENTS OF 1926–7

EDITED BY

GRANT OVERTON

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
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MCMXXVII

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A FIRST GLANCE

by Grant Overton

THE idea of this book is new. Its novelty, which will become more apparent as you read the various chapters, consists in the union of timeliness with perspective. Reviews of the year in this or that field are an old story; and attempts, more or less successful, to present a general review have been made. But I think all of these have proven entirely perishable. "Mirrors of the Year" has, I feel, as it was intended to have, qualities of permanence worthy of a handsome format and bookbinding.

If this is so, it is because from the outset we have had in mind an ideal of two aspects: To offer a review of the year and to present a picture of the time. Neither bears sacrifice to the other in this kind of undertaking. To construct a picture of the time is to make a book too general for immediate interest and value; merely to review the year is to become ephemeral from the start. We desired a book that people could read, when it was new, with the sense of having 1926-27 vividly and selectively before them. But equally we wished the reader of 1937 to feel that the accents, lights and shadows were correctly placed.

Now this has seemed largely a matter of allotted provinces. In the fields of science, exploration, the theater, sports, etc., a specific presentation is not only unavoidable but is alone desirable. No one, now or ten years from now, or fifty years from now, will read such chapters

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whose primary wish is not to know exactly who flew to the North Pole, when and how; what plays were acted and what they were about; who won and who lost championship titles. These, then, were matters to be taken care of, and due care has been taken of them. But although little more could have been expected of the contributors on these subjects and nothing more could be demanded, it will be found, I believe, that even they have managed to supply a good deal besides names and statistics. Details of the general atmosphere, inflections of mood, have not escaped them; and the reader of years hence will acquire not only the facts he wants but an excellent idea of the attitude taken toward them at and immediately after their occurrence.

In other fields the emphasis quite reversed itself. Kathleen Norris, writing contemporary history of the American home, was scarcely called upon to present us with the numerical data of telephone installations or even the figures of divorce, childbirth and the employment of domestic servants. All these things, for what they are worth and in the ten-year arcs which are necessary to any evaluation, the Federal, State and industrial census-takers constantly gather and our experts as constantly and conflictingly interpret. The American home in 1926-27 could only be presented by some one intimately familiar with American homes of every description, and familiar with them not only in the current twelvemonth but throughout our generation—some one, too, whose grasp of the intangible essences of home life was sympathetic and complete.

The most difficult subject, perhaps, was the forms and possibilities of Art. As handled by Muriel Draper, the chapter on Art is an original and provocative discussion.

The fact that many readers will disagree with the point of view expressed is the best proof that Mrs. Draper has written effectively. Is it not possible that she is right and that we in America are rather too conventional in our ideas as to what Art is? In other words, is not Art the vision of beauty and its relation to utility rather than painting, architecture or any of the set forms of expression?

There can be nothing ungracious in saying that the points of view in every case are those of the contributors. Neither the publishers nor the editor has sought to influence the attitude to be taken toward any subject. The zest of making this book has lain in getting experts who had something to say and who knew how to say it.

Although some of the material appearing in the book has had prior or partial publication in magazines and newspapers, most of the chapters of the book were written in the first instance expressly for this book and its use elsewhere—usually in fragmentary form—has been by the courtesy of "Mirrors of the Year."

Europe has become a part of the American scene and from two different angles. The chief one has been most amusingly pictured by Homer Croy in his chapter on "Americans Abroad," and a phase not less interesting is capitally painted by Louis Bromfield's chapter "Expatriate—Vintage 1927." It is hard to resist the temptation to dwell upon the chapters one by one, but a First Glance cannot be unduly prolonged and some attempt has been made to introduce each contributor in a Who's Who which will be found at the back of the book.

It remains to say that no formula has been attempted beyond the general purpose described above. No rules were made and no instructions given beyond the general

request to each author that he write the kind of account that he would like some one to write for his own information—*and* entertainment. For we none of us have wished to be dull. We hope we aren't.

As editor I am eager to acknowledge the splendid co-operation of the contributors. This is, in every sense of the word, their book, and that of Frederick A. Stokes Company, who conceived the idea and who have been constantly helpful from start to finish.

Or temporary finish! For if this volume is liked there is every intention by all connected with it of making it the first of an annual series. You may, after reading this, subscribe for life (or even after) by addressing the publishers, who plan to provide you with the best events of each year as long as years are in fashion.

GRANT OVERTON.

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MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR

THE TRIUMPHS OF JOURNALISM

by Herbert Asbury

I

IT is difficult to select the more horrible examples of American journalism during the past year; their extraordinary number precludes the possibility of a choice by any means short of magic. One has had to consider such choice morsels of journalistic debauchery as the spectacle of a horde of frantic reporters hounding Irving Berlin and his bride; the handling of the Gerald Chapman hanging in Connecticut and the special writers' maudlin ravings about super-bandits and master minds; the last echoes of the Leonard Kip Rhinelander marriage annulment suit in New York, which had so enlivened the last months of 1925; the hysteria which surrounded the death and burial of Rudolph Valentino, with moving picture stars screaming for front page mention and thousands of movie fans, all mentally adenoidal, standing in the rain and fighting the mounted police for a glimpse of the dead man; the drum-beating, horn-tooting revival of the Hall-Mills murder case in New Jersey, and the celebrated affair of Daddy and Peaches Browning, which fittingly climaxed a hectic year.

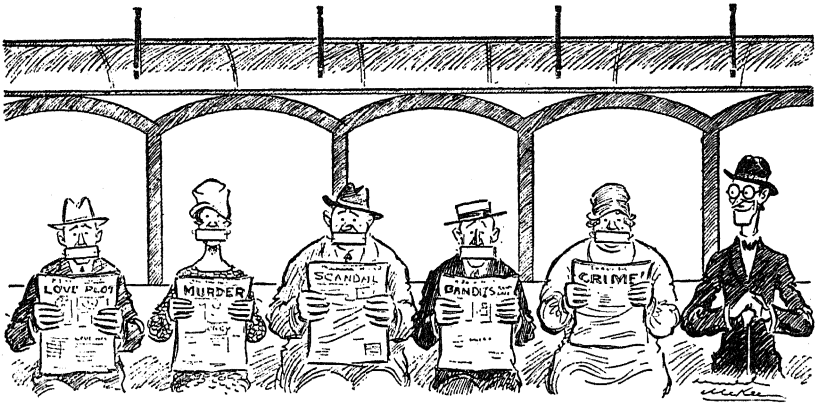
The choice having been left to the gods, the palm is awarded to a marital disagreement. The manner in which certain papers developed and presented the news of the

husband's amorous activities must have caused Charles A. Dana to turn over in his grave, and the shade of Horace Greeley to utter a moan of anguish. As every moron in America knows, the hero is an elderly but wealthy real estate operator with a flair for the juvenile and the collegiate. He became news when he was divorced, and Big News when he notified the newspapers that he proposed to adopt a lady of tender years as a daughter and a prop to his old age. He invited applicants to send in pictures and full descriptions, and was immediately overwhelmed by a deluge of worthy young women. He chose a golden-haired beauty from Long Island City, but the reporters promptly revealed that she had reached the ripe old age of twenty-one. Such a commotion ensued that the realtor abandoned his project, and the young lady put up her hair and returned to private life after several tentative skirmishes with the moving picture producers.

Our hero emerged from this mess with a room full of photographs, many new acquaintances and hundreds of columns of publicity about himself, his millions and his baby-blue Rolls Royce. He had also acquired the honorable title of "Cinderella Man," bestowed upon him by grateful journalists. He then, at the age of fifty-two, married Peaches, who was sixteen, and immediately became known in every newspaper office from Maine to California as "Daddy," because that was what his bride called him. Later, in advanced journalism, he became the "Voodoo Daddy," the "Oom Daddy" and the "Woof Woof Daddy," this last because it was solemnly asserted that during his more playful moments he was pleased to crawl about on his hands and knees before his rapturously applauding "child-wife," crying, "Woof! Woof! I'm a bear!"

This sort of stuff was manna from heaven for every newspaper in New York, for it was first-class sex stuff, and first-class sex stuff means circulation. But one of the tabloids went farther than any of the others dared go. And when Peaches sued her husband for a separation and alleged unmentionable cruelties, the tabloids gave the af-

Donald McKee, in *Judge*



NOT AN ANTI-PYORRHEA ADVERTISEMENT, BUT A PATENT CLAMP TO PREVENT TABLOID READERS FROM MOVING THEIR LIPS, DESIGNED BY A MEMBER OF THE INTELLIGENTSIA

Herbert Asbury Thinks Some Such Device Is Sorely Needed

fair the front page, and many of the other pages, day after day, and the photographers ran riot. An interesting and illuminating feature of the handling of the story at this stage was the employment of trick photography. "Composite photographs" were prepared by a skillful manipulation of the negatives, and were used to embellish a text which was generally, though not always, as innocuous as the pictures were otherwise, for the tabloids seldom carry out their pictorial promises. That these illustrations were the product of dark-room stunts, however, was mentioned only casually in the captions, which announced that "as

this composite photograph shows," Daddy did so and so. But the explanation was rarely, if ever, in the first two or three lines, and so the vast majority of tabloid readers perhaps never even saw it.

The most progressive of the tabloids used its first photographs of this sort during the Rhinelander trial, when the front page bloomed luridly one afternoon with a picturization of Mrs. Rhinelander baring herself before judge and jury. This caused something of a journalistic stir, but it was trivial compared to the triumphs at the height of the Peaches uproar. These were accomplished chiefly as illustrations for the confessions which reporters wrote for the realtor and his wife to sign. One of these pictures showed the husband, with a turban wrapped about his head and a sinister glare in his eyes, carrying Peaches to a couch piled high with cushions, while spirals of exotic incense smoke drifted about the boudoir. This was intended to convey the impression that our hero's proclivities were decidedly Oriental.

All the tabloids offered the tale in pretty much the same manner, as did also the more sensational full-size newspapers. But they soon began to disparage it and play it down; not through holy motives, but because their rival was high in the confidences of both the realtor and his bride, and its reporters were given first choice of all the lovely details. So in time it became almost exclusively a one-paper triumph, and probably will stand for many years as the farthest north in journalistic cheapness and bad taste. However, many others crowd it closely, and even highly respectable papers have much to be ashamed of in their handling of the Irving Berlin marriage and the death and funeral of Valentino. For day after day, long after every vestige of legitimate news had been squeezed

out of Mr. Berlin's private affairs, he was constantly hounded by reporters asking fool questions, so that he fled the country, and for several months went about virtually in disguise. And there is no credit to American journalism in the columns of hysterical writing that poured from the presses about Valentino.

II

Of course, these stories were based on events that happened in New York, and so held a particular interest for the newspapers of the metropolis, but they were presented in pretty much the same fashion all over the country, for American journalism patterns itself largely upon the prevailing Gotham practice. There are thousands of editors who can imagine no higher praise than to be told, "you handled that story exactly as a New York paper would have handled it."

For this situation there are several reasons. New York is the most important news center on the American continent; it is even more important than Washington, for the bulk of the stuff that comes out of Washington is often not news. If it is not propaganda handed out by government press agents and the White House spokesman, it is too frequently the effusion of certain dreamy correspondents who hunch themselves over their typewriters and twist and interpret facts to conform to the political policies of their bosses. Any experienced newspaper man, and the average layman, for that matter, knows that there is a vast difference between politics and news.

There is plenty of news in Washington, but the newspapers generally bury it under a mass of political gossip and rumor, most of which is obviously inspired. But one American newspaper consistently publishes the plain, un-

varnished, uninterpreted news from the seat of our national government. That is *The United States Daily,* founded a few months ago by David Lawrence and others "to present a complete and comprehensive record of the daily activities of the government of the United States in all its branches . . . without editorial comment or opinion of any kind."

It appears to be absolutely impossible for a majority of Washington correspondents to write a straightforward account of anything; many of the best reporters, as soon as they are transferred to the Washington bureaus of their papers, immediately master the art of saying yes and no in the same breath and meaning neither. The editor of a nationally known monthly magazine told me recently that out of more than a score of articles submitted to him from the capital there was not one which did not beat the political devil around the stump, and not one that showed an honest effort at research. One reason for this sad state of affairs is that the Washington correspondent of this type no longer attempts to go out and get his news; he has become a journalistic automaton who is summoned by the agents of the government when they want him, and who trots meekly to the departmental offices and thankfully receives the handouts of the press agents.

Because of the fact that the most important of the hinterland newspapers maintain New York offices, it has become increasingly apparent during the past year that news originating in the metropolis is handled elsewhere in the New York manner. Generally these bureaus maintain connections with Manhattan newspapers, and the stories of the latter are put on the wire without substantial editing or rewriting. The big news distributing agencies also use much news matter direct from the New York papers, and

when the stories are rewritten the men who prepare them are necessarily influenced to a large extent by the material from which they work. And while it is true that in New York, as elsewhere, such muck as the Browning and Rhinelander cases is dealt in principally by the sensational newspapers, and by such other journals as elect to follow these organs of sweetness and light, the effect is to sicken the whole body of journalism, and to fever it with sensationalism and exaggeration.

The effect of such practice upon the readers of the tabloids themselves is probably of no great importance, for the majority of them are aware of no self-governing impulses save those of emotions, and require them to be constantly stimulated, especially those concerned with sex, gold and blood. Nelson Antrim Crawford once pointed out in a lecture that the tabloids built their enormous circulations not by taking readers away from other newspapers, but by reaching persons who had previously read none whatever. If these people did not have picture newspapers to gloat over and look at, they would soon revert to their former condition.

The progress of the world probably would not be retarded if the sensational picture papers and all their readers came to a sudden end together, but society could ill afford to spare its reputable newspapers. And the effect of the tabloids upon decent journalism has been tremendous, and in many instances disastrous. Editors and business managers of the standard size journals, especially business managers, soon became frightened at the rapidly mounting circulation of the picture papers, and for several years have been as bewildered as when yellow journalism itself was launched upon a startled country. They began to imitate and follow the lead of the picture papers

to a marked extent, and the unfortunate result of this pandering to the mass has been that the tone of American journalism has become one of hysteria and exaggeration; news stories are commonly adjudged from the viewpoint of the superlative, and the instruction which the reporter most frequently receives from his editor is "jazz it up." Many of the newspapers, publishing scores of columns of this built-up copy, attempt to remove the curse by ponderous editorials deploring the necessity of doing so.

But it is encouraging to note that within recent months there have been indications that the standard newspapers are beginning to realize that it might be best to leave the morons alone with their toys, and attempt to complete the development of a less odoriferous field. This course of attitude has been particularly noticeable in New York, where picture papers have been in full bloom for several years, and it may be due in part to the protests which greeted the handling of the Rhinelander and Valentino stories. And it may be also that our great editors are beginning to be ashamed of themselves. But whatever the cause, it is the soundest note that American journalism has struck in a decade, and although its first feeble chirps were first heard in New York, it is rapidly spreading to the remainder of the country, because of the vast and almost controlling influence exercised by Metropolitan journalism.

Consequently, throughout the entire reputable newspaper field, there has been a lessening of sensationalism, and a growing disinclination to accept the concoctions of the sensational prints at their face value. These concoctions are never gross exaggerations; in a given story every fact may be, and usually is, both accurate and truthful. But it is by a skillful selection and elimination of facts

and a placing of emphasis, by the manner of presentation and by the use of exciting and frequently misleading headlines, that the distorted effect of sensationalism is obtained and an appeal made solely to the primary human emotions. As late as a year ago, whenever one of these papers appeared with such a smashing hit, editors of standard journals moaned in distress and strove frantically to crowd it into the gutter. But now the tendency is to investigate thoroughly and verify carefully, to search out the hidden facts and subject the whole to a strict analysis on the basis of sound news value and common sense. The Baltimore *Evening Sun,* and its morning edition, have in particular led in the restoration of sanity to journalism.

This new policy was reflected in the handling of Peaches' story and of other news events of a more local appeal, during the last months of the year. It also affected the presentation of the news of the Halls-Mills murder trial, which began in Somerville, N. J., early in November. The tabloids, of course, followed their traditional custom and published exciting stories and misleading headlines, but such New York papers as the *Times,* the *World* and the *Herald Tribune,* and the scores of papers throughout the country which use their wire services, made no effort to enhance the natural and legitimate sensationalism of the story. On the contrary they exercised considerable restraint. The work of Ishbel Ross of the *Herald Tribune* was particularly admirable; with a story that naturally lent itself to wildness of expression, she wrote with a calmness and a strict adherence to fact that the Schools of Journalism might well offer to their aspiring young journalists as a model of murder trial reporting.

The reputable newspapers, not only in New York but

elsewhere, published hundreds of columns about the court proceedings and the investigation which preceded the trial. But they cannot justly be criticised on that score, for the Hall-Mills case was probably the biggest news event of the year, at least so far as sustained and widespread interest and appeal were concerned. This murder of a New Jersey rector and his choir-singer inamorata was an extraordinary story from the beginning, and it became national news when the preacher's widow and her two brothers were arrested for the crime. Several hundred newspapers from all over the country requested press reservations when the trial opened, and something like half the space in the court room was given over to the reporters and the photographers.

The telegraph companies installed forty-seven special lines in the building, over which poured, during the first two weeks of the trial alone, some 5,000,000 words, with a daily average file of 500,000. This was a greater volume of news than the Scopes trial produced, or any other within memory. The Hall-Mills dispatches during this period would fill about 400 standard newspaper pages, or some 3,200 columns of solid reading matter. And this does not include the ten to fifteen columns published each day by the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune,* whose reporters went into their offices each night to write their stories, as did the representatives of small New Jersey papers within a radius of fifty miles of Somerville. The other New York newspapers used the telegraph lines because of early editions, as of course, did those of other cities. The *Daily Mirror* maintained a house, with a butler, for the use of its staff.

III

For the credit side of the ledger American journalism accomplished during the year no single feat of sufficient importance to serve effectively as a concealing and curative beefsteak over the black eye given it by the tabloids and other newspapers of the sensational type. There were innumerable crusades on behalf of innumerable noble causes, many of which, it developed, were not so noble as politic; but the majority were purely local in character, and caused little or no national upheaval, whereas the scandal-mongering of the sensational journals was reflected almost immediately from coast to coast. The New York *World,* one of the greatest and most persistent of our crusading newspapers, made a few tentative swipes at its old friend the Ku Klux Klan, but it had exposed that vulnerable organization so often that it could find nothing new to print, and the Klan's membership lists failed to show the upward trend that had hitherto followed such publicity. The *World* also sent one of its best reporters, Oliver H. P. Garrett, to South Carolina to inquire into the lynching of three negroes, and Garrett performed one of the outstanding journalistic jobs of the year in arousing anti-lynching sentiment and bringing to light important evidence that obviously could have been produced in no other way. The *World* also published a series of articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti trial in Massachusetts which added much to the public knowledge of the circumstances in which justice had been administered. The Boston *Herald,* and other New England newspapers as well, likewise showed a lively interest in this case. Another crusade against the rising power of the criminal element was vigorously pushed by Don R. Mellet, pub-

lisher of the Canton, O., *Daily News,* until he was murdered by gunmen who were believed to have been employed by bootlegging rings and other criminal groups.

The New York *Herald Tribune* made an important survey of the liquor problem, extending its inquiries to Canada and Europe in an effort to find a common ground on which the rabid dry and the extreme wet could meet and embrace the modificationist. Needless to say, it was not found, Heaven probably being the only place that would fill the bill. The survey, which was in progress for several months, began with a study of prohibition enforcement conditions in New York city and state, and then M. Jay Racusin was sent to the West and Middle West, acquiring the entrancing knowledge that speakeasies abounded and that liquor was as easy to obtain on Main Street as on Broadway. Several newspaper men who faced the likelihood of western assignment now found the prospect less distressing. Later Douglas McKay and Ishbel Ross went to Canada and prepared a digest of the liquor laws throughout the Dominion, with an estimate of the manner in which they might be applied to the problem in the United States. Special attention was paid to the Quebec statutes. Harold E. Scarborough performed the same service in Europe, concentrating upon the Scandinavian countries. Miss Ross conducted another crusade during the year, visiting colleges and universities to learn what, if anything, was wrong with the morals of the younger generation. She published a series of articles, but in journalistic circles it is common gossip that the meat of her findings never even got as far as her typewriter. Sometimes when a newspaper sets out to find the truth, it finds entirely too much.

The commonsense viewpoint from which editors of

reputable newspapers are beginning to regard tabloid journalism is, as I have said, one of the most encouraging signs in journalism, but to my mind there are at least two other tendencies which are even more so. They are the gradual decline of the editorial page as the seat of newspaper influence, and the almost total eclipse of early leaders in yellow journalism as journalistic powers. The editorial page has for some time been in the pathetic predicament of the young man who was all dressed up and had no place to go. Never were more brilliant editorials being written, and never have editorials exerted less influence, politically and otherwise. In the old days of personal journalism the editorial page made and unmade presidents and governors; now it does little but produce letters to the editor, and frequently it fails even to do that; there are hundreds of newspaper offices in which such letters are written over fictitious names by reporters at space rates. I once worked on a New York newspaper where almost half my income was derived from this source; it was the custom to choose a subject about which an editorial had been written, and then carry on an elaborate controversy under half a dozen names.

In the very nature of things, an editorial, especially one dealing with politics or a similar subject, cannot be anything more than the opinion of the owner of the paper decked out for the party; and generally the decking is done by a more or less mammoth mentality which slumbers peacefully most of the day in that part of the plant playfully called by the reporters "Brain Alley." Editorial writers are fond of saying that they feel the pulse of the people and mold and reflect public opinion, but they do nothing of the sort. They feel the pulse of the boss and reflect his opinion, and his opinion is the back-

bone of the paper's policy. Generally it is the result of business expediency, or of inheritance and family tradition. Of course, a newspaper publisher or editor has a right to hold any opinion he desires on any subject; what he hasn't a right to do is to proclaim sonorously that the people want this and the people want that, when the truth is that he and his business or political associates want them to have it. It is quite likely that not even Jehovah knows what the people of this country want; certainly they themselves do not know. They prove it at every election.

In former years there was perhaps some justification for the proud boast of the editorial writer, for a great editor acquired a large following which hung entranced upon his every utterance, and was enormously influenced by his wise manifestos. But those days have passed. Not only are there no more great editors, but the average man does not even know who owns and edits the paper he reads. Nor does he care; he buys it for the comic strips, the features, the general and sport news, or for the market and financial reports. And he reads the editorials, if at all, with his tongue in his cheek and an eye open for the nigger-in-the-woodpile, who is generally present. The average reader of to-day is influenced by news stories and not by editorials, and everybody appears to know that except the owners, the editors and the editorial writers. The press agents realized it first of all, and then the politicians. Twenty years ago a reporter was frequently asked to use his small influence to "put over a little editorial," now he is asked to "put over a little story," for a news article composed of facts properly cooked and seasoned will have infinitely more effect than an elaborate editorial campaign. In many cities a political candidate

asks nothing better than to have every newspaper violently against him, for then the editorial writers will attack him ponderously while the news editors, bending backwards in an effort to be fair, will publish practically everything he sends in. Tammany Hall in New York has frequently profited by such a situation, and so have the political machines in other cities. Perhaps the ultimate solution will be the abolition of the editorial page and the establishment in its stead of a page or section devoted to book reviews, and to articles and features of a more or less literary nature. Such a page would also attract book and magazine advertising.

The eclipse of the older yellow papers began when the tabloids first made their appearance. During the past year these yellow newspapers have steadily declined in their influence. A few years ago it was the custom of candidates and political leaders to cater to them, and to move heaven and earth for their support; now, a candidate shrieks in dismay if he suspects that the once omnipotent editor is casting a friendly eye upon him and, especially in New York, will resort to elaborate subterfuges to shake off such connections.

In other newspaper offices, the editor of the yellow press is no longer able to arouse much dismay and scurrying around. He himself appears to have foreseen his possible defeat at the hands of the tabloids. In New York, for instance, the *Daily Mirror* was started to compete with the *Daily News* and the *Graphic,* and was placed under the editorial direction of probably the most expert tabloidician in the country. The *Mirror* started with a bang, and during the past year cheered itself loudly for reviving the Hall-Mills murder case. It was the *Mirror* which, a few months ago, began the custom of printing

an appropriate Biblical quotation at the head of its scandalous stories. The other tabloids, and larger yellow journals, content themselves with beginning such tales with "amazing revelations," "shocking disclosures" and the like, and with pious comment on the difficulty of living a life of sin without paying for it.

At least in point of circulation Mr. Hearst remains the principal newspaper owner of the American continent, for his twenty-two papers, published in fifteen cities, reach almost 3,500,000 readers each week day and more than 4,000,000 on Sunday. In number his journalistic holdings are exceeded only by those of the Scripps-Howard interests, with twenty-five. Two of these, the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Times,* both published in Denver, were added to the string in November by purchase from John C. Shaffer. The *Times* was merged with the Denver *Express,* also a Scripps-Howard paper, under the name of the Denver *Evening News,* and the *Rocky Mountain News* was continued under its own name. This important group of papers is under the control of Roy W. Howard and E. W. Scripps, the latter's father and founder of the string, Edward W. Scripps, having died at sea in March of last year. They now publish the largest number of newspapers under one ownership in the world.

The sales of several other important American newspapers were recorded during the year. The Chicago *Daily News,* founded by Victor Lawson and for many years one of the most influential of the afternoon papers, was bought by a syndicate headed by Walter Strong, nephew of Mr. Lawson, for between $14,000,000 and $15,000,000. In Buffalo the *Morning* and *Sunday Express,* were purchased by William J. Conners and merged with the *Morning* and *Sunday Courier* under the name of the

Courier and Express. The Springfield, Mass., *Republican,* a conservative paper of great renown, bought a majority interest in the Springfield *Union,* which was founded in 1864. In Philadelphia, Bernarr Macfadden acquired the tabloid *Daily News,* which had been established eight months. However, it has not yet struck the true Macfadden gait, and Philadelphia journalists do not believe that he will be able to bring it up, or down, to the level of his New York *Graphic.* The attempt of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., to found a string of tabloids collapsed during the year, and two of his newspapers, the San Francisco *Herald* and the Miami *Tab,* suspended publication. The third, the Los Angeles *News,* went into the hands of a receiver. Young Vanderbilt had no newspaper experience save what he had gained by serving as a reporter of the old New York *Herald* for a few months, and is said to have sunk a considerable share of his family fortune in his undertaking.

The Munsey papers in New York City, the evening *Sun* and the New York *Telegram,* together with the Munsey chain stores, were purchased for $11,000,000 by William T. Dewart, who had been associated with Mr. Munsey for many years as an officer in his publishing companies. Mr. Dewart has announced that he intends to mutualize the newspaper properties. There has been much criticism in journalistic circles of Mr. Munsey's buying, selling, merging and scrapping of newspapers, but the present prosperous condition of the New York field affords ample proof of the wisdom of his course. Out of the welter of afternoon and morning dailies that flooded the metropolis a few years ago have emerged the *Sun* and the *Herald Tribune,* two of our most powerful and influential journals. The *Herald Tribune,* formed when

the New York *Tribune* bought the New York *Herald* from Mr. Munsey, has made tremendous gains during the past year both in prestige and circulation, and the combination probably represents the most successful merger in the history of American journalism.

THE POLITICAL YEAR *

by Mark Sullivan

THE specifications of the editor of MIRRORS OF THE YEAR, to the writer of this chapter on politics, are that it should be "A review of the year," not technical but popular, not closely chronological but general; not detailed but hitting the high spots, especially the human angles; giving the essence of a review but with a certain gayety of tone."

"Gayety" is the word. Who that knows more of history than a single year, who that has the faintest understanding of how deep are the real currents that determine politics, and how long those currents may operate before their effects emerge in political action—who, thus equipped, would undertake to write a review of the year that is only just closing, and be profound about it?

For example: one of the fairly important aspects of politics in the year 1926 was the obstacle presented by the existence of the Solid South, to the idea of nominating Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It became clear that whether Governor Smith should become or not become President, would be determined largely by the existence of the Solid South. The fact that there is a Solid South did not, however, arise in the year 1926. The original and principal reason for the existence of the Solid South occurred some two hundred years ago. That reason was

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economic and consisted of the wish of certain Englishmen and Dutchmen to make money by buying black men in Africa and selling them as slaves in the southerly part of the continent of North America.

The authors, long dead and gone, who wrote contemporary reviews of the year, let us say, 1726, could hardly have foretold that the economic current set in motion then would determine, two hundred years later, the Presidency of a country that did not then exist.

One obstacle to writing a review of a year while the year still exists lies in the difficulty of selecting some events and tendencies, and saying they had more importance than others. Some events that seem quite important in the years in which they occur, some that bulk large in the annual year-end reviews, turn out later to have been of utterly slight importance. Recall, for example, the months during which even staunch Republican papers were saying "Secretary Wilbur must go." Mr. Wilbur did not go, and probably the Navy is not greatly different from what it would have been if he had gone. But the really great impediment in the writing of these reviews lies in the probability that some of the most important events of the year 1926, the ones that will be recognized many years in the future as having been really significant, did not appear in the newspapers at all or were so inconspicuously mentioned as to pass practically unnoticed.

I have just looked through these summaries of the year 1903 in the *Review of Reviews,* the *Literary Digest,* and other books, periodicals and newspapers. In none of those summaries of the year 1903 or of the month of December in that year is there any mention of the fact that on December 17, 1903, two brothers named Wright proved human flight possible and actually flew.

In the *Review of Reviews'* record of current events for December, 1903 (printed in the January, 1904, number) the entry for the date on which man first rose into the air and directed his flight there reads as follows:

"December 17.—In the Senate, Mr. Hoar (Rep., Mass.) and Mr. Gorman (Dem., Md.) attack and Mr. Foraker (Rep., O.) defends President Roosevelt's Panama policy. . . . The House passes the pension appropriation bill."

In the *Literary Digest's* summary for the third week of December, 1903 (printed in its issue of December 26th) the entry for December 17th reads:

"President Roosevelt signs Cuban reciprocity bill. . . . Another indictment is found by the Federal grand jury in Nebraska against United States Senator ——" (name omitted because the indictment was quashed).

All of which suggests that the events which are picked out by the editors and journalists of the day as the significant ones may be the occasion of some irony on the part of historians who check up twenty-three years later. This present summary of 1926, here written and printed, may provide more amusement to the future historian twenty-three years from now than it provides profitable instruction to the reader of to-day. It is less easy on December 31, 1926, to assay and appraise the political events of the year still present, and the economic currents associated with those political events, than it will be a century or two hence.

History, truly understood, does not synchronize with the almanac, though we almost always go on the assumption that it does. Events do not separate themselves into such smoothly cut sections as the calendar; nor do the characters of history come into being with any such ac-

commodating regard for those numerical landmarks that are the convenience of historians. And the economic trends which really determine history to a greater degree than any other one factor are most careless of all in their disdain for dates.

Some currents, of course, or tiny portions of main currents, worked themselves out within the year in which they emerged on the surface. During the first week of January, 1926, the price of rubber was $1.10 a pound, due to an artificial arrangement in the nature of legalized monopoly, brought about by the British government. Secretary Hoover, of the American Department of Commerce, was decidedly wrought up. He said this artificial price-restriction in which the British government participated was causing American purchasers to pay from $30 to $70 excess on every set of automobile tires. The situation during that first week in January, 1926, became rather tense. Recrimination back and forth across the ocean included phrases such as "trade-war," "reprisals"; and acerb comparisons of Shylock Britain demanding $1.10 a pound for rubber, with Shylock America demanding its war debt. All this cut a considerable figure in the news of January 1, 1926. But on December 31, 1926, the price of rubber was 39 cents a pound, a drop of roughly two-thirds, and had lost its power to command newspaper headlines.

Similarly, in January, 1926, there was high commotion about America adhering to the World Court. The debate had begun December 17, 1925, under a Senate agreement that it should continue until a final vote should be taken. It was the most exciting and interesting political debate of the year. President Coolidge was for it; his friends in the Senate were for it. Cloture was invoked

to prevent filibustering opposition, a discipline rarely practiced and intensely resented by the opponents of the Court. Finally on January 27, the friends of the Court prevailed and the Senate ratified adherence by a vote of 76 to 17. Those proportions looked conclusive. Practically everybody said the World Court issue was settled at last.

The New York *World* proclaimed "Before long the membership of the United States in the World Court will be an unconsidered commonplace." The Denver *Rocky Mountain News* said the vote of adherence "was the concentrated force of public opinion which has never been seen operating in such effective manner."

Nevertheless, on December 31, 1926, the United States was not a member of the World Court, and practically everybody understood it was not going to be a member. President Coolidge, who had begun the year as an earnest prophet of adherence, said at Kansas City on Armistice Day in November, "I can see no prospect of this country adhering to the World Court, unless the requirements of the Senate resolutions are met by the other nations interested." Everybody knew "the other nations interested" objected to the Senate reservations. Everybody felt, also, that if the World Court were brought up again in the Senate, that body, in all probability, would reverse its action of January. The St. Louis *Star,* saddened exponent of the friends of the Court, said of Mr. Coolidge's November position, "He thus buries the World Court hopes at the foot of a war memorial—another shattered dream of idealism."

What had happened in the meantime was caused largely by the determined pertinacity of a very small number of irreconcilable opponents of American adher-

ence, chiefly Senator Borah of Idaho and Senator James Reed of Missouri. They, immediately after the Senate's vote to adhere, announced they were going to carry the fight to the country; that they would go into the State of each and every senator who had voted for adherence and who was up for reëlection, and speak against him. They began that program, but as it turned out, they did not need to go into more than two States. In Illinois, in April, Senator William B. McKinley, who had voted for adherence, was defeated in the Republican primaries by Frank L. Smith, running on a platform of disapproval of American participation in world organization. It was said and believed McKinley was beaten because he had voted for adherence to the World Court. McKinley's fate was held by Senators Borah and Reed as a punishment and a warning. It was so taken by other senators and candidates for senator. In Missouri, Harry B. Hawes, running for the Senate, having first been in favor of adherence, reversed himself. In Idaho, Senator Gooding, having voted for adherence, recanted, in order to get himself reëlected to the Senate.

The World Court looks like an incident completed within a calendar year. Actually, the World Court is a detail of a movement toward international coöperation, arising out of forces we cannot wholly identify, and working toward a form we cannot yet predict. This movement has been under way at least a hundred years. Possibly if we could be sure about the forces bringing it about, we might be able to recognize it as having been under way for many centuries. Certainly it had become concrete and emerged to the surface as early as the organization of the Hague Tribunal about 1900. This movement, as a world unifying force, became conspicuous in the very

midst of the most world-disruptive war in many centuries. In the form of the impulse known as the League of Nations, it came to the center of the stage in the latter part of 1918 and the early part of 1919. Just what form it will ultimately take, and when, is more than anybody can say on December 31, 1926.

During 1926, a good deal happened about prohibition; but at the end of the year it was by no means clear in just what direction it all pointed. It would take a political and sociological engineer to chart the currents, eddies, snags and reefs and say authoritatively just what the resultant is now or is going to be. The prohibition commotion began with a number of newspaper polls taken in a more or less organized way throughout the country. That sign of popular interest, either latent or whipped up, was followed by hearings by a Senate Committee. The hearings lasted some weeks and several million words of testimony were taken, which now repose in bound volumes in the basement store-rooms of the Capitol. At the end an inconclusive verdict was registered by the *Literary Digest* which, on June 19, said: "Wets as well as drys declare themselves satisfied with the action of the Senatorial Committee."

Then, in November, eight States held referendum elections, formal as respects the casting and counting of the ballots, but most of them informal as respects legal effect. New York and Illinois seemed to answer Yes to the question: Should the Volstead law be modified so as not to include "beverages which are not in fact intoxicating as determined in accordance with the laws of the respective states." (This assertion by States of the right to interpret the Constitution each in its own way was described by Senator Borah of Idaho and by William G. McAdoo as

"nullification." President Coolidge described failure of the States to help enforce the prohibition amendment as "evasion.")

Wisconsin answered Yes to the question: Should the Volstead law be modified to allow the manufacture and sale of 2.75 beer providing it is not consumed on premises where sold?

Nevada answered Yes to two questions: One, is prohibition a failure; and two, should Congress call a constitutional convention to amend the eighteenth amendment.

Montana answered Yes on a referendum to repeal all State dry laws except that forbidding sale to minors.

California and Missouri answered No to the question: Shall the State repeal its local enforcement act?

Colorado answered No to a referendum on the question: To amend State constitution to provide for manufacture and sale of liquor whenever it does not conflict with federal laws.

On the same day on which these referendums elections were held, elections for senator were held in thirty-three States, and elections for members of the Lower House of Congress in every district. In these senatorial and congressional elections, the wets made some slight gain. It is difficult to define such a gain because the word "wet" includes a wide variety of advocacy of change, ranging from merely raising the permitted alcoholic content from one-half-of-one per cent to two-and-three-quarters per cent, all the way up to repeal of the Volstead Act and repeal of the eighteenth amendment. Roughly, one may say that whereas the former Congress and Senate were about 73 per cent dry, the changes made by the 1926 elections give the country a Senate and House that is roughly

70 per cent dry. This, probably, is the real measure of effective change, because action by Congress is about the only formal means through which changes in the present status of prohibition can be made.

Who can say what will be the status of America's adventure in prohibition ten years from now?

In all the years it is usually true that decisions made by the Supreme Court of the United States go more deeply to the heart of things, and have a rather more prominent effect, than actions taken by Congress. During 1926 the Supreme Court handed down two particularly notable decisions. One held invalid a law passed by the legislature of Oregon through which it attempted to compel parents to send all children under sixteen years of age to public schools. That Oregon law in effect would have proscribed practically all the parochial schools of the Catholic Church, practically all the church schools of the Lutheran, Episcopalian and other denominations; and if duplicated by all other States, would have proscribed all private schools, such as Exeter, Andover, St. Paul's, Groton, Lawrenceville, and scores of others. The decision of the Supreme Court nullifying this Oregon law was universally recognized as going to the very heart of the organization of society.

The other important decision of the Supreme Court was the one handed down October 25 to the effect, as some newspaper headlines put it, that Congress cannot put limitations on the President's "right to fire" government employees. Congress, as long ago as 1876, had passed a law which seemed to read that postmasters of a certain class could be dismissed by the President only with the advice and consent of the Senate. No test case came up until the one decided last year. While the decision of the

Court, to be clearly understood by the reader, should be stated at greater length than is possible here, it was to the effect that Congress cannot put this kind of limitation on the President's right to dismiss the holder of a government office; that Congress cannot insist on the President consulting Congress before he decides to fire a postmaster or other federal official.

That decision, while very important, is no more permanent than some other events which at the time they happen, seem final. Congress can beat that decision around the bush whenever it is moved to.

Two events of the year composed an occurrence that never before happened in American history—the trial of two former cabinet members, Fall of the Interior Department, and Daugherty of the Department of Justice, were the first appearances ever made by American officials or ex-officials of rank as defendants in criminal courts.

One episode, the sending by Canada of its own diplomatic representative to Washington, marked a trend meaning more, probably, in the history of Great Britain than to our own history.

On July 24, 1926, the *Literary Digest* printed a symposium under the heading "Is Coolidge Slipping?" At the end of the year Mr. Coolidge apparently had not slipped. On the contrary, there was much discussion of the possibility of his taking a firm step upward, toward another term.

On September 25, newspaper headlines read: "Only six years' supply of oil." If that were true, it would be most important. The whole history of oil in the United States has occurred in the lifetime of one man, John D. Rockefeller, Sr. If that history should be coming to an

end six years from now, it would mean a good deal. But perhaps the informants of the newspapers were over-pessimistic.

Just as in the year 1902 a visit to America by Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Kaiser Wilhelm, engaged the newspapers of that year, much more than certain developments in the sending of messages without wires by Marconi and others—so in the year 1926 a visit from Queen Marie of Rumania engaged the newspapers to a greater extent than some things which may have happened unnoticed in scientific laboratories.

Possibly, just possibly, the future historians who will read this contemporary record of 1926, the historian who reads it, let us say, sixty-two years from now (to use the figure appearing in the contracts)—possibly that future historian may get his most lively amusement out of observing the use of the word "settlements" in the solemn record that during 1926 all except one of America's debt "settlements" with European countries were concluded.

Throughout most of 1926 two sets of names ran through politics in a curious twinship. The name of Haugen, standing alone, meant little except locally in Iowa. The name McNary, standing alone, meant an Oregon senator. The two names combined provided the title for a cause which, next to the World Court, gave rise to more debate in Congress than any other issue. The McNary-Haugen bill was the name of a proposal for farm relief, which, in most of the permutations it went through, carried the principle that prices of farm crops under some conditions should be fixed by government action, direct or indirect, together with the principle of selling farm crops in the domestic market of America at a fixed price and a high price, while the surplus for sale

Albert T. Reid in *The World's Work*

THE FARMER'S BANKER: "THAT'S THE WAY—FATTEN THE CRITTER SO WE CAN GET OUR MONEY OUT OF HIM."

A Little Problem Mentioned Without Solution in Mark Sullivan's Review of the Political Year

abroad should be sold for any price that could be got.

The bill was forced to a vote in both the House and the Senate. In both it was defeated. President Coolidge and his administration were known to be opposed to it. When the bill was defeated in June and Congress adjourned soon after, it was the hope of opponents of the McNary-Haugen measure, and of all similar forms of farm relief, that by December, when Congress reassembled, farm conditions would have so improved as to lessen the demand for relief.

That hope did not materialize. On the 28th day of December, 1926, a formal statement from the Department of Agriculture said that the prices of farm lands had declined about 30 per cent in the six years past, and that there was no certainty the end was in sight. Meantime, also, the entire South had been afflicted by what amounted to an economic calamity. The price of cotton fell from about eighteen cents, which is roughly the average cost of raising it, to about twelve cents.

The farm problem, taking the country as a whole, was worse on January 1, 1927, than it had been on January 1, 1926. This problem constituted the principal potential cause of political radicalism. A definite characteristic of the year 1926 was immense prosperity in practically every industry and branch of business, except farming, accompanied by acute subordination of practically the whole industry of agriculture. It is obvious that America industrially was passing through some major change, presumably one in which the United States is destined to become to a greater degree a manufacturing nation and to a less degree a farming nation.

On July 3, 1926, the *Literary Digest* carried a collection of views from many sources, to the aggregate of which the

periodical gave the title, "A big anti-tariff twister on the horizon." Actually, no such political hurricane arose during the year. The possibility of such a development later on was to some extent increased by the results of the November elections. In those elections the Democrats made a measurable gain in the Lower House, and in the Senate won enough seats from the Republicans to give them within one of a majority. Democratic gains, however, have come in recent years to have less significance as omens of tariff reduction, than was once the case. Some parts of the South, especially the cities, where manufacturing is growing, have come to look tolerantly on tariff protection.

A larger sign of a changed view in America in the direction of tariff reduction came from a quite different quarter. During all the generations since the protective tariff became an issue in America, the bulk of the banking and investing interests have favored it. Since the Great War, however, a large proportion of the bankers and investors have acquired a contrary motive. American bankers and investors have loaned some billions of dollars abroad, some to governments in Europe and elsewhere, and some to foreign industries. Out of this investment arose a motive for wanting it made easy for foreign debtors to pay the interest they owe to American investors. A tariff wall, it came to be realized, is an impediment to this payment. Consequently, during 1926, one began to observe among the soft-hatted, low tariff Democrats of the South and Southwest, a considerable sprinkling of the silk hats of Eastern bankers and investors. Whatever is to come of this as yet tentative and only budding tendency toward tariff reduction, will probably emerge during the year 1928 when two conditions will

provide forums for it, a new Congress in session and a Presidential election.

One may say, as of December 31, 1926, that the outstanding characteristic of America during the year was materialism. And yet it may happen that the future historian will identify the year as one that included the beginnings of a reaction from materialism, some new idealism. If such a beginning has been made, it is still in the hearts of the people, it has not yet emerged in any tangible sign.

While the Tennessee trial, with its picturesque background of angry Fundamentalists beating off determined Modernists, its picturesque personnel of Bryan, Darrow and the others—while that trial had occurred, the preceding year, 1925, its effects, and the deeper controversy of which it was one battle, trailed through 1926, and the Scopes case itself spent 1926 in the dockets of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, on appeal.

One would judge that the future historian would lay a good deal of emphasis on this tug-of-war between two conceptions of the universe, of man's arrival in it, and of his relation to eternity. The Tennessee trial and the controversy of which it was a part was in its nature, if not in degree (possibly in degree, also), comparable to those events which arise once in so often from century to century, and which are recognized as having rather more to do with the history of man's intellect, than wars or political revolutions. They are the high spots in the history of the human mind, as distinct from the history that has to do with the more physical and territorial aspects of the course of the world. So far as one can see now, one is obliged to believe that at the Tennessee trial the Fundamentalists were fighting a rearguard action,

and that some kind of important change is taking place in the field of formal religion and man's attitude toward it. The judgment that the Tennessee trial was a rear-guard action of a losing cause, rests on the fact that although anti-evolution statutes were introduced in several States, and although aggressive fights for such statutes were made in at least six state legislatures, only two States, Mississippi, Tennessee, enacted them. Whatever is to be the end of the path, the seeming course of the future leads toward the growth of what is called, roughly, modernism.

Certainly 1926 was a year of exalted materialism—materialism both in the sense of a material interpretation of the life of man, and also in the more usual sense of devotion to material things, to goods, their production and diffusion. If organized religion seemed in 1926 to have a markedly less firm grip on men's minds than during former eras, if religion had less authority, if men devoted less time and thought to it than was the case in some past epochs of history, that phenomenon of the decline of religion went hand in hand with another phenomenon, a devotion to material things, which seemed to have at least a vague connection with the lessening part played by religion in civilization. Nineteen hundred and twenty-six was the year of maximum devotion to business, of the exaltation of material things, of a view of life which saw the distribution of goods among men as the greatest end. Business, indeed, in 1926 had the place in men's minds which religion used to have. All America was dedicated to business to the degree that in some past centuries whole nations dedicated themselves to the building of cathedrals, or to crusades, or to some of the austere religious philosophies of sacrifice, self-denial. Our real

cathedrals in 1926 were office-skyscrapers; our factory-chimneys were the spires of commerce.

It was just before the beginning of 1926, it was in November, 1925, close to the ancient Puritan festival of Thanksgiving, that a President of the United States with a wholly Puritan ancestry, in an address to the New York Chamber of Commerce, used these words:

"Business . . . is the work of the world. It . . . has come to hold a very dominant position in the thoughts of all enlightened peoples. . . . It . . . rests on a higher law. . . . It rests squarely on the law of service. . . . It has for its main reliance truth and faith and justice. . . . In its largest sense it is one of the greatest contributing forces to the moral and spiritual advancement of the race. . . . Government [is its] vigilant supporter and friend."

That is a long distance from the conception of business that was held by a majority of the people, and was actually in power, during most of the administrations of Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson—from about 1901 for about fifteen or sixteen years, until the Great War elbowed these older economic issues out of American politics.

Certainly our materialism during 1926 was very successful. So far as man is fed by bread alone, he was fed abundantly. To this condition not even the farmer was an exception. The farmer did not participate in the fruits of materialism to as great a degree as did the city worker; but the farmer, as every one else, had an access to material goods that was sensational compared to what he was able to command a generation before. The farmer who, in the year 1900, had two horses, was regarded as well-to-do. In 1926 practically every farmer had an automobile, which meant the power of twenty to forty horses.

If he had also a tractor, that was fifty to one hundred horse power more. In the population as a whole, it was an exceptional family that did not own an automobile—there were upward of twenty million cars in the country. If the home was connected with an electric plant, the family had, in addition to its twenty to fifty horse power from gas, an additional horse power from electricity, practically unlimited in quantity.

The diffusion of goods in America in 1926, the access of the average man to material comforts, conveniences, luxuries, was a phenomenon new in history. It called for almost any superlative adjectives one can find in the dictionary. It was a wonder of the world. Other countries heard of it. England, Germany, even nations as far off as Australia and Japan, sent delegations here made up of economists, scientists, government officials, bankers, committees of trade organizations, to find the causes of our prosperity and find ways by which they could duplicate it.

These foreigners visiting America, when asked what impressed them most, invariably replied that it was the universal well-being. They recited catalogs of the material riches in the hands of the American people: Everybody with an automobile who wanted one; the abundance and variety of food—so much so that our waste of food is usually one of the details that foreigners notice; the variety and attractiveness of clothing—every shop-girl dressed to make the Queen of Sheba envious; the candy shops; everybody with a telephone; the attendance at games; the radios; the victrolas; practically every youth that wants to, able to get a college education if he and his family are willing to make the slightest sacrifice.

It is not intended to say that politics had much to do

with bringing this about—far from it. For our abundance of material goods we were little indebted to politicians. Our enrichment was based largely on the coming to fruit of a series of cumulative inventions, perfections of mechanical devices, adaptations, organizations, all bringing natural forces to the service of man in the shape of power and goods. It was a combination of the beneficence of nature, the patient investigations of scientists, the resourcefulness of literally thousands upon thousands of obscure workers in shops and factories, who found new ways of making more goods with less expenditure of human labor. Particularly we were indebted to the immense power derived from two lines, both of which had come into existence within the lifetime of men still living; gas, within the lifetime of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. and electricity within the life of Thomas A. Edison.

Politics influenced this enrichment much less than the enrichment influenced politics. The politics of 1926 was the politics that would naturally accompany a period of materialism, of enrichment, of diffusion of goods that is certainly without parallel in human history.

THE STATE OF THE NATION

by Elmer Davis

"We have passed another twelve months in the favor of the Almighty."—*From the Proclamation of the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, appointing a day of general Thanksgiving and Prayer.*

WHO can doubt it? Our august President, in his public utterances, is not addicted to innovation or paradox; his allocutions are apt to contain little that has not already been swallowed and digested by the general opinion. And indeed the most skeptical observer of this great republic, in the year of our Lord 1927 and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fifty-first, must wonder if we could have got by thus far, and thus well, without divine favor and a lot of it. It must be the Lord who hath done this, for obviously it is not we ourselves.

We prosper amazingly, so amazingly that committee after committee comes in humble pilgrimage from Europe to look over our mountainous wealth and try to find out how we got it. America is the teacher, Europe the pupil; and quite as important, America is once more, in European eyes, the Promised Land. This ancient doctrine, held by all reputable Europeans in the eighteenth century, has been under eclipse for the last few decades among intellectuals, except in the Russian Pale. But now it revives, all over Europe. It is true that what European intellectuals admired in America a hundred years ago was

liberty, now it is money; Europe's Canaan complex used to center around Independence Hall and Mount Vernon, now its focus is Wall Street or Hollywood. Nevertheless, there is no reason to be ashamed of our material prosperity; indeed, it would seem only sensible to be proud of it, since it is the only thing we have that Europe wants. And if you are cynical enough to say that this tells something about America, why, it tells as much about Europe. Every day European writers and speakers point the contrast between their high ideals and our crass wealth; but most of them would swap.

Yes, the nation prospers, even if many citizens are in distress. Florida, which insisted on calling a boom normal development and desperately tried to call a slump a boom, has been deflated at last with the assistance of a hurricane, and receivers in bankruptcy have brought prices back to the neighborhood of normalcy. The farmers raise their eternal cry to heaven, now from the wheat belt, now from the corn belt, and any one who suggests that inflation must be compensated by deflation, that what goes up must come down, is regarded as an enemy of the agrarian proletariat. The farmers think a protective tariff might save them—yet New England, armored from head to foot in the panoply of protective duties, sees its industries drifting away to regions which offer cheap labor nearer the raw material, and refuses to read Roman history and learn that this, too, was inevitable.

Those of us who are not suffering, however, can recognize the operation in these events of the sublime laws of economics, and may feel that the farmers, the Floridians, and the New Englanders ought to find compensation for their misfortunes in the consciousness that they are serving as object lessons of the uniformity of Nature.

None the less, enough prosperity is generally diffused to justify the general faith that this is God's own country and we are His chosen people. Yet the formula which European investigators seek, the magic explanation of our well-being, is simple enough; all our prosperity rests, ultimately, on the application to practical affairs of a single principle of higher mathematics, the escape into the fourth dimension.

An industrial nation producing a surplus over its current needs must export if it can. But export means customers capable of buying the exports, and our customers are not so opulent as might be desired. Secretary Mellon, a year ago, so far forgot the political proprieties as to say that a prosperous Europe was worth more to us than the capital value of the war debts; yet for one reason or another (Senator Borah would explain it by Europe's innate cussedness) Europe refuses to prosper. Surely the exit from this impasse is the most brilliant feat ever accomplished by the American genius. Our producers and distributors, facing a problem insoluble in the three-dimensional world, transcended their limitations by introducing the fourth dimension—time. Europe of to-day being unable to absorb our surplus, we retain our prosperity by selling it off on the instalment plan to America of the future.

There are indeed crabbed pseudo-economists who doubt the wisdom of buying our own products from ourselves, using them up ourselves, and leaving the bill for posterity. If the next generation in Europe revolts against paying the left-over costs of a war which was both produced and consumed by their fathers, may not the next generation in America be quite as reluctant to pay for the automobiles and radio sets produced and consumed by Americans of

to-day? But those who argue thus are small-minded persons, incapable of understanding either the fourth dimension or the American spirit.

Rollin Kirby, in the New York *World*

THE MOLASSES BARREL

If Elmer Davis Has Doubts About Our Condition This Picture Leaves No Doubt About Our Pocketbook

Our prosperity has endured for some years, and any number of savants and experts are ready to demonstrate (just as they did a year ago in Florida) that it cannot help lasting forever. The theory of the instalment plan postu-

lates for its success a perpetual boom; if the endless chain is broken anywhere all its links fall apart; but since a perpetual boom is required to keep America prosperous, it would be a person of little faith who could doubt that the Almighty will obligingly provide it. And the pious tone of the President's proclamation reflects with accuracy (indeed with prophetic accuracy, since it was written four days before election) the general conviction that our current prosperity is due to God Himself and not to any of His creatures.

For the most noteworthy event of the past year is the spread of the suspicion that Cal Coolidge is not necessarily the noblest handiwork of the Creator; and of the corollary conviction that even if this be so, the republic still stands. No longer ago than 1924, it was a generally accepted dogma that between our fatherland and red ruin stood only this one man. (If persons on the inside doubted this, they never let their skepticism trickle through to the outside.) Under the war cry of "Forward with God for Constitution and Decalogue, for Coolidge and Dawes," the country was saved; and apparently it can stay saved not only without the Decalogue and with only fragmentary remnants of the Constitution, but even without Coolidge.

The august Calvin, to be sure, may come back, but undeniably at the moment he is out, and he can blame nobody for it but himself. In last fall's election candidate after candidate, worried over his prospects in the inevitable off-year reaction against the party in power, besought the President to throw behind him the weight of the famous Coolidge popularity. One after another they were refused—all but one. William M. Butler, Senator (by temporary appointment) from Massachusetts and latest

avatar of the Sacred Cod, could not be refused. For him, the President spoke in ringing tones; and when David Ignatius Walsh swept Butler back into private life he swept a good deal of the presidential prestige along with him.

Mr. Coolidge did not help himself much by his flurried proposal, as soon as he had read the election returns, to distribute the treasury surplus as a donative to the taxpayers. More than once, within the year, he had argued that taxes had been reduced about far enough and the surplus ought to be applied to the reduction of the national debt; the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, from Coolidge panicky to Coolidge confident and calm, was unanswerable. So this ill-judged attempt to restore the Roman imperial practice of buying public good-will merely sank a little more of Mr. Coolidge's prestige; and it must not be forgotten that every candidate who asked for help and failed to get it has kept all these things and pondered them in his heart, with results that are likely to be apparent when the scramble begins for pledged delegations to the next Republican national convention.

Yet this fading of belief in our latest Santa Claus has not discouraged the Republican party. States that regularly go Democratic in off years just as regularly go Republican in presidential years; and the most dangerous of possible Democratic candidates seems at the moment about as dead, as a presidential possibility, as Calvin Coolidge himself. Al Smith has fallen—like Stonewall Jackson, accidentally shot from the rear by his own men.

Al Smith's religion does not matter. It naturally seems important to enthusiasts for religious equality who would like to see it practiced as well as preached. But many of his supporters, men and women who would oppose a

Catholic candidate who was a Catholic first and a public servant afterward just as readily as they would oppose a Methodist candidate who was a Methodist first, who regard tolerance, from the historical viewpoint, as a virtue characteristic of minorities, cannot help thinking that his religion is as irrelevant as his views on beer. Antipathy between Catholics and Protestants, between wets and drys, is only an accidental phase of the real issue in current American politics—the antagonism between the city and the farm. The true significance of Al Smith lies in the fact that he is the first great home-grown urban champion, the Andrew Jackson of the sidewalks.

The cities might elect Al Smith—but he cannot be nominated without some support from rural Protestants whose suspicion, ill-founded as it may be, must first be disarmed. The hope of disarming such suspicion faded when the Knights of Columbus called for a crusade in support of the Catholic hierarchy in Mexico; it virtually disappeared with the Marlborough annulment.

Whatever the Knights wanted (their various statements never quite made it clear) nobody who knows Al Smith's record supposes that they would have had any better chance of getting it from him than from Coolidge. Perhaps less; no administration in a country predominantly Protestant would wage a holy war for the Vatican (a proposal, it may be remarked, which was supported neither by the Vatican nor by the Mexican clergy), but Republican administrations are not always above suspicion of willingness to wage a holy war for oil. (Indeed, the chief effect of the Knights' appeal was to stick a knife into the intervention campaign of the oil interests.) It is absurdly fantastic to suppose that Al Smith as President would ever set the government to work for the Church—

but when a Catholic group demands it, suspicious Protestants are apt to feel safer if they keep a Protestant in the White House.

For these are matters of prejudice and suspicion, not of reason, and prejudice and suspicion blazed higher still when the Sacred Rota annulled the Marlborough marriage which had already been dissolved by civil courts. As Governor of New York Al Smith signed an act extending the divorce laws, which could hardly be interpreted as undue subservience to the Church; as President, he would have nothing to do with marriage and divorce at all; the Marlborough annulment has no legal validity or binding effect on anything but the consciences of the parties involved—yet, with all that, the newspapers got letters by the ton from indignant citizens who cried that if Al Smith went to the White House no Protestant marriage would be safe.

It remains conceivable that if he were shrewd enough to campaign on a platform of this one plank, the immediate annulment of all marriages, he might be elected by a record-breaking majority, especially now that hard-worked housewives have the vote. But this would conflict with his religious principles, so it looks as if he is lost.

Not, of course, that this lessens the probability of his appearance as a formidable candidate in the next Democratic National Convention, and the correlative appearance of Mr. McAdoo and the Fiery Cross. From all present prospects that convention will be a general dog-fight, like the last one. One can only hope that the Democrats will follow a practice growing in favor with convention committees, and hold it in Montreal.

"Business has prospered; industries have flourished; labor has been well employed."—*From the same.*

So they have. The United States Steel Corporation distributed as a stock dividend, at Christmas, securities larger in amount than the total capital of any American corporation only a couple of decades ago. The movies are bigger than ever; and the nation's third largest industry, Dudley Field Malone, exporting the raw material of divorce and reimporting the finished product stamped with the Paris label, has made himself a virtual subsidy to the steamship companies which compensates for much of what they lost with the decline of the immigrant trade.

This natural blooming has been fomented by wise governmental assistance. There was, for example, the case of a well-known New York rum parlor, whose numerous patrons were surprised to learn, after some months, that it had been established and operated by Federal prohibition agents and financed by tax money for the purpose of getting evidence against wholesale bootleggers. When sufficient evidence had been secured the institution was sold for cash, and the vendors raided the purchaser a few days later and confiscated the liquor they had sold him. (Its subsequent disposition is veiled in mystery.) One can only wish that these able business men who put their talents at the disposal of the government could have been entrusted with the United States Shipping Board, whose world-wide operations have never shown the profits produced by this local speakeasy.

Also, it may be remarked, the quality of liquor retailed by these public servants was excellent, and the price reasonable. The whole episode suggests that perhaps a government dispensary system might be the best solution of the liquor problem.

More important still is the apparent discovery of an infallible cure for unemployment—a measure, curiously enough, that seems to have been adumbrated by Mark Twain, that great economist born before his time, in his description of the community whose inhabitants supported themselves by taking in each other's washing.

Three million dollars were spent on a Senatorial primary in Pennsylvania, another million in Illinois, millions more, in the aggregate, in other States. Half the able-bodied citizens of Pennsylvania seem to have been on some candidate's payroll as workers, watchers, waiters; and if they cost five dollars a head in one end of the State and ten dollars in the other, that was probably due to climatic differences. Massachusetts, sunk in industrial depression, found election day a millennial dawn; even though unemployment had glutted the labor market voters seem to have been able to get eight or ten dollars apiece. If Providence, defeating all the calculations of patriotic economists, should ever permit another period of hard times, the remedy is now obvious; no matter how many factories close down, hold a Senatorial primary and everybody will have enough to eat. True, this method of putting money into circulation is not new; but under the old clumsy system its benefits were confined to the delegates to the State conventions. The direct primary has promoted a general distribution of wealth which has important effects in reducing swollen fortunes and exploding forever the gradual impoverishment theory of Karl Marx.

Yet it is not only the laboring classes who feel the pinch of poverty; it never pinches more painfully, perhaps, than on the young man just out of college and striving for a foothold in New York. All around him he sees older men who have made their money, entertaining the girls he

would like to know, buying champagne in night clubs, associating with the titled nobility of Europe—while he who is young and eager, who has a strong stomach for liquor and a refined appreciation of exquisite girls, is shut out of all this by poverty. He may hope and envy, but he must defer his enjoyment for twenty years, till age has corroded his liver and blunted the fine edge of his appreciation.

Hard is the life of the hallroom boy; and the bitterness engendered by these disabilities, the soured cynicism, the futile escape into fruitless day-dreams, represents a definite economic loss to the nation as well as a definite reduction of the quantity of our national idealism. Once more a wise administration has intervened, and removed this age-old curse from appetent youth. Presentable and ambitious young men can now lead the life of Monte Cristo by enrolling as Prohibition Enforcement Agents or Assistant United States District Attorneys.

Some of these fiery lads were lately assigned to the patriotic duty of getting evidence against New York cafés and night clubs. In its execution they were compelled to pose as wealthy cotton men from South Carolina, as realty kings from Florida, as exiled Russian noblemen, as visiting English authors—as everything, in short, which a hallroom boy might wish to be, and hitherto could be only in fantasy. They bought champagne, they commanded the deference of head waiters, they associated with Park Avenue débutantes and Atlantic City bathing beauties; and they were not even hampered by the occasional parsimony of the rich man who knows how hard it was to earn his money, for they were spending tax money that had been earned by other people. Fifty-eight cafés were padlocked, at a cost to the government averaging only about

$150 per café; after which the young patriots retired to a rural rest cure, each of them regretting, no doubt, that he had only one stomach to give for his country.

Surely a nation which paternally gratifies the wildest day-dreams of youth deserves the title of the Promised Land.

"We are blessed among the nations of the earth."—*From the same.*

Here our President shows felicity in choice of words and accentuation. We are blessed among the nations; if we are not being blessed by them, that is due to the natural envy of the wicked for the good.

In much the spirit of the Big Brother movement the Administration proposed, and the Senate approved, our participation in the World Court. It was necessary to add the reservation that the Court must not even express its opinion, without our consent, on any subject in which we claim an interest; and Europe ungratefully refuses to take us on those terms. We have been offered, indeed, equal rights with all other nations; but the general opinion seems to be that equal rights are beneath the dignity of a Chosen People.

In the matter of the war debts, too, Europe seems unappreciative. It was explained quite clearly to Europe that the funding settlements represented the forgiveness of half or more of the debt. But Europe heard the simultaneous explanation to American taxpayers that every cent was being collected; and the explanations have never seemed quite compatible to European economists, who are behind the times and not an adept in fourth-dimensional thinking.

Many Americans, indeed, have said that the rights and wrongs of the debt question are not only complicated

but irrelevant, and that it would be merely good business to scale the debts down to little or nothing. But these are college professors, newspaper editors, clergymen; persons who have never made any money for themselves and hence cannot be supposed to know what good business is. Indeed one may doubt if metropolitan newspaper editors understand the public opinion of the nation at large. Consider the case of Vera, Countess of Cathcart, divorced for adultery, whom the Federal Government tried to keep from defiling our aseptic shores. The general metropolitan view of this matter was perhaps most crisply expressed by Mr. Rollo Ogden, who said that the episode demonstrated less the moral turpitude of the lady than the mental turpitude of the government. But Mr. Ogden works at Broadway and Forty-Second Street, New York. Take a plebiscite outside the city limits and it would probably show a sweeping majority for keeping this turpitudinous person out. For the protective principle is the keystone of our industrial prosperity. It will be an ill day for America when she cannot manufacture enough turpitude to supply the home market.

"Our moral and spiritual life has kept measure with our material prosperity."—*From the same.*

A thousand instances of our moral progress could be cited. Senator Borah has discovered that citizens of New York have no more right to express their opinion about a Federal law than residents of Europe about an American foreign policy. A Senate committee has decided that the records of contributions to the Anti-Saloon League, during the years when it was consolidating its domination of the government, are holy relics which must be hidden

from the profane eye in Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler's private Ark of the Covenant.

Even a touch of the miraculous has been vouchsafed to us as evidence of divine blessing. When Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, that powerful amplifier of the Word, disappeared from a California bathing beach, there were not lacking devout disciples who presently saw her walking on the water. Later, indeed, when she reappeared and told her story, it was found that she had been nowhere near the water at the moment; but to the spiritually-minded it will be evident that to walk on the water without being drowned is no more of a miracle than to walk across the desert without getting sunburnt.

Evidence of the progressive character of our spiritual life may be drawn from an incident which perhaps more properly belongs to the history of the year in literature. When Professor John Erskine reinterpreted Helen of Troy and Sir Galahad there were not lacking voices of protest; many men and women felt their sacred and long-cherished ideals outraged by this process of modernization. But when Bruce Barton reinterpreted Jesus Christ as a brisk young business man who would never have neglected to tear out that coupon and mail it to the International Correspondence Schools, or the LaSalle Extension University, or the Alexander Hamilton Institute, nobody was offended; many, indeed, felt that the mystery of the Incarnation had been made considerably more comprehensible. If God saw fit to take human form, this, it must appear to the ordinary American, is the human type which He would most reasonably have elected.

In education, too, broadening concepts are visible; American universities and American scholarship are dis-

carding the narrow sterility of the specialist and harmonizing themselves more fully with the life around them. A girl graduate student in one of our State universities leaves her desk, buys a mask and a gun, goes to a nearby town and holds up a bank—to obtain funds for a learned society of which she is secretary. This is perhaps rather too great a simplification of the technique ordinarily employed by university presidents to obtain contributions, but it has the merit of putting the most up-to-date methods at the service of scholarship.

The president of another State university and his professor of art, attired in silken nightgowns and with flowers in their hair, took part in a procession, accompanied by a number of women and carrying a sheet; and when inquirers asked the hieratic significance of the sheet, it was explained that it was the Vassar daisy chain. Surely this suggests that education is becoming more than a frigid sharpening of the intellectual powers; it has room, also, for Joy and inspired vision.

Yet our modernism is not incompatible with a reverence for established traditions. Consider the special privileges which were accorded to Marie of Rumania on her late royal progress through these States. An American girl like Gertrude Ederle may, if her achievement has been sufficiently significant, parade up Broadway to be received by Jimmie Walker on the steps of the New York City Hall; but one doubts if the divine Gertrude can occupy large hotel suites without paying her bills, or travel over the country in a special train without paying her fare. But to visiting royalty all doors are opened (not all, to be sure; a few hotels in New York and Chicago turned down Her Majesty's suggestion of free room and board; but enough); the members of the late Rumanian

debt funding commission must wish they had found American officials as indulgent as their sovereign found the American public. One can only regret the short-sightedness of the railroads which deprived our august visitor of the privilege of comparing America's rival wonderlands, California and Florida, by a crass insistence that she must first buy her ticket.

"Neither should we be forgetful of those among us who are less fortunately placed."—*From the same.*

American charity is an old story. It has sometimes been criticized because it was too much directed overseas; we fed Belgians, Armenians, Russians, and over-zealous patriots were apt to complain that it ought to begin at home; but that oversight seems on the way to being remedied. Regard, for example, the case of Colonel Ned M. Green, Federal Prohibition Administrator for California.

Colonel Green testified, in the course of a criminal trial, that he frequently found bottles of liquor in his office or his hotel rooms which had been left for him by "friends with a mistaken idea of kindness." This ungenerous characterization should not be allowed to stand; but it can be explained if not justified by the circumstance that Colonel Green was eventually indicted and brought to trial on the charge of withdrawing this very liquor from confiscated stocks. His counsel reminded the jury that this man, in charge of millions of gallons of liquor, was charged with stealing only seven or eight quarts, and with the absurdity of the accusation thus pointed out Colonel Green was promptly acquitted.

It was indeed Colonel Green's duty, according to his

own statement, to select various bottles from the surplus stocks for examination of the labels; and it might be argued that friends who gave liquor to a man charged with these functions were practically offering a lump of coal to the Mayor of Newcastle. But this very fact proves their disinterestedness. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and his benefactions must always rest under the suspicion of being designed to lay up treasure in Heaven. He that giveth to the rich, with no such extraneous compensation, can be accused of no interested motive; he gives from the joy of the giving. Besides, the gift without the giver is bare; and as it generally works out in practice, the donor of gifts like these gets in the end about as much of the usufruct as the receiver.

But this development of charity at home does not mean that we have relaxed our generosity to our less fortunate brethren abroad. There is at present a strongly supported movement to give honorable and lucrative employment to the Filipinos by adorning their islands with rubber plantations, and the reports of the Near East Society demonstrate that our commitments and obligations to Levantine orphans must necessitate the maintenance of the Society's administrative machinery for some years to come.

"It would be easier to assume that there is bound to be a reasonable amount of larceny in our business, our politics, and our sports, and let it go at that."—*W. O. McGeehan.*

So the capital blessing of the year just past, to the reflective and philosophical mind, has been not so much our material prosperity as the accompanying change and growth toward maturity of the national character. Hasty critics have accused us of adult infantilism, a "nostalgia

for the national nursery," but the charge becomes less plausible with every passing year. Gusts of popular passion grow fewer and fewer; thanks to fourth-dimensional thinking, we are learning to reconcile optimistic idealism with acceptance of things as they are, so long as they do not happen to be immediately uncomfortable.

Old controversies are dying out, old antipathies are passing into oblivion. Juries have decided that the members of the Stevens and Carpender families were the only residents of New Brunswick who were not in De Russey's Lane on a certain September night in 1922; and that young Mr. Doheny was only playing Santa Claus when he took a suitcase full of money to Mr. Fall; the long period of diplomatic strain and exchange of notes between Dempsey and Wills has been ended by Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey; and the Stillmans are reconciled. These old issues no longer stir the people's passions; America can go forward with its eyes fixed on the future.

The quotation which heads this section was evoked by the charges of dishonesty flung at Messrs. Tyrus Cobb and Tristram Speaker. Now it is noteworthy that aside from the indignant friends of these gentlemen, nobody seems to have been much excited by this spreading of scandal—not half so much excited as was the country at large by the discovery that the world's series of 1919 had been thrown. Much of this equanimity may have been only the reflection of confidence in Cobb and Speaker; Will Rogers spoke for millions when he said that if they had been fixing games in their twenty years' career he wished he could have seen them play when they were really trying. But other millions, so far as one can gather, read the accusation and remarked, "Well, who cares if they did?"

Much of this toughening of the national mind must un-

doubtedly be credited to prohibition. It has familiarized the public with the idea that public officials, breaking the law and contravening the Constitution for worthy purposes, are behaving with laudable patriotism; that acts technically criminal are permissible to any one who has influence enough to get away with it; and that any man who sees money lying on the counter and does not pick it up is, if not a fool, at least an eccentric. No episode in American history has been so curative of loose thinking; every earnest student must be thankful that the mental discipline afforded by the Volstead Act and the liquor problem will, to all appearances, be always with us.

It is true that an eminent professor of economics lately estimated that only one-tenth as much liquor is consumed now as before the war. But persons who get around more than this learned gentleman may be supposed to do tell a different story. One cannot help thinking that he was led into miscalculation by the fact that most of the stuff current nowadays has ten times the pre-war kick.

But for this discipline acquired by the enforcement of prohibition, the nation might not have passed through the late period of political exposures with such gratifying immunity from serious discomfort. Millions of words have been published about oil leases, the Department of Justice, the Alien Property Custodian's office, and the Veterans' Bureau; and aside from a few old-fashioned persons hampered by an outworn ideology, nobody seems to have been greatly upset about it all. Governors and Congressmen have been sent to jail, Judges have been impeached, public office has been bought and sold, and who cares? The immature illusions of a youthful nation have been left behind; the adult American intellect appears to expect no more than that public officials will display a

decent respect for the opinions of mankind, and be reasonably moderate and secretive about their misbehavior. And if they are not even that, why, a mature nation realizes that public officials will be public officials; and what of it? Superficial incongruities of behavior may be disregarded since we are, after all, God's Chosen People.

So one begins to be able to envisage, at last, with some clearness, the America of the future, greater, richer, and happier than ever; when unemployment and civic dissension shall have passed into history and every citizen will be not only gainfully but honorably employed, in an occupation combining private pleasure and interest with the public service. A future when not one but all of the cafés and speakeasies and blind tigers shall be maintained by Federal agents for the sublime purpose of gathering evidence; when each and every one of us, on the government payroll as prohibition investigators, shall buy our drinks from these government agencies on a Treasury expense account and acquire our wealth by shaking down the proprietors; and nobody will care, because it will all come out of tax money.

We owe this prospect, under God, to the happy discovery of the political and economic possibilities of the Fourth Dimension.

LE SPORT *

by Grantland Rice

I. Five Star Finals

NINETEEN twenty-six rolls on into the dust of time amid the clatter of many crowns and the turmoil of almost continuous drama.

Something over 60,000,000 spectators attended various forms of competition and something over 20,000,000, old and young, male and female, took part in some form of training or competitive sport. Here are figures which show the tremendous surge of sport into American life.

As nineteen twenty-six went careening along Jack Dempsey, the man-killer, fell from his seven-year throne and Bill Tilden, the master, saw his tennis coronet start on a 3,000-mile trip to France. Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel to start a long procession on its way across, Babe Ruth came back to his home-run glory and Grover Cleveland Alexander featured a world series that found the St. Louis Cardinals supplanting Pittsburgh's Pirates as the champion ball club of the game.

Exciting episodes followed faster than the eye could follow the panorama of events. Bobby Jones won the Open Championship of Great Britain and the United States; George Von Elm dethroned Bobby Jones as the amateur golf champion of America; Tiger Flowers removed the middleweight crown from Harry Greb; and Mickey Walker, chased out of the welterweight kingdom

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by Pete Latzo, relieved Tiger Flowers of the middleweight insignia.

Nineteen twenty-six stepped out upon the dewy turf of its early dawn with Dempsey, Tilden, Burlenbach, Walker, Greb, Rocky Kansas, Willie McFarlane, Bobby Jones, Glenna Collett, Helen Wills, Hornsby, Heilman, Pittsburgh, Dartmouth and Hagen holding the more important leaderships. But as nineteen twenty-six stumbles along into the dusk of a dying year only Jones and Hagen from this long list are still wearing the purple.

Jones lost one crown at golf and picked up two others in its place as Hagen remained one of the few to hold his place on top of the hill.

Gene Tunney the Marine turned Dempsey into a punching bag before 130,000 rain-soaked spectators in Philadelphia. This vast crowd saw the champion fight like a third rater minus any punching power or ring skill.

It was the greatest massacre of kings, queens and rulers at large in the history of sport. It was a heavier slaughter than the ancient ballad sings—where

"Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy Chase were slain beneath the greenwood tree."

The air was full of falling bodies that only a year ago were topped by crowns. In place of the brigade that started so gallantly to the wars a year ago the parade now moves into a new year with Tunney, LeCoste, Delaney, Latzo, Walker, Mandell, Bobby Jones, Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Mallory, Manush, Alabama, Stanford, the Navy, Lafayette and Brown holding the more important lead.

Dartmouth was a typical example of the Spirit of 1926. Unbeaten through 1924 and 1925 the Big Green Team from Hanover crashed in turn before Yale, Harvard, Brown and Cornell. Nineteen twenty-six was cobra poison for most of those who led the caravan as the procession started on its way.

While all this was taking place Harvard and Princeton suddenly separated with a reverberating echo that might have been heard ninety miles at sea. The fuse was already adjusted when the *Harvard Lampoon* applied the match, crudely, clumsily but effectively and now there are two pictures turned to the wall—two souls with but a single hate, two hearts that knock each other.

Yale lost four games and Harvard lost five, and Princeton had to retrieve part of her season by beating Yale and Harvard.

In the midst of the crashing débris and the hurtling timber, Cobb, Speaker, Sisler and Collins stepped down and out of their managerial assignments—Cobb and Speaker, two of the supergreats, turned in their war-worn harness for good and all.

Wherever you turned a champion was being beaten or a star veteran was fading into the fog, a dim silhouette against the glory that used to be.

The most vivid performance of the year came when Gertrude Ederle blazed her way across the English Channel, the first of her sex to batter through this barricade.

Most of the early excitement started on the other side. The first turn came when Jess Sweetser, in the midst of a serious illness, won the British Amateur Championship where for twenty-two years the best amateurs in America had failed. Sweetser's performance under the handicap

of ill health was one of the triple-starred accomplishments of a sporting decade. He had to fight his way through illness and a strong field to bring back a British trophy which had defied our best for nearly a quarter of a century.

A short while afterwards Bobby Jones started his remarkable summer campaign by winning the British Open and the United States Open and then reaching the final round in the United States Amateur championship when unbeatable golf by George Von Elm of Los Angeles over the hard Baltusrol course finally turned the Georgian back from a triple record.

Illness and an operation for appendicitis dropped Helen Wills out of championship competition and shortly thereafter the remarkable Molla Mallory came back to win the women's tennis championship of the United States for the eighth time, including the war year. She looked better than she did in her first victory eleven years ago.

September was the month where the clatter of falling crowns became appalling. The racket was deafening. First Bobby Jones, after holding the amateur golf title since 1923, fell before Von Elm. The Californian trimmed par and Bobby together.

A short while later, just after the United States Davis Cup team had repelled the French invasion, the same set of Frenchmen fell upon Tilden, Johnston and Richards and the carnage was something terrific. With an attack led by Lacoste, Borotra and Cochet, America's Big Three in tennis were cut down, leaving an all-French final which Lacoste won.

A week later the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium was filled and $1,900,000 was paid out to see what Jack Dempsey,

the heavyweight champion and Gene Tunney, the challenger, had to offer in the way of thrills. This fight smashed all American sporting records for attendance and it smashed all world records in the way of gate receipts and prize money. Dempsey and Tunney took away $900,000 for thirty minutes' work, being paid at the rate of $30,000 a minute. Dempsey received $700,000 from this collection and Tunney $200,000.

The Dempsey who had looked to be in such good condition five days before the contest suddenly turned into mush as Tunney cuffed him about for ten rounds. Dempsey depended largely on threatening gestures and fierce rushes which melted quickly as Tunney socked his battered features steadily with rights and lefts. As a contest it carried few thrills, since it takes two to make a fight and Dempsey had little to offer beyond the capacity to absorb a lot of flying leather.

Just after this episode took place Jack Sharkey came over from Boston to hand Harry Wills the same type of beating and the long wrangle over Dempsey and Wills was swept out with the dust. Wills looked almost as bad as Dempsey when he passed out of the picture, probably to return no more.

October broke out with the usual world series where the St. Louis Cardinals were locked in a death embrace with the New York Yankees for a matter of seven games. The pitching of Pennock, Alexander and Sherdel featured most of the show which also found Babe Ruth riding the crest with his home run eye focused on the outlying fences. The Babe broke enough records in this one series to last an army. But after the veteran Alexander had beaten the Yankees twice the big climax came in the last game in New York when his ancient arm was called in to

relieve a congested occasion with the bases full. He struck out Tony Lazzeri, a first-class hitter, and put the Cardinals on top of the heap.

A few days later, football was raging with something more than its accustomed fury.

Dartmouth, one of the champions from 1925, lost four games in a row.

Alabama, another unbeaten team from the year before, continued its winning ways, one of the few champions to keep going without taking a header.

Yale and Harvard had a stormy time and Princeton had a tough October.

In the east the Navy, Brown, Lafayette and Boston College were unbeaten with the Army losing only to Notre Dame at the top of South Bend strength. Michigan and Northwestern split the Conference title as Stanford finished in front on the Pacific coast. It was a smashing Carnegie Tech team that checked out Notre Dame. New York University went unbeaten to her final game with Nebraska and Columbia overturned Cornell and gave Pennsylvania a scare.

Eighty thousand people saw Stanford and California play. Ninety-four thousand saw Michigan and Ohio State. But these marks all fell when 110,000 spectators with 30,000 more looking down from outside saw the Army-Navy meet in Chicago. These two teams were both extremely powerful, two of the best in the game, and the battle they fought to a 21-21 draw will remain as one of the remembered classics of all time.

It was a season in which the point after touchdown decided ten important games, this factor beating a big, fast team from Southern California twice. Michigan won

two battles by this margin, to reverse U. S. C.'s melancholy result.

II. Can Gene Keep It?

Just thirty-four years after Corbett, the boxer, checked out Sullivan, the slugger, at New Orleans, Tunney, the boxer checked out Dempsey, the slugger, at Philadelphia and the swaying pendulum of form swung back again to September, 1892.

There have been any number of championship styles, modes and methods since that day of Sullivan's defeat, now lost in the fogs. Corbett, the boxer, had to give way to Fitzsimmons, who could not only box but hit with either freckled paw. Fitzsimmons, in turn, well beyond his prime, weighing not much more than a middleweight, had to fall before the raw physical power and durability of Jeffries, the young California giant.

Old Ruby Robert had to spot Jeffries thirteen years and more than thirty-five pounds: too much even for crafty Bob.

Jeffries (tossing out the brief Tommy Burns era) started the march of the mastodons—Jeffries, Johnson and Willard. Jeffries weighed 220, Johnson around 215, Willard from 250 to 260.

It was Jack Johnson who first showed the value of an impenetrable defense. He could hit when he wanted to, but his great art was an uncanny ability to protect his face and body.

Jim Jeffries became a fair boxer and a great fighter before he retired, but his principal assets were strength and ruggedness. He wore out and broke up Fitzsimmons' fists with his face and head.

Willard brought almost nothing to the game but sheer bulk. He could handle himself fairly well for a man standing six feet seven and weighing from 250 to 260 pounds. But with him it was largely bulk that counted.

There could have been no greater change in champions than the switch from Willard to Dempsey, from a 260-pound, slow-moving giant to a 186-pound ring fury who knew how to hit with both hands.

The Dempsey of 1919 and 1921 was closer to the Sullivan of 1885 than any one else, depending largely upon ring spirit and heavy-hitting fists. And the Tunney of 1926 is closer to the Corbett of 1892 than any one else has been, depending more upon boxing skill, countering, jabbing and keeping away than upon slugging.

Tunney hasn't the speed that Corbett had, but he can hit just a trifle harder.

It is at least a striking coincidence that the Sullivan-Corbett period should now be duplicated by the Dempsey-Tunney period in the span of pugilism.

And as Gene Tunney, the most unusual of all ring types, stands on top of the hill the crowd at large begins to peer in different directions for the most likely challenger to knock him off.

It is the way of the game. In England they pull for the old champion or the old star to keep going eternally. They are for the crown wearer up to his passing. Over here interest seems to be concentrated on locating some promising battler who can knock the reigning monarch for a spiral loop.

Willard was an emblazoned hero when he beat Jack Johnson, but most of the crowd at Toledo were clamoring for Dempsey to beat the giant. And 90 per cent of the 130,000 who paid in nearly $2,000,000 at Philadelphia

were pleading with Tunney to smash Mr. Dempsey's bobbing dome.

Tunney, a marine, a sportsman, a far more polished product than is ordinarily found in the ring, should have been the most popular of all the champions, barring only the magnetic John L. But in spite of that the crowd is peering intently up and down the sky line looking for his successor and wondering when that successor will show up.

It so happens that Gene Tunney has reached the top when the harvest of logical or nearly logical challengers is the richest ever known.

The champion he whipped was only thirty-one years old, the youngest champion in heavyweight history to reach the slippery chute. Corbett was only a trifle older when Fitz stopped him, but Corbett offered a far different defense against the challenger at Carson City from the one Dempsey offered at Philadelphia.

Tunney has the possibility of a return match with an ex-champion not so far from his prime—not precisely a young ex-champion, perhaps, but one who is comparatively young and still physically fit.

He has another worthy rival in Jack Delaney, light-heavyweight champion, a brilliant boxer, and a smashing hitter with either hand.

Tunney would have a weight advantage if these two were to meet, but Delaney may put on another five pounds and reduce this disadvantage.

Delaney is no opponent to be taken lightly, even by a heavyweight champion. He is as fast as a streak of lightning, and he can hurt any man he hits. He hasn't Tunney's strength or his ruggedness. He may not be able to

take as much punishment, for Tunney can take his full share and come back for more.

There are others, such as Jack Sharkey of Boston, who must be considered. And all this means that Tunney arrives at a period in pugilism when there is plenty of competition, not only at hand, but some months on ahead.

III. By the Skin of Their Teeth

The final score may be all that moves along into history, to rest under the gathering dust of the years, but the final score frequently tells only a small part of the story. There are certain turns in sport that seem to be "written in the book" (as one old-time competitor expressed it) where Fate directs the drama and where the dividing line between victory and defeat is thinner than the margin of an eyelash.

No other season in sport history has shown a greater number of such decisive episodes that help to draw out the millions and send them home with chills still chasing up and down their spines.

There was, for one example, the battle between Colgate and the Navy. The final score records the fact that the Navy beat Colgate 13 to 7. But with only a minute left, Colgate was leading the Navy 7 to 6. And Colgate was completing a long, driving march that finally placed the ball within two feet of the Navy's goal line.

Just one more play, and three seconds later a fumble gave a swift Navy back a 99-yard run to a touchdown!

Just a week before that game Yale and Dartmouth had been in the thick of a neck-and-neck rush. Dartmouth had been outplayed, but with only a short span left the Green was pressing deep into Blue territory with the score

still tied at 7-7. Yale men were only hoping that Yale could hold on long enough to get a tie.

From a fake run to the right a long pass came to the left side of the field where two men—McGonigle of Yale and McPhail of Dartmouth—rushed for the ball. The whole game rested on this one play. The ball barely missed McPhail's outstretched fingers as it settled into his rival's grip near the Blue goal, and just three plays later Yale had won.

Then there was the amateur golf championship at Baltusrol. On the first day of match play at 18 holes George Von Elm had drawn the long-hitting Ellsworth Augustus of Cleveland, and Bobby Jones was paired with Dick Jones of New York.

At the thirteenth hole the two Joneses were all square. At this hole Bobby's second had reached a trap and Dick's second had reached the green. This seemed to be the first important break in Dick Jones' favor, for he had been using his putter with uncanny skill. Bobby Jones' niblick shot popped out of the trap and stopped twelve feet away from the cup. Dick Jones' approach putt stopped three feet from the tin. He missed while Bobby holed and won in the end by this one-hole margin.

At about the same hour George Von Elm came to the seventeenth green all square with Augustus. They were each from twenty to twenty-five feet from the cup, putting for a 4, the hole being 580 yards in length.

Augustus putted first, and the ball dropped with a "cluck." This left Von Elm with a twenty-two foot putt over a deceptive, sloping green, and he had to hole this putt to remain in the field and carry on the war.

The ball came spinning up and found the center of the

cup, where the twist of half an inch would have tossed the crack Californian out of the field in his first round.

And three days later Von Elm and Jones were the only survivors.

Then there was the case of Joe Turnesa at Columbus in the open championship. Fate had first given him a turn of luck with an early draw before the wind turned into a young sirocco. He led the field by four strokes as he came to the long twelfth hole on his last round. The championship seemed to be his.

His tee shot into the wind was long and straight; his second seemed a beauty. He needed only an inch or two to clear the top of waving yellow grass. But the ball ducked into a heavy lie, and when the hole was finished Turnesa had a 6 and the start of a downhill march where he was beaten by a stroke. And the depressing turn came on one of the best shots hit through the day.

It is for this reason that single-year championships are rarely important. The true champion must win and repeat to prove that certain turns of fate haven't been the deciding factors. It is the average that counts, not the single brilliant exhibition.

No one who saw the last world series can forget the break that turned against Wee Willie Sherdel, the Cardinal's game and skillful left-hander. He had lost a tough game to Herbert Pennock in the opener. But in his stand at St. Louis he was riding to glory before the cheers of the home crowd. He had the New York Yankees standing on the backs of their brawny necks, poking the air in vain.

And then, at a critical moment, a fly ball sailed out to left. It should have been an easy out. But the Cardinal left-fielder misjudged the range and came charging in.

He saw his mistake in time and turned to go back. As he wheeled both feet left the ground, and he sat down abruptly.

The easy out had turned into a two-base hit—and it cost Sherdel two runs and the game. Even as it was he had the contest in his hip pocket when two other wind-blown Texas leaguers drifted out of reach just over short, to beat him at the last turn. Sherdel had not only stopped the Yankees cold, but he had pitched to Ruth and had curbed the mauling mandarin with a curve ball that kept the Babe in chains all afternoon. It was a great exhibition of pitching that went wrong because a young substitute outfielder misjudged a fly ball.

These eccentric episodes through a waning season are not offered to prove that luck directs the destiny of the day. But they at least prove that even the champion must philosophically accept his allotment from Fate.

Titles swing back and forth upon much narrower margins than many can ever figure out. When the present football season opened Dartmouth was heralded as one of the strongest teams in the country. Here was an outfit unbeaten for three years with such stars at Dooley, McPhail, Horton, Black, Lane, Fusonie, Rubin and others back for play.

While the Green was receiving the early applause Geneva was beating Harvard in the Crimson's first battle of the year under Horween's direction. The cheering for Dartmouth and the laughter for Harvard were intermingled. Yet just three weeks later the Crimson was fluttering above the Green for the first time in several seasons —just at the time when Dartmouth had looked strongest and Harvard had looked weakest. One broken-field run near the finish of the game was enough to swing the issue.

Fate plays queer pranks in its sudden changes. How many would have figured a year ago that Gene Tunney and Jack Sharkey would meet Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills for a total of twenty-two rounds and win twenty-one of the twenty-two? This was something "written in the book" that no one expected to read.

IV. So This Is Football

The recent football season, which has only lately closed with the usual vocalistic swirl and more than the usual number of surprises, has been offered the finest study yet presented of the strength and the weakness of football as an intercollegiate sport.

The first of these weak features is the hysteria and the bitter feeling which the game too often causes. The late season opened with a young war between Syracuse and the Army, which started with profanity and rough play and finally led to an open assault upon one of the officials by a Syracuse player.

The same season, near its closing stage, led to an open break between Harvard and Princeton, where the smoldering fires of several years were finally fanned into a roaring flame by a raw edition of the *Harvard Lampoon* which forced Princeton into breaking off all relations with her ancient rival.

There are too many of these football feuds for the good of the game. The old bitterness in a football way between Cornell and Syracuse still carries on. So does the prehistoric feud between Princeton and Pennsylvania.

In addition to these long-lingering vendettas there was a rowdy outbreak in Indiana this season and still another in Pennsylvania, where coaches, players, officials and

Courtesy *The New Yorker*

ANY BIG GAME

Representing Everything but the Result of the Battle and Grantland Rice Gives That

spectators were all made part of something approaching an attempted massacre.

Often old rivalries have developed no small part of the trouble. Just before many of these big games are played there is little or no classroom work and the students of both institutions are worked up to a pitch beyond all reason.

Nothing of the sort occurs before a big boat race or a big track meet, and yet these sports call for just as much skill, stamina and courage as football demands. If there are any two universities that can't play football together in friendliness and mutual faith, then all football relations between them should be ended.

The Middle West, through the Western Conference, has handled the situation in much better fashion than the East.

In a certain Western game I saw one player warned for something he said to a rival on the field. "What was he calling the other fellow?" I asked the official after the game. "He was only kidding him," the official said, "but I threatened to put him out of the game.

"Let them talk to their own men and leave the other side alone. I won't allow any sort of conversation between two teams that might start any bad feeling. There is too much physical contact in football to have either profanity or sarcasm lead to more trouble."

This is entirely true. Many football games were played this last season where the language used was about two feet below the level of the gutter. Professional ball players never quite come to that point.

Another bad feature of football is crowding the entire season into the fury of one or two games, making these contests a personal affair. It is at least partly on this ac-

count that Harvard, Yale and Princeton have lost much of their football prestige through the last few years and have also worked up a state of mind before their games are played that is all out of proportion to the importance of the issue.

This was largely responsible for the open break between Harvard and Princeton. This matter of conserving every resource just to beat a certain team is hardly the acme of sportsmanship, to put it gently. It isn't the purpose of football and it isn't good for the game.

It would be advisable for faculties to permit practice to start the first day of September. This would check many of the early season injuries by conditioning the men and it would also leave them in much better position to take up their college work, with the first rough rigors of training over. The average collegian is a lot better off those first two September weeks on the football field than he is in a number of other places that might be mentioned.

Football needs less hysteria on the part of the students and old grads. It needs more sanity in both divisions. It needs minimizing of importance as far as winning teams are concerned, greater strictness on the part of officials in penalizing rough talk and rough play, the tearing down of fewer goal posts and the building up of greater mutual friendliness. It needs the elimination of student traveling to outside contests.

It can stand some curbing of its tendency to become a Roman circus display. It can use more sportsmanship and less delirium. It needs fewer football stars piling into professional play and thereby acknowledging inability to face a useful career. It needs more coöperation and less jealousy among many of the leading Eastern universities.

Football is a great game with entirely too many weak

spots that need curing by doctors who know their business.

V. Sporting Dollars

The professional wave has struck consternation in the ranks of those guarding the amateur wall. The amateur guardsmen are wondering whether the wall will stand, and just how far the golden surf of "pay for play" will move.

Baseball has always been largely a professional sport. Amateur baseball has never been an important feature in the publicity of the day. The public knows only the Cobbs, Johnsons, Speakers, Ruths, Hornsbys and the rest who make their base hits, or suppress base hits, for a livelihood.

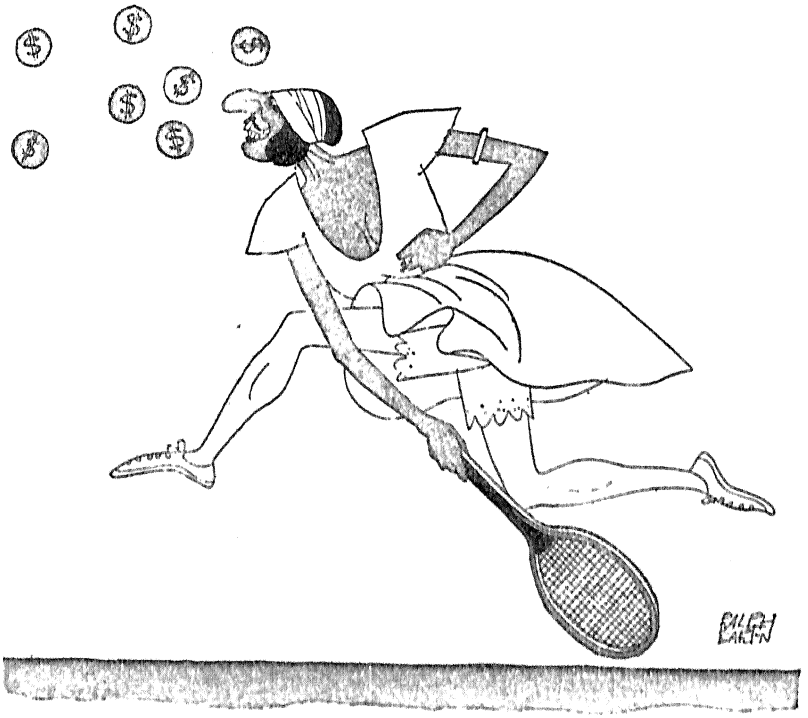
Golf has been about an even break between the professionals and the star amateurs, where on one side the Vardons, Taylors, Braids, and Hagens have been matched by the Hiltons, Balls, Bobby Joneses, Sweetsers, and Ouimets. But the main citadels of amateur sport have been football and tennis, rugged strongholds that were supposed to be safe from all professional encroachment. And suddenly we find hundreds of college stars rushing to pro football, and professional tennis—headed by Suzanne Lenglen and Mary K. Browne, who have won amateur championships in three of the great tennis countries of the world—has come into being.

While all this has been taking place, Gertrude Ederle, Aileen Riggin and Helen Wainwright, all former amateur swimming stars, have joined the professional army. And these are only a few from the thousands, male and female, game after game, who have suddenly decided to collect.

Now the most important question is this: Where will it lead and what will happen to amateurism?

This first big rush of the professional wave has been

Ralph Barton, in *Life*



"POUR LE SPORT"

The New Development in Sport Satirized by Mr. Barton Does Not Greatly Worry Grantland Rice

treated as a mysterious phenomenon, whereas it is nothing of the sort.

It is the simplest thing in the world to explain, being part of a natural law. And this natural law is that wherever the golden surf flows there will always be many swimmers.

It all began in the building of vast stadiums and bowls for amateur play. Their builders believed they were working for the best interests of the game, but they were also building up a paying public which was spending millions every year.

This paying public was not so much interested in looking at amateur sport. It was interested in looking at the leaders in any sport, at the best in the game, no matter what the game might be. It found the leaders in baseball and boxing were on the professional side, so it supported this side. It found the leaders in golf were evenly divided, so it supported both amateurs and professionals about equally.

But in football and in tennis the public always knew the stars were in the amateur ranks, so the amateur side got the call.

Twenty or thirty years ago interest in sport was somewhat light and scattered in this country. To-day there are in the United States at least 50,000,000 people between the ages of ten and eighty who are keenly interested in some game, or in many games, and the leading stars. So there exists a field which no professional promoter will overlook. And the pros are pouring in. It is a natural and logical development.

There is also another side which has complicated the situation and broken down many of the old barriers. It was created by the amateur who at the same time collected most of his pay from his connection with sport.

In the old days an amateur was supposed to be one who not only played the game for fun, but who in addition had a job which only allowed limited time for his sport and recreation. But, for one example, the public could not quite understand how tennis stars, amateurs without an-

other vocation, were able to travel extensively four or five months in a year (with all their expenses paid) and pick up as much as $200 or $300 a week writing about their game, when they had never shown any intense yearning to be writers or journalists or reporters until their tennis fame suddenly brought them tempting offers.

The public also watched the rush of star amateur athletes into lines of work that athletic fame would remunerate quickly and richly.

It has been said that this capitalizing of athletic fame is beyond control and inevitable. This seems to be true. But a fact remains a fact, and unquestionably athletic fame in a hectic athletic age has been making almost as much money for many amateurs as the leading professionals can get, barring the Dempseys and the Ruths.

There has been a world of bunk in modern amateurism, and every one knows it. It has been possible for an amateur to devote five or six months a year to his game and make good money out of it, and this has naturally puzzled the noncombatants.

There are real amateurs, of course. But most of them have fairly good bank accounts and a certain amount of spare time. If they haven't, they will not be winning amateurs very long.

It should be stated in this connection that professionalism is not a matter of ethics. It is a matter of economics. Any one who steps out openly as a professional deserves more respect than an amateur who uses his game for gain.

Quite often professionalism may be sound ethics and bad economics. Most of those who go in for professional sport are making a mistake. At thirty or thirty-five many of them will suddenly emerge from the dream with little money left and no training for a career ahead. Those who

can never quite reach the top are in the majority about 200 to 1.

Professional baseball has overshadowed amateur baseball, yet there are still thousands of amateurs playing. Professional golf hasn't hurt amateur golf in any way, not even where professionals and amateurs meet in an open championship.

In golf the amateur must pay his own expenses for any trip he takes for any tournament he may enter, with the single exception of the official international matches, held once every two years. There are no amateur golfers taking long tours and turning in expense accounts. Even the golf professionals pay their own way to their open and P. G. A. championships.

What effect will the professional side have on amateur tennis and college football? How far will it all go?

Professional tennis has come to a limited extent, but there is no reason why it should hurt amateur tennis any more than professional golf has hurt amateur golf.

If all the leading amateur tennis stars suddenly deserted and went over to the pro ranks, there would be a big drop in the gate receipts until new amateur stars came along. But it would also help clear up the atmosphere.

THE AMERICAN HOME—IF THERE IS SUCH A THING *

by Kathleen Norris

IT presents some aspects entirely unique in all the annals of human living—the American home of to-day. One would say "the American middle class home"—if there were any middle class. But we have none. We have only the always small percentage of the extremely rich, the fortunately small percentage of the extremely poor, and the large group between: the persons we think of when we think of the "typical American home."

Five-room bungalows, six—seven—eight-room shingled houses with bay windows in the parlor, and a breakfast alcove in the kitchen, apartments that rent from $40 to $400, places with flag-poles and one-car garages, some in enormous buildings with colored boys and artificial palms and lincrusta Walton on the ground floor, and some in shabby, weather-beaten rows, with "Modes" and "Board" modestly announced at every alternate doorway, but all coming under the big generic title "the American home."

The poorest woman I ever knew in America was a Danish widow, with three children, who lived on a tiny Connecticut farm. Her allowance, in the shape of a seaman's pension, was $600 a year, and she managed well on that. But near the little French town of Moulins I met two Frenchwomen, mother and daughter, both widows,

* Copyright, 1927, by Kathleen Norris.

with the latter's two baby boys to raise, and the younger widow's pension was all they had—a little less than $75 a year. The last two words are italicized. Seventy-five dollars *a year*. And they lived beautifully.

They had a diminutive farm, three acres or a trifle more, one apple tree, one quince, a few raspberry bushes, a few currants, carrots, lettuce, cabbages, seven hens, one goat. While I talked to them, a cart loaded with raw, coarse yellow turnips went by, and when it had rumbled into the distance, the older woman with a significant smile at me, picked up a large one that had rolled unnoted into the roadside dust.

"It flavors the soup!" she said cheerfully.

Everything went into the soup, naturally. Chickens' heads and claws, bruised tomatoes, wild dandelions. This one might expect, but I confess I had never seen thrift go quite as far as this superb old peasant carried it when she rinsed the half-eaten pieces of chicken we had left from an impromptu lunch, and put *them* in, put in the odds and ends of bread that littered our places at table, and emptied the remains of the delicious salad into the big black pot.

Well, why not? Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, green onions, oil, garlic, crusts and vinegar—all excellent flavors in potage. Only—did an American housewife ever put what was left of a salad into a soup pot?

The Frenchwoman and her daughter wore the shapeless, dull black garments that dot the whole of France; sad raiment dictated both by mourning and economy. The sturdy little boys were dressed in clothes largely composed of finely-stitched patches and pieces, shawls were knotted about their small shoulders, their picturesque boots were soled in wood.

The difference between the Danish farmwife in Connecticut, and this little family in France was partly this: that the first was doing a thing almost unprecedented in this country—living on fifty dollars a month. And the others were doing only what their mothers and grandmothers had done before them, and what all their neighbors were doing as a matter of course.

More than that, the Frenchwomen had no fears. And I know American men and women whose incomes run to $75 a month instead of a year, men and women whose incomes run to $75 a week instead of a year, who live in a constant state of ugly worry and apprehension, who never know what true economy is, and how beautiful and how comfortable it can be.

The windfall of a single turnip, chicken bones, crusts, casual lettuce leaves and dandelion leaves—these mean absolutely nothing to American housewives. The river of cans and cardboxes pours into her house, the river of waste pours out. And all the time she tells you that she *cannot* cut things down any closer than they are now, it cannot be done!

"Your peasants," said an Italian woman to me wonderingly, "are all as rich as our Princes."

And it is almost true. Sixty dollars a week comes out *one thousand* lire, more than *one thousand francs,* and that is more than officers are paid in their armies, or clerks in their banks and custom-houses. Master mechanics in America often get that, and more than that.

And what do they buy with it? They buy things of which the European housewife never even dreams.

If a big, gloomy, stone-floored apartment in southern Europe has no windows, the woman who rents it and moves in with eight or ten or fourteen children closes the

shutters. If it has no running water and no sanitary conveniences—and more often than not it hasn't,—she uses the public well and the public conveniences down the street. She lights candles or a lamp, she cooks at a little charcoal stove in the doorway in pleasant weather, and stifles the whole family by cooking indoors when the weather turns wet or cold.

Of electric light, wood floors, doors, window glass, cooking-gas, canned food, bottled milk, bakers' bread, grocery deliveries, telephone, pavements, street lights, five-and-ten-cent stores, movie, clinic, free library and free school she has never even heard.

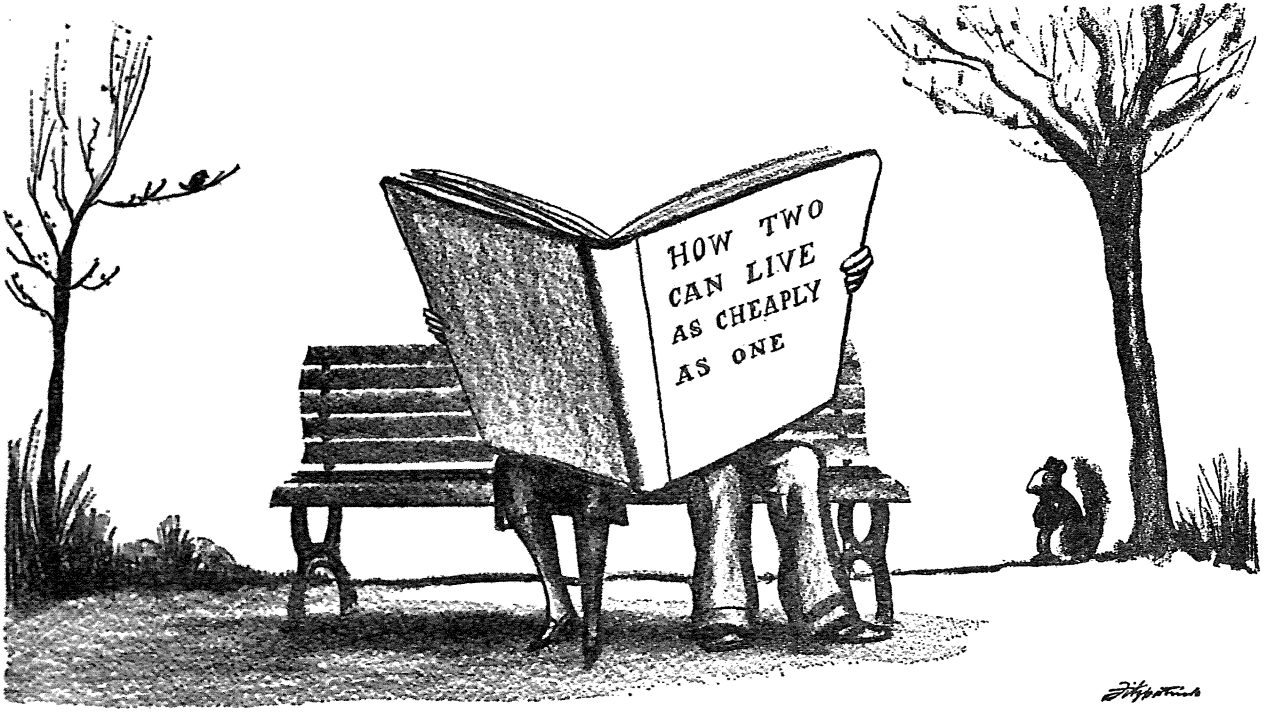
Enough, for her, is to be warm and sheltered and fed—no more. Enough for us—well, what *is* enough for us, in the American average home of to-day?

Olives, silk stockings, cream, cosmetics—these are mere commonplaces. A motor-car, the attentions of a hairdresser, flowers on the table even in January—who has them not? Our children all wear white socks, patent leathers; gum and candy and cones are not treats to them.

Where are the Americans so poor that they do not take telephones and radios and victrolas and boxed cookies and bicycles and movies and street car fares and school books and postal cards and bars of chocolate calmly for granted? Even working in the poorest slums of the big cities, I have yet to find them.

Indeed, it is in these slum kitchens that one sees waste in its most shocking form. The kettle boils on madly for an hour after the tea-pot is filled; the electric light burns on unnoted in a streak of noon sunshine; the uneducated and listless woman of the family slices away a quarter inch of good potato with each strip of skin; crackers are crumbed and thrown out in paper boxes; cold cereal, cold

Fitzpatrick, in *Collier's, The National Weekly*



SPRING FICTION—A BEST SELLER

It Reads All Right, But It Just "Isn't Done" According to Kathleen Norris

rice, cold stale ends of loaves are all allowed to mold, and tumbled into the always ready garbage bucket.

"Run down to the delicatessen, Mabel," says the object of charity, "and get twenty cents' worth of saratoga chips, and some bologna. Get some fresh bread. Get the boys some lollipops for dessert."

A New York baker told me that he had tried for years to establish a market for stale bread—two loaves for the price of one. But they won't have stale bread, nor skirts of last autumn's length, nor lip-red except of the newest shade. Nobody gives "the poor" old clothes any more—they won't wear them.

There are slums in America whose every inhabitant is eating almost incessantly, and eating food in expensively wrapped and papered and labeled forms, too; eating chocolates and candies of all sorts, ice cream in bricks, cones and saucers, sodas and sundaes, pears and bananas and slices of watermelon and pineapple, grapes and apples and tomatoes, cookies and doughnuts, orange and lemon drinks, and bottled soft drinks, corn on the cob, fried fish and crabs, crackers and peanuts and popcorn and gum, dates and raisins and dried figs, pine nuts and chestnuts, pastry horns and rolls with sausages, hamburg sandwiches and waffles. From early morning until midnight, the traffic in these edibles never ceases in the most squalid and crowded quarters of all our big cities. School children, members of supposedly "poor" families, often eat as many as six five-cent treats daily, between meals—chocolate-nut-cream confections wrapped in heavy silvered papers, cones and lollipops.

But who are we, who rightly or wrongly consider ourselves as superior to these stuffing and swarming thousands? We wear our rue with only a slight difference,

after all. For if that shifting and indefinable and impossible-to-generalize thing, "the American home," has one outstanding characteristic, it is that of utter and incessant and undeviating wastefulness.

Our servants, untrained and uninterested, waste vigorously. And where they stop, we gracefully and charmingly take up the good work. The woman on $1,200 a year spends $1,314; the woman on $1,500, only a bare $1,721. The woman on three thousand spends four, and her richer friend on five thousand spends exactly six thousand four hundred. And most of the money goes to waste!

Everybody, in the harmless little phrase, "runs over just a little this month." And everybody has a good reason. One man of my acquaintance told me ruefully a few years ago that he and his wife had been used, in the early days of their marriage to explain financial discrepancies with a comforting, "But then last month *wasn't* typical!"

"I have discovered now," he added, "that *no* month ever *is* typical."

No month is ever typical, no American home is typical, but waste is typical of them all.

A few weeks ago I met in the market a pretty young wife who is always in money difficulties. When things get *too* bad she weeps, goes to Daddy, and triumphantly returns to her five-room, $60 a month apartment with her father's check for four, five, seven, even twelve hundred dollars.

Then she and Don are *all* straightened out, and mean to avoid, in future, all sorts and forms of debt.

On the day I met her she was planning a dinner party, and her penciled list said, among more practical matters, "candles, walnuts, pink sugar, place cards, olives, mint

jelly, parsley, cheese sticks, bar-le-duc, flowers, cap for Annie, rose caviar for canapes."

And knowing her situation, the anxious business pressure that chanced to be upon her good old father at the moment, the struggle her husband was making to keep clear of debt and rise in his profession, I read into the list only the single word, repeated and repeated, "Waste, waste, waste."

"Some day I'll have a maid to do these things," she said cheerfully, "but poor people can't be choosers!"

Poor people! I felt like telling her that she had not the faintest idea of poverty, or of wealth, for that matter. She was simply a loose bolt rattling about in the big economic machine, demoralizing it to the utmost of her little power.

And in the end—isn't the very waste a waste? For if the American housewife's ambition is to create a home where her loved ones want to be, a place that will always seem to them the Mecca of the day's long journey, doesn't she most signally fail?

American men are not particularly anxious to remain in these rooms that have been decorated at such cost, eating the meals that represent so much worry and money and labor. And the lives of American children and young persons would appear to be one long conspiracy to get away from home.

What is there about it, or rather, what *isn't* there about their home, that it should fail to interest them? They sleep there, they keep their clothes there. Usually they eat breakfast there.

But for the rest—out they swarm, the whole family bent upon finding amusement, and spending its leisure, anywhere—everywhere but at home!

Some years ago a woman witness in a murder case testi-

fied positively that she had not been at home on a certain evening at eight o'clock. The occasion was some months in the past, and the Judge was interested to know how she could be so sure. She said, "Because we were all at the movies."

"Yes, but how do you know that you were at the movies that special night?" the court asked.

"Because we are there *every* night," she answered, surprised.

It developed that she and her husband, and their two young daughters actually had gone to a movie every night for something close to five years. The judge asked if no member of the family had ever been sick in that time; she answered, "Only colds."

Girls with cars, boys with cars, are never at home. There is nothing at home except rooms and walls. They flee away into the dusk every evening, like young jungle animals, stalking adventure. Their father growls a little over his books, but their mother is apt to defend them. Perhaps she realizes that if the seventeen-year-old and the nineteen-year-old did remain in the family sitting-room for a single evening, she wouldn't in the least know what to do with them!

Father and Mother play bridge with the Smiths, or go out to a dinner, theater, or even a casual movie. "I don't know—we'll do some thing!" they say cheerfully, when their children, smitten with a minute's passing sense of something wrong, ask about their evening plans.

No more community living, brothers and sisters, father and mother, grandmother, baby, Aunt Eliza and hired girl—no more interested discussion of family matters, of sewing, cooking, preserving, nursery, books.

All that is gone. Families get smaller every year, aunts

and cousins don't visit as once they did; the one child of the family grows up and goes off to college; Mother goes to Europe, Father to the club.

Or Mother takes a job—runs for the State Legislature, sells real estate, keeps books. Seven million American women are in jobs to-day, and of these more than one seventh are married, widows, or grass widows.

The pretty girl—she looks like a girl!—who sells you gloves will tell you cheerfully that sure, she's married. She has a boy of nine. Divorced. She had to kick her husband out—he was the limit.

She had a home, and a hundred years ago she would have had six children instead of one child by this time—might have been one of the thousands of helpless women who were caught in the mill of a blind and stupid man's selfishness.

Nowadays she destroys the home rather than herself, and gets out. But one wonders what the nine-year-old boy's idea of the typical American home must be. He spends winters with Mother, and goes to school, but in the Christmas holidays Dad, and Dad's new wife, usually take him to the theater, and Dad buys him a new suit and a tie. And in the summer he usually goes to his Grandmother, who grieves over him, and says he hasn't had a chance. If his mother re-marries, still another odd twist is given to his little fortunes, and still another idea added to his chaotic conception of what the word "home" means.

These observations are made, of course, merely in the way of comment—who would dare to criticize or lament?

No doubt the old ways were often costly and cumbersome, and the women who look so decorous, so hoop-skirted and ringletted and dutiful, so wifely and motherly, in the pages of history, were often resentful, rebellious,

bitterly dissatisfied creatures, the victims of utter injustice.

Delicate, epileptic or consumptive mothers went on patiently bearing epileptic and consumptive children; fevers and throat epidemics swept away these children by the thousands; soured old maids raged as they turned gowns and wiped dishes; children were "lashed" for this, and "caned" for that. One man,—he had been shut into a home for the insane on two separate occasions, by the way, in the earlier part of his life, but he was noble, and nobody minded that,—one man deeded away his unborn child, less than a hundred years ago. The wife had to bear her son, and then hand him over to an uncle who wanted an heir. One woman in New England bore twenty-seven children in twenty-two years—twins ran in her family. She lived up in the bleakest of snowy States, and the story is that these babies had to be scattered, from the day of birth almost, with any sister or cousin or neighbor who would be good enough to feed and clothe them. The parents were poor, and had no hope of keeping their flock together. These things, and thousands of variations on the same themes, went on merrily in the good old days, and if we have abolished some of them, and grown out of others, we are all the happier.

But it *does* seem as if, somewhere in the process of woman's political and economic enfranchisement, we might have caught tighter hold of the marvelous, subtle and spiritual thing that is a home, and saved it in spite of the changes and the innovations. Nobody wants tearful and sensitive spinsters about the place, or drained, colorless tubercular women producing babies, or dear, old-fashioned housewives insisting upon killing their own pigs and chickens in a New York apartment, spinning

their own homespun, and roasting Christmas apples in fire-and-candlelight. Nothing can bring back the day of domestic slavery, big Monday washes, "baking day" and "ironing day," and those broiling hot midsummer days when all the women of the family "put up the fruit." The "trying out" of lard, the picking of ducks, the sponging and remodeling and refitting of heavy cloth dresses remain with me as terrible memories of childhood, as does also the impression that a servant was necessarily an unhappy, dumb, stupid person, sniffling about in corners, burning oatmeal saucepans and reading paper-backed thrillers, red-handed and shabbily shod, and spending her one free half-day a week in a long, coughing, tearful expedition to her mother's grave.

Servants drive away for twice-a-week holidays in bright little motor-cars nowadays, and one's hairdresser speaks of hoping for a few months abroad with her little girl in the summer. A friend's chauffeur recently consulted him as to investment in bonds, and a bright, talkative, little woman I once met in a train said to me cheerfully, of her husband's position as janitor in a High School: "The salary's low,—$175. But the educational advantages for the children are enormous!"

The servants one finds in the pages of the old English novels, sniffling little fags and tweenies, the starving Marchioness in her big scoop bonnet, the snubbed and suppressed governesses of Miss Brontë and Trollope and Miss Yonge—these are not native to America, and when you hear an American woman boasting of a perfect servant you may be sure that the perfect servant is not American born.

Irish, Danish, German, Swedish women will still wear caps and rise respectfully to their feet when Madam en-

ters the room, although they often bring, with this inborn sense of caste, a certain dull resentment and moodiness, a brooding, age-old protest against subjection.

But the native born, the colored woman, the neighbor's girl from the Vermont mountains, the breezy western farm girl tamed for a few months or years, and trying service in a city apartment as a sort of dramatic joke,—these know no inferiority complex, and in their own expressive phrase, they "give as good as they get." In New York $900 a year is what they are paid, clear of all living expenses, and as the wave of homes moves westward the scale moves up, so that on the Pacific coast a good general servant, if procurable at all, can always claim $1,100 to $1,500 a year—more than bank clerks, with families to raise and rent and food to manage, are paid in many European capitals!

Inferior? Why, in thousands of cases they know that they are far richer than the woman who employs them. The wife and mother has no hundred a month for her own spending, nor half of it, nor a quarter. More than that, she is helpless because she knows nothing of cooking and housework, and is dependent upon Lizzie's kindness far, far more than Lizzie is dependent upon hers. Lizzie never trembles for her job, the world is full of jobs. But the wife and mother trembles over Lizzie. Is Lizzie happy? Is she just noisy this morning, or is she slamming things about because she is mad about something? The mistress worries agonizedly, over her bed-making and shopping. If Lizzie goes, there will be no dinner party to-morrow night. Mother's visit will have to be put off. And the week-end trip—but good Heavens, something must be done! Lizzie simply *can't* go.

"Nobody home to-night for dinner, Lizzie," says the

mistress, brightly, appearing in the kitchen doorway, "and nobody home to-morrow night. I'd like a lunch tray to-day, but I can get it myself if you would like to get off early. Have you seen that picture at the Imperial? Wonderful. You got a very nice shingle cut yesterday, didn't you?

"Well, thank goodness, *she's* all right again!" the mistress adds to herself, as she goes upstairs. For her home, that place in which her husband so rarely takes any constructive interest, that place in which her children so rarely voluntarily remain, that place whose management costs from ten to fifty per cent more than it should cost, that place of waste and worry, wherein the mistress is not a mistress, and the servant anything but a servant,—is still strangely, pathetically dear to the American woman.

Rebels all, father, children, maids. We are in the midst of a rebellion, and only our forceful and imaginative action can change this state of affairs into the more healthy and enjoyable state of condition known as a revolution. Men *should* love their homes, children *should* ornament and delight the family circle, servants *should* be glad to render affectionate and respectful aid. To end it all, after five years, eight years, twelve years of unavailing struggle, and to disintegrate into units again—a man alone at his club, a woman alone in a tiny apartment abroad, a boy alone at school, and Lizzie gone back home is the saddest waste of all.

The cities and schools and clubs are filled with these detached fragments of what once was family life.

And we cannot build a great edifice on scattered bricks, nor a great nation on individual lives, selfishly and separately lived.

This is neither criticism nor lamentation—no. But per-

haps when the pendulum swung back, freeing women from the mental, financial, domestic darkness of the last six or seven hundred years, it swung a little too far. A woman's life must always be estimated by the love and service it renders; nothing else counts, to her. She doesn't want a raise in salary, she doesn't want her name on a directorate, or an office door. She wants—and she has always wanted no less and no more—freedom to serve and smooth and manage the lives about her; to be loved—and perhaps envied a little,—for her goodness, her beauty, her children, her home, her flowers, music, apple pies, frocks.

Her income may be as big as the President's income, her success sensational in the business world. But she isn't happy without a man and a child.

And she can lie, weak and weary, in a white hospital bed, hearing the first-born snuffling in the basket beside her, thinking of the microscopic kitchen and the ice-box and the three hollyhocks in the garden, yearning to get back to them, seeing Tom's pathetic little fifty cents' worth of violets through happy tears, and hear with serene indifference, almost with boredom, that a certain woman in Philadelphia is to be paid half a million a year by a firm of engineers.

Half a million, or ten million—those are *words* Babies, violets, ice-boxes and hollyhocks are *things,* real and dear and vital.

And how to keep our homes and our lives vital—how to keep them up to the pitch of being real, and thrilling, and satisfying—ah, that is the problem this generation of women must ask, study, and, if we are to have great American families again, and great American ideals and traditions, must solve.

One dares not answer. But one may dream—

Dream that perhaps the answer lies in coöperation, as the answer to business and professional problems, in the last hundred years, has lain in coöperation. The scattered units are useless, but the biggest thing in the world is made of units, too.

Great families need not necessarily be built upon the old base of immoderate childbearing, after all. One dreams of a home in which there are four children—five children, a grandmother, a grandfather, a visiting aunt with *her* three or four cousins, an uncle leaving still another cousin for schooling, another uncle bringing a motherless baby back to the main home.

Years going by—and how fast they go! And then new ties, new cottages built near the old house, or the big mansard rooms turned into apartments. One dreams of newly-married couples who stay near to the parent nest, and instead of making a long and difficult struggle to get on with new neighbors, new associates, one dreams of the ambition in every American family to develop the beauty of those ties that lie within itself, those exquisite associations that are of blood, and so are stronger than any other we can ever find.

Mother, father, cousins, uncles, aunts, all coming and going in one big, loosely-held group. Summers together, winters almost together, somebody's home and resources always ready to meet the emergency, a dozen women welcoming the new baby, a dozen educational group influences touching the lives of every child in the circle.

Would this be so hard to accomplish? Is it really impossible for us as a nation, restless, critical, ambitious as we are, to form ourselves into clans, with something of

John Cassel, in *Collier's, The National Weekly*

MIGHT AS WELL BE CHEERFUL ABOUT IT

But Kathleen Norris Thinks That It's Wasteful to the Point of Being Criminal

the loyalty and helpfulness the very word suggests in our relationships with each other?

We older women *know* that the hot-headed girl who escapes from home ties *must* learn, sooner or later, to live in peace and coöperative activity with her kind, or grow to be one of the world's useless and embittered women. We *know* that the impulsive, undeveloped boy will merely make a second unhappy marriage if he is allowed so casually to dissolve his unhappy first. We know that kindness, friendliness, mutual dependencies and mutual respect, and the all-important secret of making and keeping affectionate human relationships must be learned—that it will never be discovered ready-made. And *still* we go on breaking ties as soon as the slightest disillusionment or friction arises, raising our children in the ridiculous delusion that some day, by chance, they will stumble into happiness, find it ready-made, with no effort or subjugation or sacrifice on their part.

A home with three boys, two girls, one grown-up daughter, a man, a grandmother, a delicate convalescent cousin, a widowed or divorced daughter considering a job, a baby, a friendly woman kitchenward, a lot of good books and games, sunshine and healthy racket—the woman who is the head and heart and center of *that* house doesn't feel superfluous, or that her time is wasted. And the generations of boys and girls who come after her always will remember that happy community life, the winter kitchen all bustle and promising odors, the spring garden—Aunt Mary coming in for a long visit with the baby, Bob off to school, Ellen's marriage, and Grandma's eightieth birthday.

Men build, fast enough, whatever they want to build. They are never at a loss for money to raise bridges and

railroads, and a new armory or school or factory or immense office block.

Why don't we build, we American women? Why don't we build homes, places every one wants to be, centers of discussion, of service, of healthy, interested living? Every one loves company, talk, events, good food, sound sleep, voices,—in a word, every one loves *life*. And men, although they would be the first to deny it, really loved their homes when they were human composite groups, when other lives were drawn in, to touch and mould their own.

Nowadays, men and children and young persons have to go away from home to find life. And it is only the woman of the family who can gather up the snapped threads, and knot them together, and build them into the strong cable that in the old days was the support of a great nation.

We will have to see that ideal home first, in our minds; that place that includes all the new ties instead of merely cuts loose the member who forms them. And when we see it, we shall have to love what we see; our own boys, Bessy's dear little girls, the Brown boy while poor Mabel is in the sanatorium, and Uncle Tom, and his big boy, and Mary and her husband on the top floor, and Kate's little boy with her in the kitchen, too—we can't split Kate's family any more than our own.

And doughnuts and muddy rubbers and Miss Alcott's books scattered about, and the radio squawking at unexpected moments, and Grandma seriously discussing her canary with Harry—and little Marjory pleading for a kitten—and talk of Esther's beau coming on Sunday—and helpless laughter over emergencies—and George wanting to go to sea for his vacation—and now Ed on the telephone

saying that Mollie has to have an operation, and can Mary and Bud come here—

Home. Always to form their ideal of helpfulness and coöperation and affections and companionships. Home, where they made their first mistakes, and learned their first lessons in cooking and hospitality and self-control and respect for each other's property and each other's limitations.

Home. Not an easy thing to build—not an easy thing to struggle toward. Harder than Brooklyn Bridge, dimmer—further—than the North Pole. But more worth while than either—than hundreds of bridges and geographical points.

The key words are love and service and understanding. Love for any one who wants mothering, service for every human derelict the family or the neighbors can produce, understanding of mistakes, faults, the runaway marriage, the early divorce, understanding of the simple truth that there is no such thing as a really naughty child, and that we are all children.

Armed with love and service and understanding, the old rule holds true. The Kingdom of Heaven, and of Home is within you.

THE TRANQUILLIZATION OF BUSINESS

by Henry Shipman Brown

AMERICAN business is being equipped gradually with a series of safety brakes. The American business man cannot escape the consequences, great or trivial, of such disasters as hurricanes in Florida and Cuba, or the failure of the boll-weevil to do sufficient damage to the cotton crop. Nor can he escape the consequences of his own follies. But the follies themselves he can escape. Business must have its up and downs; but there is no necessity of its riding on an everlasting roller-coaster.

The World War accustomed the United States to financial violence. The barometer of business, the stock market, became less and less a barometer and more and more a thermometer. Our business temperature ran high. The signing of the armistice removed the legitimate cause of this feverish condition. But we had become infatuated with frenzied commerce. We ignored the obvious facts that in a persistently rising market any fool with a little capital may make money and that in a period of violently fluctuating prices it is the gambler who has his hey-day. And so we had a post-war boom.

Now the leadership of fools and gamblers does not make for enduring prosperity. After the boom, the panic. During 1919 and much of 1920, all along the line, from primary producer to ultimate consumer, large stocks of goods piled up. Presently, manufacturers who thought

themselves secure because of six months of unfilled orders on their books, discovered that shrewder and saner men than they, alarmed by the size of their inventories, were offering merchandise for sale at concessions. Prices began to decline. Suddenly the whole business world took alarm. Cancellation of orders swept the country. Depression was upon us.

Let us consider 1926. It was a year of tremendous industrial activity. The average of stock market prices made a new high for all time. Some of our largest and best managed corporations reported profits comparing favorably with wartime profits. Labor was well employed. Wages were high. And yet it was not a boom year. Booms breed panics; we do not want booms. In 1919 and 1920 we had swollen inventories; in 1925 and 1926 we had hand-to-mouth buying. The American business man has no intention of being caught twice in the same trap. Every recent effort on the part of the more speculatively inclined to drive him into a panic lest prices mount and he be caught short of merchandise has failed. He has discovered that a rising market for his merchandise is not essential to his prosperity. The general level of commodity prices has been steadily declining ever since the spring of 1925; yet the country as a whole has been prosperous.

It is obvious that in any industry where hand-to-mouth buying prevails there can be no piling up of inventories. Such a buying policy tends to produce a rapid and steady flow of goods from producer to consumer and to make price changes fewer and more gradual. This policy, now so prevalent, acts as one safety brake against over-expansion and helps to put business on a surer footing.

It is generally realized that the Federal Reserve Sys-

tem has removed the possibility of any old-fashioned general money panic in this country. It has more recently become apparent that a wise administration of its affairs will also do much to prevent over-speculation, both financial and commercial.

The Thursday afternoon meeting of the New York Federal Reserve Board has become an important event in the Wall Street calendar. Time and time again during 1926, as to a lesser extent in other recent years, this weekly meeting has been awaited by the speculator for the rise with trepidation. An increase in the rediscount rate obviously acts as a brake against further increase in stock prices. More than that, however, whenever stock market prices approach a dangerous level, the very possibility of an increase is in itself a brake against further inflation. Witness the frequent waves of selling in the stock market this last year on Wednesdays and Thursdays, accompanied by rumors of an increase.

What is true of inflation in the stock market is true, less directly, of inflation in business itself. Both an increase in the rediscount rate and the fear of one act as brakes against over-expansion.

In 1902 Theodore E. Burton, then United States Senator, wrote as follows:

"A study of past disturbances leads to the conviction that no severe depression has occurred which was not preceded by loud warnings. These warnings ought not to pass unheeded, and in order to recognize them promptly it is necessary that accurate statistics be furnished. Much improvement has been accomplished in the last few years, though it is to be regretted that so much of our statistical information is fragmentary or inaccurate. . . . It is also noteworthy that we do not sufficiently consider statistics

relating to the course of affairs in foreign countries, the influence of which upon our own condition is of the utmost importance, by reason of the enlargement of our trade and the closer international relations of modern commerce. Other statistics which are inadequate or lacking and which would be of great value, are those pertaining to the employment of labor, capital invested in new enterprises, amounts expended in new construction, volume of production in the various kinds of manufacture, and statistics of state banks and savings institutions similar to those pertaining to national banks. After making due allowance for the insufficiency of statistics, it must be said that the failure to pay sufficient attention to those already available is equally to be regretted."

The statistical information which did not exist in 1902 is now available. But we still have with us business men who scorn statistics, as well as those so poorly equipped for leadership that they haven't the slightest idea what all these figures are about. And we have a new class, those who make a fetish of statistics; the manufacturer who cannot buy a new whistle for his factory without first poring over charts to see whether the price of butter in San Francisco is increasing faster than the price of eggs in New York. But the average business man of to-day appreciates the legitimate value and use of statistical information. He realizes now that had he made adequate use of available statistical information in 1919 and 1920, the inflationary movement could have been stopped long before it was. He could have escaped swollen inventories and frozen credits.

If there was any one avoidable tendency during 1926 that seriously threatened our continued prosperity it was the rapid spread of instalment buying. It is impossible,

of course, to draw a definite line between the proper and the improper use of the instalment plan. It has been a useful stimulant to trade. But the estimate given last October before the convention of American bankers at Los Angeles that about $6,500,000,000 worth of all sorts of goods were sold on time during 1925 was accepted by conservative, far-sighted business men as evidence that the instalment plan was being abused. Figures for 1926 are not yet available, but in all probability they will exceed those for 1925. It is an encouraging sign that almost coincident with the publication of this estimate and other similar ones came the announcement from certain of our leading manufacturers that credit extensions were to be tightened at once. The red danger signal had been flashed. The brake was applied.

Coupled with the increase in statistical information is, of course, the growing policy on the part of our large corporations and institutions of increasing publicity regarding their affairs. Even the New York Stock Exchange itself has come out in the open a bit. During 1926 it inaugurated the policy of publishing each month the total amount of money being borrowed by its members. By no means all the money borrowed for speculative ventures in Wall Street is covered by this total, of course, but it furnishes from month to month a fair index of the credit being absorbed by stock market speculation. A similar weekly index furnished by the Federal Reserve System made its initial appearance at about the same time. In the past we have had only inadequate estimates of this class of borrowings and the first publication of these index figures, showing them to be far over the three billion dollar mark, came as a shock. It was followed almost imme-

diately by a corrective move in stock market prices. A brake to inflation had been applied.

Among our leading corporations, the United States Steel Corporation and the General Motors Corporation have long served as examples to others in furnishing information regarding their affairs. During 1926 Professor Ripley of Harvard wrote with considerable force in the *Atlantic Monthly* commending these corporations for their liberality of information and condemning those who do not emulate them. In his advocacy of greater publicity regarding the affairs of corporations listed on the New York Exchange, Professor Ripley was concerned chiefly with the protection of the stockholders in these companies. But frequent and detailed balance sheets and income accounts, the amount of unfilled orders on their books, and other similar information from our larger corporations are of great use to business men in general. They furnish valuable indexes of business activity and future prospects.

A major disaster of 1926 was the crash in cotton prices. Government crop reports prepared the textile industry for the largest cotton crop on record. The manufacturing end of the cotton industry as well as jobbers and retailers were enabled by means of these figures to protect themselves adequately. With the cotton grower himself, unfortunately, it was far different. Crop estimates, whether of grain or cotton, are of comparatively little immediate value to the farmer. The manufacturer and the miller, guided by crop estimates, can curtail production, postpone buying raw material, and push the sale of finished goods. But whereas the manufacturer can curtail production at a moment's notice by shutting down his mills, the farmer must wait until next season to reduce his

output. Nor can the farmer postpone buying raw material to take advantage of expected lower prices. His raw material is the seed he sows, the land he ploughs, the sun that shines, the rain that falls, and the labor of his own hands. The one thing he can do is to rush his commodity to market as quickly as possible; but that is of little avail, for the manufacturer and the miller, warned by the same statistics that have alarmed the farmer, are then in no buying mood. Such attempts on the part of the farmer, in most instances, only serve to demoralize the market for the time being. On the other hand, the manufacturer in his effort to push sales of finished products runs up against no similar difficulty. Our old friends, Richard Roe and John Doe, do not postpone buying new shirts simply because the price of cotton has taken a bad tumble.

Our agricultural industry has been a long prevailing sore spot. A great deal of the trouble is fundamentally due to the changing of this country from a primarily agricultural nation to a manufacturing one, and to the corresponding development of vast regions in Canada, Australia and South America into agricultural territory. Our own former stimulus of free lands is gone. Many modern methods of efficiency are of help to the farmer, large scale production, modern machinery, improved methods of marketing. But more than any one else, the farmer is subject to direct disaster from sources he can neither control nor foresee—the whims of nature. We are altogether too apt to sneer when we hear the old, old complaint, "The farmer is dissatisfied."

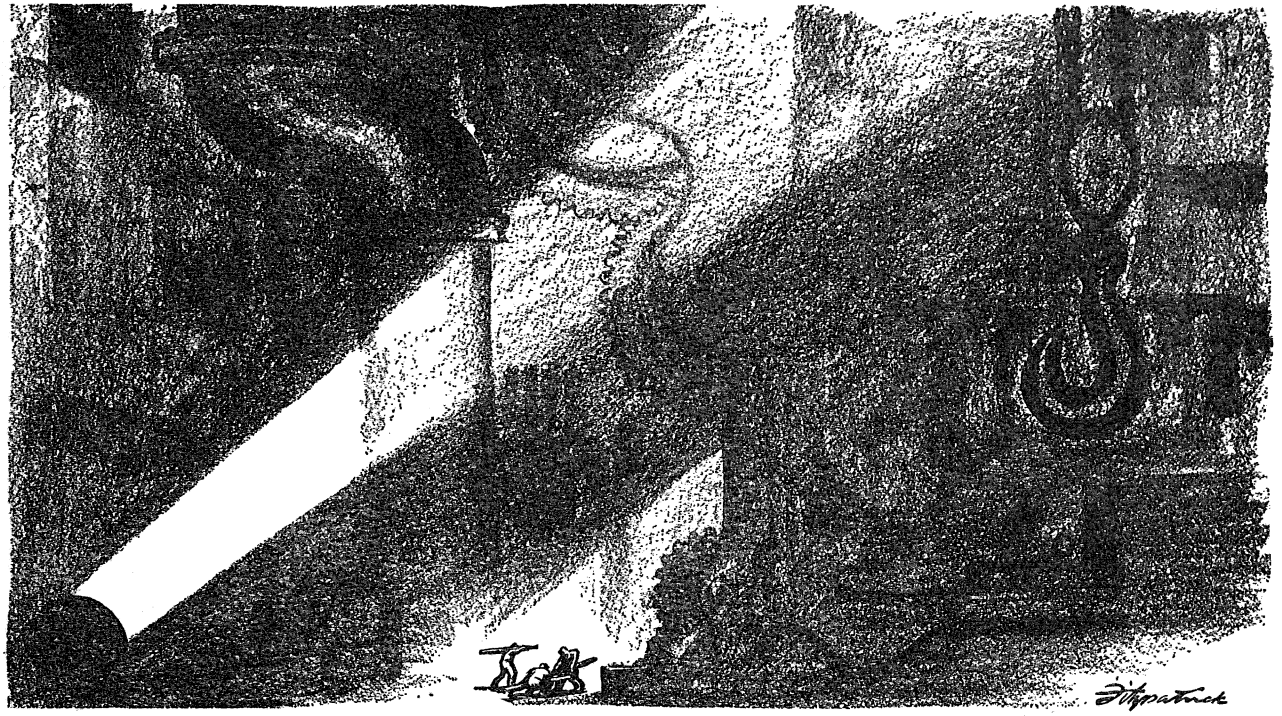
In the early days of this country we created a tariff wall to protect our infant industries. These feeble children of the early eighteen hundreds have long since grown to lusty manhood, but the tariff walls are still here, higher and

thicker than ever. Opponents of the tariff paint derisive pictures of graybeards playing their senile games behind these protecting walls. Indignant agriculture demands that it, too, be protected. A tariff on agricultural products is of little use, inasmuch as a large percentage of our raw materials must be sold in foreign markets. So far, most of the legislative crutches proposed for the farmer are of doubtful value. It is deplorable that he cannot stand on his own feet. But if manufacturing in this country was entitled to artificial aid in its infancy and even now in its manhood, surely agriculture is entitled to protection of some sort in its old age.

The World War greatly accelerated our development as a manufacturing nation. Our plant capacity was increased considerably beyond the needs of domestic consumption. The artificial aid furnished by the tariff no longer saves the inefficient manufacturer from himself. He faces an aggressive internal competition. The less efficient will fall by the wayside. 1926 was a record-breaking year in the automobile industry, and yet there were automobile companies that did not prosper; there were even those forced to suspend dividend payments.

In stock market circles we hear more and more the expression: "This is a discriminating market." The necessity for the speculator or investor to separate the sheep from the goats is sharper than ever before. During the summer of 1926 the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation enjoyed a persistent and sensational advance, which was not due to general prosperity in the steel industry, but to the unusual prosperity of the United States Steel Corporation itself. Nothing in the affairs of such wartime favorites as Crucible Steel and Bethlehem Steel invited any speculation for the rise. At about the

Fitzpatrick, in *Collier's, The National Weekly*



THE SONS OF MEN

same time, the common stock of the General Motors Corporation advanced at an even more rapid pace to an unprecedented high level. Prosperity in the automobile business was far more general than in the steel trade; but motor stocks to follow, even half heartedly, the lead of the largest company of them all, were few.

During the long bull market that is generally considered to have started with the election of Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States, very little has been heard of the man who made a million out of the proverbial shoestring. It has not been that sort of a bull market. Only here and there and now and then has the gambler had his chance. The millions that have been made in speculation during the prolonged rise have been made for the most part by hard-headed business men who were shrewd judges of value. Many of them have been the very men largely responsible for the present success of the companies in whose stocks they speculated.

There have been many complaints during this bull market and the accompanying business expansion, particularly during 1926, that our prosperity is unevenly distributed. The truth of this charge cannot be dodged. Agricultural difficulties have already been touched upon. The textile and leather industries, although showing considerable improvement at the close of 1926, have been experiencing lean years for some time.

But there have been loudly voiced complaints from entirely different sources than these, complaints of a more peculiar nature. Many small storekeepers and small manufacturers in all lines of trade are claiming that the so-called Coolidge prosperity has ignored them completely. They are right. It was no mere coincidence that the most sensational performers in the 1926 stock market

were the two largest industrial corporations in the country. The truth is that the enormous strides in efficiency made by our leading corporations during recent years have left their small competitors far behind.

Such giants as the United States Steel Corporation and the General Motors Corporation reap the full benefit of such modern devices as large scale production. They are able to diversify their products far beyond the power of the ordinary manufacturer. The greater power of their purse secures for them the best executive talent in the country. They are richly equipped with laboratories and statistical departments continually searching for new economies and efficiencies.

In the retail trade a similar situation prevails. A few years ago we used to say that the chain store was making serious inroads into the business of the small storekeeper. To-day we find the small storekeeper fighting for his very economic life. In the merchandising field, quantity purchasing offers the same advantages as quantity production in the manufacturing field. The power of the purse permits selling campaigns not possible to the small storekeeper. The resultant rapid turnovers enable these large retail corporations to operate on a margin of profit so small that the ordinary storekeeper cannot possibly meet their prices.

It is the age of standardization; and standardization is a creature borne and bred by our large corporations. Without their offspring, most of them would perish.

It is futile for small manufacturers and storekeepers to try to compete item for item with our modern business giants. By acute specialization, however, they can utilize standardization methods of operation. Or they can prosper by offering the public something that the parents of

standardization cannot offer. In spite of all the charges hurled against American civilization, there still exists in this country a considerable class of people who will not buy standardized merchandise if any other is available. To some extent at least the passion exists in each of us to possess something quite different from anything anybody else has. How many hats have women discarded because they discovered somebody else wearing one "just like it"? Who likes to have a rug on his floor that is the counterpart of the rug his neighbor across the hall has on his floor? The most desirable things that money can buy are not standardized. The sign "Something Different" will still attract. There is a lure in the phrase "Genuine Hand-Made."

On the other hand, there exist many sizable corporations in the United States that have not shared in our general prosperity in spite of the fact that their size permits their adopting the same efficient methods used by the United States Steel Corporation. Many of these corporations, some of them listed on the New York Stock Exchange, are paying now, during this highly competitive period, for their reckless management of the past. Not a few are still conducting their affairs in the same gambling spirit that brought them the temporary prosperity of 1919 and 1920. They prefer the roller-coaster to the safety brake. Unless they mend their ways they are riding to a smash.

The tendency for industrial units to consolidate and enlarge, in the manufacturing field, has long prevailed. It is responsible for both the United States Steel Corporation and the General Motors Corporation, the most conspicuous industrial successes of 1926. A similar ten-

dency is now under way throughout the merchandising world.

In well considered and honest consolidation lies a safety brake. The United States Steel Corporation can far more easily weather a period of depression as a unit than it could as ten separately owned and managed corporations. Chain stores are not only increasing in size and power by eliminating the unfit through sharp competition but by absorbing some of the more valuable of their competitors. Larger merchandising units are becoming an increasingly important factor in keeping business on an even keel.

It is worth noting here that retail merchandising as a science has considerable distance to go before it approaches the efficiency of manufacturing. The manufacturer's much longer established policy of consolidation and enlargement, his necessity of meeting both nation-wide and foreign competition, and, finally, the burden of an ever-increasing mass of government regulations, have forced him into more efficient methods in order to live. The first influence, consolidation and enlargement, is already at work increasing merchandising efficiency. The field is free, of course, from foreign competition; but nation-wide competition in the case of chain stores is on the rapid increase. So far, however, the storekeeper has met with comparatively little interference from government supervision. The Federal government, for instance, seldom bothers the retailer. Should government regulation turn its attention in his direction, he will face a new and difficult set of problems.

It is in this difference in efficiency between the manufacturer and the merchandiser, perhaps, that we find one answer to the oft repeated question of the ultimate consumer during recent years: "Why is it that with the price

of many raw materials down to pre-war levels, the price we have to pay in stores for the finished product is so much higher?"

There is, of course, a much more important reason for the increasing differential between the cost of the raw material and the cost of the finished product. In nearly every line of enterprise labor is receiving a much larger share of the gross returns than ever before.

A prosperous laboring class is the best safety brake industry could have. Business cannot thrive without it. In this connection some mention must be made of Henry Ford's recently announced advocacy of a five-day week for labor. Mr. Ford says:

"The country is ready for the five-day week. It is bound to come through all industry. The short week is bound to come because without it the country will not be able to absorb its production and stay prosperous. . . . The harder we crowd business for time, the more efficient it becomes. The more *well-paid* (our own italics) leisure workmen get, the greater become their wants. . . . The industry of the country could not long exist if factories generally went back to the ten-hour day, because the people would not have time to consume the goods produced. . . . Just as the eight-hour day opened our way to prosperity, so the five-day week will open our way to greater prosperity."

In the most accurate meaning of the word, whether white-collar men or manual workers, the vast majority of us are laborers. We and our families are the great public upon whose willingness and ability to buy industry depends for its prosperity. In spite of the doubts expressed by many of our industrial leaders regarding the desirability of a five-day week, the fact that Mr. Ford's methods

of manufacture and labor remuneration are now being copied with profit all over the world will give great weight to his words. One of the severest charges against Mr. Ford's methods in the past has been that they tended to make out of his employees mere machines; that his workmen were becoming as standardized as his product. A five-day week would certainly help to overcome this. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor and a strong advocate of the five-day week, says:

"Unless American workers keep pace with material progress, our whole civilization will fall down upon our efforts. Silently, unnoticed by the mass of the people, there are forces working toward specialization and mass production. Industries are revolutionizing their whole procedure. In this process it is necessary that we safeguard our human values. There is danger that these values will become overwhelmed in the general machinizing process and the lives of the workers become merged with their machines until they, too, become mechanical. There must be a progressive reduction of the hours of labor, so that men and women may have time to rebuild exhausted physical energies. The speed and monotony of modern industry are taxing physical resistance to the utmost."

Along with generally higher wages, another factor concerned with labor that has contributed a great deal to recent prosperity and that does much to tranquillize business is the rapid spread of stock ownership by employees. It is part of a wider and more significant movement, the increasing participation in corporate profits by the man of small means through stock ownership. We are on the high and pleasant road of becoming a nation of small investors. The signs are many: the tremendous increase dur-

ing the last few years of the number of stock and bond issues listed on the New York Stock Exchange and other stock exchanges throughout the country; the figures furnished by many of our large corporations themselves showing how considerable has been the increase in the number of individuals owning their stock; the growing popularity of the financial pages of the newspapers and the increasing number of general magazines to contain financial departments.

This increasing army of investors is a powerful influence against the baiting of our large corporations so prevalent in the not far distant past. It may be that corporations wear horns and tails, but to most investors the regular receipt of a quarterly dividend check bespeaks a soul. At the same time, strike possibilities have been lessened. The laborer who is also a stockholder is naturally inclined to insist upon a just grievance before he will vote in favor of a strike.

Inexperience and lack of judgment, of course, often lead the small investor into trouble. Carefully framed blue-sky laws offer him reasonable protection in many states against absolute fraud; but they do not help him to choose between the well managed and the poorly managed corporation whose stocks are listed on our stock exchanges. Valuable assistance and advice, however, are available on every hand. In his *Atlantic Monthly* articles during 1926, Professor Ripley pointed out the many dangers that exist and suggested to the corporations and the stock exchanges themselves changes in their policies and methods that will help correct present abuses. In addition to more frequent and detailed income statements and balance sheets, Professor Ripley asks, among other things, that the increasing practice of issuing non-voting stock

be ended. Each part owner in a corporation is entitled to a voice, however small, in its management. The publication of these articles caused much comment and discussion in speculative circles while the articles themselves were held responsible for several minor flurries in the stock market, indicating that Professor Ripley had touched a sore spot. Fortunately there is no need for the small investor to put his money in a pig in poke. Even according to Professor Ripley's standards, there are many large corporations furnishing adequate information to their stockholders, among them, as has been pointed out above, the most successful.

Many times during 1926 we were told by our leading bankers and industrialists that there was nothing of the boom nature in the existing prosperity and, further and more important, that no boom times were desired. These captains of finance and industry have learned a lesson from the past. Let us hope their cohorts remained lined up behind them.

The success to date of this well considered policy of stabilization is manifest. The largest freight car loadings in the history of the country, occurring week after week during the past year, are the best index to current business activity. They were not due to frenzied buying. There was consequently no accompanying congestion of traffic. There existed instead a smooth, rapid flow of merchandise from producer to consumer. The resultant gain to the railroads was a year of prosperity unequaled since pre-war days. Increases of dividends were numerous. Profits of railroad companies are restricted very considerably by government regulations. For that reason, wild booms in railroad stocks are probably a thing of the past. Nevertheless, 1926 saw their return to favor

with investors and, to a lesser extent, with speculators.

The stock market as a whole enjoyed throughout the year a great activity of trading at a very high price level. Unwarranted advances manipulated by the more reckless of the speculative fraternity brought about a speedy application of speculative brakes. It is hard to point to any prolonged speculative excesses during the year in spite of record prices and extraordinary activity. There were no Stutz Motors or Piggly Wigglys.

At the close of the year business was feeling its way cautiously forward. No terrifying shoals were in sight; but a slight falling off in trade volume, some increase in failures, and, paradoxically, both the continued unsettlement of European affairs and the fear of European competition, caused some uneasiness.

The high activity of our building and automobile industries has contributed very largely for several years to our prosperity. A decline in both lines has become noticeable. It is the plan of our leading automobile manufacturers to push foreign sales during 1927. Reasonable success in this direction will considerably offset any normal falling off in domestic demand. Extensive plans are being considered for the building of model tenements in New York City; the Federal government has certain long deferred building construction in mind: there are many who are waiting for a recession in the cost of building before undertaking new construction. It remains to be seen to what extent such demands will fill the gap caused by the completion of other work. Our larger cities have been somewhat oversupplied with high-priced apartments, and in this field 1926 saw a decline in rents; but there is still a shortage in medium-priced apartments and in modernly built tenement houses.

Efforts of alarmists to make a bugbear out of political uncertainties are not likely to succeed. The average business man would prefer that the Republican party were in actual control of the United States Senate; but he does not fear the radical element as he once did. The line of demarcation between the beliefs and policies of the two major parties has long lost its old vividness. The solid South is still the backbone of the Democratic party and the South no longer hates the tariff so fervently as it did. The development of its manufacturing interests is responsible for the change of heart.

Prosperity built upon recklessness brings about its own ruin: prosperity built upon efficiency can only be destroyed by some force from without. It is not necessary for our national well-being that we go on week after week breaking all previous records for freight car loadings. If, without piling up inventories, we can continue our business activity at a level somewhere within striking distance of the peak records of 1926, we will still be prosperous. If unavoidable trouble arises, we can know that we are better equipped than ever before to face it.

FASHIONS AS FOLLOWS

by Hazel Rawson Cades

FASHIONS, unlike extravagant wives and repentant husbands, do not make New Year's resolutions. You'll find no old sleeves going out on the stroke of twelve, and no new ones coming in. They're not so simple as that. Nor so virtuous. If they can fool you at quarter to twelve into thinking sleeves are going to be wider, and then at quarter past, bring them in narrower, they'll call it a good half-hour.

It makes it difficult.

Take 1926. The year before, most of us conceded, was a pretty well-dressed year. Except for a few flutterings of gilt and leopard and one outburst of purple, it comported itself in a restrained and well-bred manner. There were pearls, but after all pearls are easier to bear than many forms of decoration. Fabrics were genteel. Hats were so much alike that you didn't know your sister. There was an absence of frowsy heads and, most everybody wore sports clothes 'most every day, which saved us from a lot.

1927 drew near and the fashion magazines, going to bed at the end of the year, promised no changes except for the better. The style barometer looked favorable, they captioned, and as if we were in for a spell of conservative fashions. Well, I hope they'll live to see them.

The Throw-back: 1926 has illustrated what happens when you get too well-dressed. Styles had been approach-

ing smartness, and everybody knows that we women have only got just about so far away from a lightly donned animal-skin. We revert easily (especially to mink and chinchilla). It's one of the few charms that civilization has left us.

When they tried to put us all into pearls and cloches, the inevitable occurred. We quietly revolted, and started in to show them how it ought to be done. Which brings us, sadly enough, to the fashions of 1927.

If you ask me what I think of them, I'll be forced to say that they look to me like an uprising which doesn't care where or how far it goes so long as it just gets away. Like a Middle Westerner let loose in Paris—or a boy in a pastry shop.

On Top of the Mode: As an example of it all, it's amusing to consider hats. There was a time not long since when a hat was a piece of felt reduced to its lowest dimension and it took a shoehorn to get it on your head. But the latest news I'm able to record is that it's now possible to bring home the day's marketing in your crown. The game is "high-hatting" and the more noticeable models have taken inspiration from a heathen African headdress which soars up and back, in a sky-blown manner. There are also berets, but they are getting pretty up-stage since the milliners started fooling with them, and I doubt if a Basque would know them. The 1927 model is distinctly above itself.

You still do find a few women, both low-and-high-brow, with the courage to wear their crowns somewhere near the tops of their heads. But these are seen principally at Pierre's and Marguery's. You know—those Park Avenue eating-places where pearls are real and where even this year women haven't seemed to mind being seen,

like all their sisters and cousins, in severe little dark tailor-mades, silver foxes, and plain little black felt hats. It's nice to be able to afford such idiosyncrasies of simplicity, but the average woman lately just doesn't seem to have felt she could.

Foot Work: Poor thing, her feet have been troubling her, too. She tried patent-leather but that didn't quite appear to be the thing, and finally it turned out that the answer was reptile. Snake, lizard, alligator—it doesn't much matter so long as it looks as if it once belonged to something that crawled. We've finally found the adequate retort to the serpent that once bruised our heel. We make shoes of it.

And, worse indignity, we also force it to carry our loose change. "Put your money in your stocking if you want to, or in Florida real estate, or first editions if you have that kind of money, but don't blame us," say the fashion experts, "if you find ultimately that you've made a mistake. We're telling you that the only right place for it at the moment of speaking is the pocketbook that's made of the skin of a crawling thing."

If you've heard of anything more incongruous in this money's day of glory—I'm here to be told about it.

Back to Slavery: And then we have slave bracelets. Which, no matter how you look at them, seem to bring us to the conclusion that woman has reached a position in society where she can dare to affect shackles because she knows that they don't really mean a thing. Up at Sing Sing I suppose they've not made much of a hit, but among the pampered wives and daughters of the fond American sex they have certainly been the leading lady's bangles. We have seen more clinking hardware attached to one wrist than in any era that I recall. "Three's a crowd" is

totally out of date at the jewelry counter. The only time a bracelet crowds now is when it gets so near your elbow that bending's difficult.

There has also been a great deal of gold and silver and other unclassified metals hung around necks and attached to ears. Noses have so far escaped, but I suppose something had to be left for another year. I personally look forward to the nose-ring, for I believe it's the only test of how much a woman is willing to stand in the name of fashion. You can avoid ear-piercing if you're willing to be pinched, but the nose situation is different. "Be pierced or smother" will be the nose-ring's line, and it's going to be more exciting than the lady-and-the-tiger question.

Hide and Hair: Speaking of something different, and of furs, as I now propose to do, I really don't know what's left for future featuring. A catalog of the animals that we now wear on our backs would completely faze the big game hunters. There's nothing like them in the zoo. Such names. Such shades. Such spots. Such stripes. What a wonderful time Æsop would have had lunching at the Plaza or shopping at an August fur sale! Oh, fables in burunduki! And calves walking out with the goats!

What has happened to the muskrats of 1924 and the curly tan caraculs of 1925? I do not know. But my eyes tell me Miss Fifth Avenue now favors pony, and that what motors have left, the furriers must be making short work of. I hope they'll have enough for the annual horse show.

We Copy Mrs. Ritz: It was reported early in the year that sweaters were being seen at the Ritz in Paris. If you know the Ritz at all this came as a slight shock. You wondered if it were the same type of garment that one

slipped into to run across to Mrs. Sweeney's back door and borrow a cup of sugar.

It turned out that it was. Just an ordinary button-down-the-front sweater. And if you wanted to be very smart (and very warm) you wore it over another sweater which pulled over your head like Jim's sweat-shirt. "Well, well," you said to yourself, "the Ritz can't be so Ritzy after all." And you certainly wished you'd had a couple of sweaters to wear when you shivered that winter in Paris.

For a year of high hats and rhinestones to go in so feverishly for the humble sweater does seem funny. But such is the fact I must record. Nor fail to note that not only are sweaters sweaters, but that they are also striped. With the stripes going round and round in complete defiance of the large number of women who yearn for up-and-down ones in aid of the slender contour.

How many a chicken à la King and baked Alaska must have been sacrificed to this notion of the stripers! For, obviously, crosswise stripes and corpulence do not jibe. And if it gets to a showdown between a woman's appetite and her clothes I am sure you'll find her coming up to the scratch. She may have her momentary weaknesses, when she goes to tea with a thin friend, and the little cakes are very good, but on the whole she will manage to get along nobly on dry toast and lots of lemon. She talks about it a good deal and she makes the rest of us who are taking both butter and jam feel terribly piggish. But we can't help respecting her grit. She's brave. She's adamant. She can resist strawberry tarts. Her stripes are those of martyrdom—but she wears them.

White Violets—or Grape Juice? This connection between food and raiment may seem whimsical, but I give

Charles Dana Gibson and John Held, Jr., in *Life*

1896 1926

THIRTY YEARS OF "PROGRESS"!

Hazel Rawson Cades Thinks Girls Can Be Pretty To-day in Spite of This

you my word it's authentic. We have our calorie restaurants. We have our sandwiches advertised "with or without mayonnaise," putting it up just like that to the conscience, and no remarks afterward. And, funniest of all, we have this year a chain of candy-stores going into the flower-on-the-shoulder business. "If women will put their money on instead of into themselves," this progressive firm seems to have reasoned, "we might as well face the situation and take in the cash."

So now when your best beau drags you around after the matinée, hoping you'll eat a large and gooey chocolate-cherry-nut-marshmallow and spoil your appetite for dinner, you can, if you like, fool him. "Chocolate ice-cream soda—or a carnation?" you can balance delicately in your mind. "White violets—or grape juice? Orchids—or caramel pecan sundae?"

It's not going to make much of a hit with your young man, for a bunch of violets does not cut down on a dinner check. In fact, it seems to whet the appetite, like a brisk walk or a sweet speech. But candy-stores never have made a point of setting themselves up as aids to men's pocketbooks and I guess it's too much to expect that they ever will.

The Red Rash of 1926: A young woman with a noticing mind was heard to remark just after the Ederle-Gade episode that it was funny how quickly world affairs affected fashions. "Just see," she said, "how soon they brought out *channel red.*" Shades of Gabrielle Chanel—how that would make her suffer!

As a matter of fact, Chanel red made its appearance a good bit before our young ladies did their stuff. And we said it wouldn't "go." And that it would kill itself with popularity before it was really born. And that, anyway,

pretty soon it would be getting warm, and who wants to wear red in the summer?

We forgot about 1925 purple. We forgot about human nature. We forgot about New York. And we lived, sadly, to see Chanel red on the fattest woman we know.

But all in all, 1926 was a very good color year. A lot of women have worn green who shouldn't, and a lot of women have deserted black, to whom black is the only thing possible. But compared to some years of chartreuse and magenta, it's been bearable indeed. We've seen navy blue, that essentially well-bred shade, quietly reasserting itself. We've seen black gradually coming back. And brown and tan keeping on the even tenor of their way. Except for the reds, whatever complaints I have to make about the latest fashions will have to be lodged, I guess, beyond the color line.

But I could say a few words about beads. For years I've hoped that ultimately we could exhaust the bead supply. What with all those that get sat on and dropped off and stepped on, I thought that some day my ambition would be realized and that beads would disappear off the face of the evening. But I underestimated the bead industry. More and better beads seem to appear each year. They grow more beguiling, more uncrushable, more firmly entrenched in fashion. The thing has got beyond me. The feeble efforts I once made to stem the tide have long since been abandoned. I give up. In fact (between ourselves) I'm thinking of buying a beaded dress myself!

All Is Gold and It Does Glitter: I did buy a gold coat, for really, without it, when I stepped out in the evening I felt like a naked chocolate in a box of tinfoil favorites. But I can't say honestly that I've enjoyed wearing it. When the light hits me I feel awfully Christmas-tree-like,

or Cinderella-on-the-stroke-of-twelve. I have a horror that the old witch will sneak back and grab it, and leave me cold and uncoated in the middle of Broadway. Which all goes to show that if you're not a gold-coat person it's futile to try to keep up with fashions when they lean in that direction.

I've about decided, along with some others I could mention, that the seasonable fabrics are not for me. A little too regal, I should say—velvet and metal and all that stuff. They're all right for Queen Marie and the gold-ladies in the shop windows. But I certainly hope that next year's materials will be a little more folksy. Maybe Al Smith or President Coolidge could do something about them. Or the Methodist Conference.

Or maybe if we just don't pay any attention to them they will adjust themselves. I notice that more cloth is being used, in sleeves and waists at least—what with dolmans and blousings and boleros. And it stands to reason that nobody's going to be so awfully generous with this so-called gold lamé at $22.50 a yard. I guess a little good old ordinary silk-and-wool will come in pretty handy when you get to cutting sleeves both full and wide.

Certainly if anything should happen to make skirts longer we'd see some changes in fabrics; though what could affect the length of skirts right now I have no notion. Certainly I have said all I can. When women write to me about bow legs and fat legs and knock knees and such —and what would I do about it—I just take the opportunity, perhaps unwarranted, to suggest that a slightly longer skirt might be cheaper than an operation. I do it nicely, you understand, and with whatever firmness I acquired in my early days in Vermont.

But I don't notice much attention being paid to my advice. Skirts have now reached the point going north where shops are advertising bloomers to match the stockings. This, and the craze for black hose, seem to be the only constructive things being done for, and heeded by, the homely-legged sisters.

Please don't mistake me. I like short skirts—especially above nice ankles. They raise the standard of quality in stockings (along with the height and the price) and will in time, perhaps, do away with some of the silly leg jokes that flourished when skirts swept the floor. I could wish for some adaptation of the style when legs are less than lovely, but it's hard to do justice with a single fashion to so many variations in humanity. And anyway, if you walk fast nobody notices your legs much. There are so many to be looked at.

It Goes to the Head: What does?

Why a transformation,* of course.

If anybody tells you that 1926 leaves the bob where it found it you may dissent. It's obvious that the younger set, at least, is regarding it a little snootily, and has almost to a girl grown out enough hair to make a modest knot at the back of the head. Older women will undoubtedly give up short hair with reluctance for it takes off the years. But when you're sixteen, what's that to you?

The controversy rages, with every woman wondering and every hair-cutter giving an opinion. Personally, I believe in doing what you like. If people ask me, I tell them to cut or grow out as it suits their heads and their

* Once known as a wig and in the same class with false teeth. Now being received in the best circles, and discussed freely at the dinner-table. Expensive. Desirable. The smart woman's method of going shingled by day, and fully thatched by night.

bodies and their desires. Anything to look well, if that's possible.

If you don't like your bob, or if you can stand it only part of the day, there are transformations. Very much in the mode. Nothing to be ashamed of. Just to be paid for —if you can.

The Vicarious Facial: But, even if women can't pay for a transformation and don't look any handsomer in their bobs than they did before, often it seems to do them good. They yearn to take the step. It's a symbol to them of innocent, light-hearted revolt against a humdrum existence. Honestly, sensible mothers of families, weighed down by the grocery bills, will perk up and flirt with their own husbands under the stimulus of a hair-cut. I'm no psychoanalyst and I've been responsible for encouraging some terrible-looking bobs. But I've seen diffident, worried women take on a new, wistful charm at just the notion of going ahead and bobbing. So I've said, "Go"—and squared it with my conscience by deciding that no matter how their hair-cuts looked, at least I'd lifted their faces. And I firmly expect my bobbing activities to be listed among the good works of the year.

Face Paint—and Some Others: I'm not so sure of my general standing, however, with the manners and morals squad. I have encouraged perfume, appreciated lipstick, and said that woman ought to spend more time and money on her looks. It's true that I've been conservative about the amount of face powder that I've advised using at one time, and done what I could to instill in the public sane ideas about freckles and fat. I don't know how much that will excuse me with the squad, but if I'm called up before them I shall state my case in a dignified manner and take my punishment. At any rate, quite aside from my own

activities, I'll have the satisfaction of testifying that women are now choosing their powders more carefully, combing their hair more neatly, and applying their lipsticks in a more workmanlike manner. So much glory I must concede.

P. S. and Apologia: One small sin I hope they will excuse me. I have condoned rhinestones. From me, whose nerves are set on edge by the rattle of beads, and who really never have been able to appreciate a diamond's supercilious glitter, this must seem an incongruous admission. But you know how people are. Everybody has some small, cherished vulgarity, like tabloid newspapers or pickled pigs' feet or black underwear. Mine varies from year to year, and this season it's happened to be rhinestones. I can't say I like to wear them. They put my face out of commission. But I do find their bold, brave glitter a cheering thing as I walk down department store aisles. They are so brazen. So unabashed. So frankly inexpensive and gorgeous. Not like diamonds, which cost so much that they have convinced many people they are well-bred. Not like emeralds, the little snobs, that pretend to ignore the fact they cost most than diamonds. Not like elegant pearls and their demure reproductions. Or coral and topaz which only claim to be middle-class. A little rowdy—rhinestones. But accepted everywhere. Like a prize fighter lunching at the Ritz. Or a street gamin that's married a crown prince. I like them.

Tell me. Don't they sort of tickle you, too?

It's an admission that goes further than rhinestones. Considering the thing fairly, I'm convinced that the rhinestones are rather a symbol of the year, in its fashionable significance. You may not have liked this year's styles.

They've lent themselves to revues and ridicule. They've been untractable and disobedient. Loud-voiced, husky, strong-limbed, bouncing babies. But they've held amusing promise of brave and self-reliant growth, I will be bound.

SCIENCE IN 1926

by Science Service

(Edwin E. Slosson, Director)

THE scientist's dreams of to-day are every one's practical necessities to-morrow. At least it has happened that way in the past often enough to make the world put on its "What next?" expression as it watches scientific proceedings in laboratory and field. Fresh light on prehistoric cities that bespeak an American civilization old when Columbus bumped into a brand new continent on his way to the Orient; missing link skulls that throw a monkey wrench into Fundamentalist conceptions of the genealogy of man; massive streams of electrons shot out of a vacuum tube through a metal plate into the air, there to perform new miracles of physics; "death whispers" of inaudible sound waves that kill; soft coal alchemized into motor fuel and alcohol; intelligence tests of world's geniuses long in their graves; the beginning of the end of measles, are among the scientific high spots of the past year.

Many gaps in the history of man have been filled in by the spades of the archæologists and anthropologists during 1926. The Carnegie Institution of Washington continued its study of Maya ruins in Yucatan, particularly the task of piecing together the Temple of the Warriors at Chichen Itza. In this temple the Maya artists depicted the everyday life of their time, so that the murals form an invaluable panorama of American civilization

in an early age. A discovery which helps to explain the greatness of the Maya culture is that these old time Americans were strong rivals of the Romans at road building. Seven stone highways, 30 to 60 feet wide, were found, all leading to Coba, capital of a Maya empire which flourished many centuries before Columbus. At Coba itself a new ruin was discovered. This ruin is called Macanxoc, meaning "You cannot read it"—which is quite true, as writings of the Maya (except their system of recording dates) continue to puzzle science. This oldest Yucatan ruin has been described by Dr. Sylvanus Morley, director of the Maya explorations, as the outstanding field discovery in Maya archæology during the past five years. The remarkable features of Macanxoc are the eight large hieroglyphic monuments, which record dates from 354 to 413 A.D. This is evidence that Yucatan was settled by the Maya a century or a century and a half earlier than previous accounts had indicated.

An investigation of the oldest branches of the Maya family tree led Dr. Manuel Gamio, well known Mexican archæologist, to the highlands of Guatemala, on an expedition for the Archæological Society of Washington. He returned with pottery from city ruins which lay beneath a lava flow that has been dated as not less than 4,000 years old. The pottery is identified by Dr. Gamio as being the work of early forerunners of both the Maya and Toltec.

In Louisiana, a government scientist ventured into a strip of archæologically unknown country. This young explorer, Henry B. Collins of the National Museum, found there along the Gulf Coast mounds and shell heaps containing clues to a strange prehistoric civilization. This marshy region had been known as a homeland of a

crude "man-eating" tribe of Indians. But here was evidence of a race of Indians that rank among the most highly civilized of all prehistoric tribes of this country. These pre-Columbian mound builders left buried shell beads wrought by skilled workmen, decorated fragments of fine pottery, and copper coated articles that indicate a trading system with far distant tribes.

Another mound investigator, a business man who spends all of his spare hours with pick and shovel, excavated mounds of uncertain antiquity in Illinois. This serious amateur archæologist, George Langford, reported that he had uncovered remains of three distinct Indian cultures, one above the other.

In Greece, a projeet which has been called the greatest archæological venture of history was set afoot during the past year. This is the excavation of the old agora, or civic center, in Athens, which is being undertaken by American scientists working with the Greek government. The task is expected to keep experts busy for the next fifty years. The Greek government has also undertaken the fascinating task of setting up the columns of the Parthenon, using for the most part ancient fragments which have been lying near the temple ever since the Venetian shell blew it up in 1689.

Mycenæ and Troy, which yielded wonders when Schliemann explored them about thirty years ago, both came into the scientific limelight last year. Troy attracted notice because of the announcement of a German astronomer that the Trojan War was fought from 1197 to 1187 B.C., and that Ulysses, after his wanderings, reached home and killed off the suitors at 8:30 on the evening of April 16, 1177 B.C. This first exact dating of the Trojan War was calculated by means of a total

eclipse of the sun mentioned in the twentieth book of the Odyssey. At Mycenæ, the discovery of a beehive-shaped tomb yielded art objects and jewelry, as well as the bodies of a king, queen, and princess who ruled in Greece some 3,000 years ago. The ornaments and golden cups buried with these royal persons challenge comparison with the best workmanship of to-day.

Farther east, at the old Philistine stronghold at Beth-Shan, the joint expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the British Museum continued its excavations and its discoveries. During the campaign of 1925-26, four Canaanite temples were found there, one of them over 3,000 years old. The wealth of material which this investigation is recovering is said by the investigators to be making clear the sacred cult of the Lady of Heaven, Ashtoreth, as she was worshiped in Palestine from the fourteenth to the eleventh century B.C. Workers of the same joint expedition also excavated at Ur of the Chaldees, the home town of Abraham, and uncovered there a temple to the Moon Goddess built by the king of Ur about 2400 B.C.

Anthropologists seeking remains of very ancient man probed far back into prehistory. The anthropological world was excited by the report of the finding of a second skull of *Pithecanthropus erectus* in Java which was later pronounced to be a piece of the leg-bone of an ancient elephant, oddly shaped so as to appear as the top of the ape-man skull.

A search for buried treasure of the same sort at Gibraltar resulted in the finding of an ancient human skull. Daisy E. Garrod, the English anthropologist who made the find, reported it to be the second Neanderthal skull from Gibraltar. This race of Neanderthal men existed

some 50,000 years before the last great ice age, and judging from remains which have been found in widely scattered places in Europe, they were among the strangest and most uncouth of all human types. Rough stone weapons of the sort made by these misshapen Neanderthalers were discovered along the terraces of the Nile, according to a report to British scientists last summer. These stone tools are evidence that Egypt has supported human beings from very early times, long before the Egyptian civilization that is commonly termed "ancient."

A cave home, occupied 40,000 years ago by families of the Old Stone Age, was found by a German professor near Freiburg. Household effects, consisting of flint spearheads, knives and scrapers, were found there. In addition, bones of wolves, aurochs, wild horses, and other animals on which the cave dwellers had feasted were scattered about the home in profusion.

Digging for treasure of a more material sort in other regions has been productive of results of more substantial value. A great gold ore deposit was discovered near the Arctic circle in Sweden by engineers using electric prospecting methods by which parts of the field were detected through the waters of large overlying lakes.

Two mineral discoveries were reported in the United States, which will be of great importance in insuring our more complete economic independence if further investigation fulfils the indications of preliminary drillings. The first is a deposit of chromium ore near the boundary of Yellowstone National Park in Montana, said to be the greatest of its kind in the world. Chromium is of immense importance in the steel industry, and of much use also in tanning, paint-making and a number of other lines. The second important find is a series of very rich

potash beds in the Panhandle region of Texas and adjacent parts of New Mexico. Indications are that a potash field exists here that may rival in size and richness the famous Stassfurt beds of central Europe, and eventually break the foreign monopoly in this essential fertilizer material.

Perhaps the outstanding event of the year in physical science was the announcement by Dr. W. D. Coolidge, assistant director of the General Electric Company's Research Laboratory at Schenectady, that he had devised a new form of vacuum tube that gives off a powerful discharge of cathode rays in air. Cathode rays are electrons, minute electrical particles, which according to modern ideas form part of all matter. As cathode rays they move with speeds of a hundred thousand or more miles a second.

Though these rays were first investigated inside a vacuum tube over half a century ago, and were even projected into the air in small quantities by a German physicist thirty years ago, it remained for Dr. Coolidge to obtain them in such quantities that their effect on all manner of substances can be readily tested. As the cathode rays are of precisely the same nature as one of the principal radiations of radium, this suggests a possible application for the new tube. There is less than a pound of available radium in the whole world, but one of these tubes gives off as many rays as a ton of the precious stuff.

The older cathode ray tube consists of a glass bulb from which the air is evacuated after there has been sealed in it two aluminum electrodes, through which the electric current can enter and leave. When a high voltage is applied, electrons are torn out of the electrode by which the current enters (called the cathode) and driven from it at high speed. But a hot wire, like an electric light fila-

ment, also gives off electrons, and Dr. Coolidge utilized this fact. Sealed within his glass tube is such a filament; a voltage such as that used in lighting an automobile headlight is passed through it, and it lights up, giving off electrons. But these electrons move rather slowly, perhaps a mile or two a second, and so a high voltage is also passed through the tube, the filament itself acting as the cathode, and a nickel "window," three inches in diameter and five ten-thousandths of an inch thick, sealed over the opposite end of the tube, as the other electrode, or "anode." A copper tube, connected to the window, and extending close to, but not touching, the cathode serves to guide the electrons to the window instead of permitting them to hit the glass walls of the tube and eventually breaking it.

When the filament is lighted, and the high voltage, as much as 300,000, is applied to the cathode, the electrons are driven through the copper tube and against the window with a speed as high as 150,000 miles a second. Since the nickel window is made of atoms, which in turn consist largely of electrons, though they are relatively widely spaced apart, the cathode ray electrons dodge between those of the nickel atoms, and escape into the open air. But though the tube is exhausted of air as completely as possible, and the air outside pushes against the window with a pressure of fifteen pounds over each square inch of its surface, the atoms of air are too big to squeeze through the spaces between the nickel atoms, so they can't get in.

In operation, the air for perhaps a foot in front of the window glows with a bluish light. Marble and other minerals placed in the path of the rays glow brightly, though they remain stone cold. Remarkable chemical

changes are produced; acetylene gas, for instance, is changed to a solid. Germs and small insects are killed by the rays almost instantly, and a brief application to the ear of a rabbit caused the hair to drop out, returning white instead of gray, and longer than the original, in a few weeks. A longer exposure, however, produced a hole in the rabbit's ear, and doubtless if it had been applied to the rabbit's entire body, it would have quickly killed him. However, as the rays are limited in range to about a yard from the window with the voltages so far used, and to not more than a few yards with the highest available, the apparatus cannot possibly be used to produce a "death ray" in warfare.

Remarkable results were achieved in an entirely different portion of the field of physics, that of sound, by Prof. R. W. Wood of the Johns Hopkins University and Alfred L. Loomis, working in the latter's private laboratory at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Elaborating certain preliminary results that grew out of war-time experiments, they produced from electrically excited quartz crystals exceedingly short sound waves at frequencies of the order of 500,000 per second—much too short and too rapid to be audible to the human ear, whose upper limit of perception is about 20,000 per second. These waves will travel in liquids and through solids, but do not pass out into the air. Small fish and other water animals, as well as certain microscopic forms of life, are killed when exposed to the waves, which have been nicknamed the "death whisper," and blood corpuscles are destroyed, either outside the body in a test tube or in a living small animal, such as a mouse, though the latter seemed to experience no pain during the process. At a higher intensity, however, the curious investigator got an intense

pain in his finger when he poked it into the water over the crystal. Experiments on the strange effects of these inaudible sound waves are still in progress.

Two other important advances in experimental physics marked the year, one emanating from California, the other from Holland. The former was the determination by Prof. A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, working, however, at the Mt. Wilson Observatory in California, of a new and more accurate value of the speed of light. This is an important value in scientific circles, and Prof. Michelson has shown it to be 299,786 kilometers (about 186,284 miles) per second, though the new value is not sufficiently different from the older and more approximate value to cause any revolution in science. The Dutch experiment, in a totally different field, was the success of Prof. W. H. Keeson, of the University of Leyden, in freezing helium gas to a solid, at a temperature of 457 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Previously all known gases, including helium, had been liquefied, and all gases except helium had been frozen, so that now all the known elements have been obtained in solid form.

In the field of applied physics, particularly radio, important developments were made in 1926, one of the most significant being the successful completion of two-way telephone conversation by a combination of wire and wireless between the United States and England. Telephone subscribers, as far west as Chicago, talking into their ordinary instruments, were connected in tests with a radio transmitting station at Rocky Point, Long Island. Their voices were then carried by radio to a receiving station at Wroughton, England, and were connected by wire to telephones of London subscribers. The voices of

the Londoners in reply passed over wires to a transmitting station at Rugby, by radio to Houlton, Maine, and then by long distance lines back to the American speaker. This was accomplished experimentally, but it was stated that telephone communication with England was to be established before long.

Another important radio advance of the year was the putting into operation in England of a "beam" radio station, by which radio waves, instead of being broadcast to the four winds, can be directed to one particular station in another part of the world. This system makes possible direct communication between England and her colonies, without the possibility of others outside the beam listening in. A similar system has been installed at the Vatican, to communicate with other church stations.

Astronomically the important event of the year was the close approach of the planet Mars, which, on October 27, came within 42,624,200 miles of the earth. This was closer than it had been since the summer of 1924, and closer than it will be again until 1939, and as it was farther north, it was better located for observation in northern countries, where most of the world's observatories are located, than it had been two years previously.

Eight comets were discovered during the year, two of them being new ones, while the others were old friends that returned on their regular visits. None, however, became bright enough to be conspicuous to the unaided eye. But more important was the discovery by Prof. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, Germany, of a "new star" in a spiral nebula in the constellation of Virgo, the Virgin. In 1925, Dr. Hubble, of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, showed that the spiral nebulæ are systems of stars, similar to that which constitutes the Milky Way, and of

which we are part, but outside its confines. This new star, which flashed out from previous obscurity, was similar to such objects that occasionally appear in our own system, but was as much fainter than the average of our new stars, as the great distance of the spiral would require.

Not content with the 100 inch reflecting telescope of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, with which Dr. Hubble worked, and the largest in the world, Francis G. Pease, of the same observatory, who was in charge of its construction, made tentative plans for one three times the diameter, or twenty-five feet. This giant instrument would enormously increase the knowledge of astronomers, and though Mr. Pease admits the difficulties that would have to be overcome to construct it, he feels that they could be surmounted. The only detail now required before work on it can start is the collection of the $12,000,000 which he estimates it would cost.

Switching back from celestial regions to terrestrial ones that are no less interesting because they touch nearer home, it would almost seem as if 1926 were a children's year. Almost every month, recently, psychologists at some university have set up equipment to study young children with the intent to learn the principles of early human development. Probably the earliest investigation of personality ever reported was that described by Dr. Stewart Paton, of Princeton, to the American Philosophical Society. He declared that our minds are organized and our important attitudes toward life are all determined by the time we are born. The embryo has already had practice in meeting demands of environment and has reacted according to its capabilities.

Another investigator, during the year, reported that babies as young as two years old can be classified accord-

ing to emotional temperaments. A child who can scarcely talk is already a well defined personality from whom emotional reactions may be expected.

Other experimenters have attempted to measure intelligence of children too young to answer catch questions. Dr. Arnold Gesell, at Yale, has shown that a normal child at the youthful age of six months can be expected to act in certain ways when confronted with a toy block, whereas a child of nine months displays more advanced activity with the same simple test material. A report from Dr. Florence Goodenough describes her study of 4,000 children's drawings of their favorite art subject, a man, and tells how she worked out a quick method by which these crude imaginative portraits can be used to rate intelligence of children from four to ten years old. This test is expected to be of particular use in testing deaf children and those from foreign homes.

At the nursery schools, child welfare stations, and psycho-clinics maintained by psychologists, scientific methods are gradually being worked out, so that the young child's intelligence, habit tendencies, character, and gifts may be quickly recognized, and so that he may then be guided to make the most of himself as a successful human being.

Following close upon the discovery that babies are human beings, has come the idea that something must be done about the gifted child. First, Dr. Louis Terman, of Stanford University, made mental, physical, and other records of 1,000 school children of superior intelligence. Now, as a second step, Dr. Catharine Cox, working with Dr. Terman, has studied boyhood biographies of 300 of the geniuses of history, and has rated each one in childhood intelligence. Her results demonstrate that genius

is almost always forecast in early childhood by unusual mental achievements, generally combined with unusual strength of character. Since geniuses of the past have displayed persistence, brains, and originality at an early age, Dr. Cox concludes that individuals of great ability may be recognized by similar signs among the children of the modern public school.

Children have received their share of attention in matters of health this year as well as in mental development.

Medical research workers are bent on putting measles, age-old bane of childhood, in the diphtheria and scarlet fever class of preventable diseases. The past year has seen several important steps in the development of serums to head off epidemics of this most contagious of maladies. Dr. N. S. Ferry of Detroit believes he has isolated the causative germ and is hard at work proving the efficacy of a vaccine he has prepared. Serum from the blood of measles convalescents has been useful in checking epidemics in institutions for children but unfortunately the supply is never equal to the demand. Serum from the blood of goats that have been infected with the streptococcus found associated with measles by Dr. Ruth Tunnicliff of Chicago, has been found to give a fairly efficient temporary immunity. Though the immunity conferred by all the serums is short lived, they are extremely useful to stem the tide of epidemics. The goat serum presents advantageous possibilities in being more readily obtainable in such emergencies than human serum.

The germ theory of cancer advanced by the Englishmen, Gye and Barnard, that created so much discussion last year, has been seriously questioned by repetitions of their experiments at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical research. Scientists and physicians are maintaining an

attitude of watchful waiting while Dr. Blair Bell continues his colloidal lead treatment of cancer cases that every one else has given up for lost. The chemistry department of the University of Liverpool has succeeded in making a more stable colloid of this poisonous metal that is said to be giving promising results as a cancer specific.

Dr. Maud Slye of Chicago has completed an exhaustive series of experiments with mice which indicate that both resistance and susceptibility to cancer may be hereditary. The work of another woman scientist, Mrs. Margaret Lewis of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and a Johns Hopkins graduate student, indicates that the tumorous mass in at least one form of chicken cancer is made up of white blood cells, a new concept in the cancer field.

As the temperate zone becomes more and more crowded more demands are made on the resources of the tropics. The colonizing white races have accordingly turned more of their attention to making the torrid zone safe to live in. A British commission has incriminated a sand fly as the carrier of kala azar, a disease affecting thousands in India and Indo-China. In their African colonies the French are making inroads on African sleeping sickness with tryparsamide, while similar work on yaws among the natives is being done in our own Philippines.

The first chemical element to be isolated in America stands to the credit of 1926. Number 61 in the periodic table of the essential elements, of which all matter is made up, was first observed by spectroscopic methods at the University of Illinois by Prof. B. S. Hopkins and given the name Illinium. Two more elements reported as discovered from Germany and Czecho-Slovakia may be

pushed back into the limbo of the still unknown as the result of work recently done at the Platinum Institute of the Russian Academy of Sciences. The Russian workers repeated the German experiment that is said to have shown the presence of Numbers 43 and 75 in platinum ores from the Urals with completely negative results.

The alchemists' dreams are realized but not quite in the way they would have anticipated, as the transmutation of certain elements, for instance radium, has been proved. The claim of German and Japanese investigators to have turned mercury into gold is disputed, but from Berlin comes the announcement of the reversal of the alchemists' idea and the conversion of gold into the less precious mercury. Transferring to a less solid, more ethereal medium, Prof. Fritz Paneth and Dr. Peters, also of Berlin, have startled scientific circles with their claim to have transferred hydrogen gas into helium. This phase of transmutation is still in an experimental stage and will require careful checking up, which the experimenters are now doing, before the results will be accepted by scientists as final.

In more practical fields, one of the most outstanding developments in the field of chemistry of the year has been chromium metal plating. The more durable chromium is already saving thousands of dollars in the printing and engraving and electrotyping industries, while non-rusting, non-tarnishing chromium fittings now decorate many automobiles.

While the soles of our shoes, the buttons on our coats, the perfume in our lipsticks and such utilitarian necessities of life bear evidence to the fruitful mind of the synthetic chemist, more research workers conjure out of the

unknown, products that may mean the saving of countless lives in the future.

Compounds of chaulmoogra oil which possess germicidal powers over the bacterium that causes leprosy equal to those of the natural product have been made in the chemistry department at the University of Illinois. This indicates that curative work on leprosy may no longer be dependent on the irregular source of supply from the chaulmoogra trees in the Orient. A synthetic drug called plasmochin has been brought out in Germany which is said to work better than quinine in clearing up malaria. Though it is early yet to prophesy until the product has received more universal testing, it is safe to say that such a drug, if all that is claimed for it is true, will be an effective means of breaking up the Dutch quinine monopoly which has controlled the price of quinine throughout the world for many years.

One of the outstanding accomplishments of the year in the realm of chemotherapy has been the preparation of the valuable constituent of insulin in a crystalline form by Dr. James J. Abel at Johns Hopkins University. It is hoped that the study of this crystalline substance will lead to its synthetic production in the laboratory, an important step in the progressive treatment of diabetes.

The report of the Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service and his advisory committee made at the beginning of the year on the hazard of tetraethyl lead as an anti-knock ingredient of motor fuel has given this valuable material a provisionally clean bill of health. Its manufacture and sale to the public have been resumed under careful supervision of the safeguarding conditions laid down by the committee so that American automobiles may again enjoy the benefits of anti-knock gas.

Gasoline, itself the most valuable of motor fuels, may now be made directly from lignite, the cheapest of coals, by a direct and economical process. The inventor of this process for synthetic petroleum, Dr. Friedrich Bergius, of Heidelberg, Germany, has shown that light and heavy fuel oils, lubricating oil, benzine and phenol compounds and ammonia can be manufactured from waste coal dust or low grade coal.

The discovery of how to convert coal into liquid products is not a lucky accident but the achievement of long and laborious scientific research, such as gave Germany the supremacy in the manufacture of indigo and other synthetic dyes before the war. Dr. Bergius began his study of the composition of coal in 1912 and except for the interruption of the war the investigation has been carried on continuously ever since at the cost of millions of dollars.

The essential principle of the process consists in combining hydrogen gas with coal by means of high heat and pressure. The coal is first ground into small pieces less than a tenth of an inch in diameter, and then mixed with heavy oil to a thick pasty mass. This is placed in a light steel retort and heated to about 800 degrees Fahrenheit under a pressure of about 3,000 pounds per square inch.

Another process for getting coal into a liquid form has been developed in France by General Georges Patart and in Germany by Dr. Franz Fischer, director of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Coal Research. The first step in this process is to get the carbon into a gaseous form, which is easily done by passing steam over the hot beds of coal. The product is "water-gas," a mixture of hydrogen and carbon monoxide, the deadly gas that is given off by running an automobile engine in a closed garage. Adding

more hydrogen and passing the mixture at high pressure and temperature over a metallic oxide acting as a catalyst, the carbon, hydrogen and oxygen combine to form methanol or a variety of other compounds of these three elements. A ton of bituminous coal will produce a minimum of 800 pounds of methyl alcohol or 480 pounds of butyl alcohol, and this yield may be increased at least 30 per cent. Butyl alcohol has recently come into extensive use in this country as a solvent for cellulose lacquers used on automobiles and furniture as substitute for varnish and paint. It is now made by the fermentation of corn. The new lacquers and airplane dope and artificial leather also make use of acetone and various acids and ethers which likewise may be made synthetically from coal. Methanol by passing its vapor over hot copper is easily transformed into formaldehyde, which under the name of formalin is a familiar disinfectant. Formaldehyde combined with carbolic acid, also one of the by-products of the process, makes synthetic resins, such as bakelite, which are used for electrical insulation in radio receivers. It has been proved possible to make sugar out of formaldehyde, although this preparation is, at present, merely a laboratory curiosity.

The material for making many fruit flavors and perfumes are found among the products of this process for the liquefaction of coal. Wintergreen oil, a favorite flavor of gum-chewers, is made by combining methanol with salicylic acid, which is likewise a synthetic compound. Substances similar to those found in oil of turpentine are also formed, and this suggests the possibility of sometime making camphor, menthol and rubber from common coal and water. It would be possible, though not profitable, to make by such means oils and fats suit-

able for soap-making or even those edible. As General Patart pointed out in conclusion, agriculture is essentially an expensive process, involving a large amount of land, a long period of growth, high cost of cultivation and uncertainty of yield. Acetic acid, indigo, and various dyes and drugs are now made synthetically and no one can foresee the end of this new development of applied chemistry.

In the biological field, the U. S. Department of Agriculture has continued its battle against a number of recently introduced and dangerous crop pests. The Mexican bean beetle in the Southeast and Central states, and the Japanese beetle in New Jersey and adjacent territory, increased their holdings somewhat, in spite of the resistance of human agencies. A favorable season, plus improved methods of poison spraying and dusting, kept down the inroads of the cotton boll weevil, but the greatly increased crop, added to cotton held over from the previous season, ruined the market, and cotton planters are now "cotton poor." The hotly debated question of an embargo against Dutch flower bulbs, on account of their infestation with eelworms, was finally decided in favor of closing American ports against them, though not without much protest on the part of the dealers. Much attention has been paid to the westward-spreading European corn borer, which threatens to do for the corn crop what the boll weevil did for cotton. Two new types of harvesting machinery are reported to be ready for the market, which are expected to reduce their numbers by cutting the stalks close to the ground and thus destroying the stubble in which the pests shelter themselves over winter.

Five of the most important scientific gatherings of the year were the International Congress of Plant Sciences

held at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., the International Congress of Physiologists held at Stockholm, Sweden, the First International Congress on Sexual Research at Berlin, the Pan-Pacific Science Conference at Tokyo and the International Geological Congress at Madrid. The Ithaca congress was the first international meeting of botanists to be held in the United States, and the first to be held anywhere since the war. It also boasted the distinction of being a sort of scientific Locarno, inasmuch as it was the first scientific meeting of major importance to which citizens of former enemy countries were admitted on a footing of full equality with all other delegates. A further indication of the progress of restoring normal conditions in the scientific world was the admission of Germany to the International Research Council. While no discoveries of revolutionary importance were announced at the Berlin meeting, the mere fact that a gathering of experts from all countries of the world could meet and discuss the vexed and hitherto hushed problems of sex was looked upon as a great step in advance in itself. The Tokyo conference was a continuation of the series of such meetings initiated a few years ago, to seek through scientific means solutions for the problems of population, food supply and other pressing needs of the countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. One of the important steps taken at this gathering was the beginning of an exact study of the fisheries of the Pacific.

IN THE THEATER

by Larry Barretto

FOR one seeking enlightenment on such a serious subject as "the trend of the drama during the past year" an anomalous and disturbing situation presents itself. The drama was not trending anywhere—at least not so far as this reviewer was concerned. Plays to the number of one hundred and fifty, maybe more, passed before his dazed eyes, and with due conscientiousness he sought to determine what class they could be catalogued in, what they indicated as a reflection of New York's, and ultimately of the country's, morals and manners, and whether the stage was on the up or down grade. It seemed simple. Life is merely a matter of progression or recession; the theater is just a reflection of life. All one had to do was to occupy aisle seats each night and let this cosmic problem unfold itself. Maybe even the ultimate destiny of America would be deduced.

However, at the end of the year it may be stated that no indications of any sort were apparent. If a play for the Intelligentsia was produced, such as *Nirvana* or *The Moon is a Gong* then an equal number of light-headed comedies were offered without enough weight in them to balance a powder-puff. For a dozen revivals, two dozen plays hot from the playwrights' hands were rushed on. If Mr. Carroll decided that his chorus ladies must wear nothing, then Mr. Ziegfeld gave it as his opinion that full skirts were in order, and full they were to the extent of four

yards around. For every play that used one of our good old Saxon words or had a scene vibrant with Sex and Passion there was another so innocuous that you could take your grandmother to it, provided the old lady doesn't like hers raw and unbonded. In each case checkmate. And so the theater, defying all natural laws, rested for a year in this static condition, and the critics could take it or leave it. This critic therefore takes it for what it was—a sprawling, ungainly, sometimes glittering spectacle, touched with genius now and then, with merit often, and with mediocrity oftener.

After these many months an occasional play still remains in the memory either because it was very good or very bad, actors only when they were good, and playwrights only when they had something distinctive to offer. A few new names were written metaphorically at least in the white lights of Broadway and a few old favorites disappeared. These reflections cannot by any means cover all the excellent plays presented or the excellent casts acting in them. They are the vagrant memories of a great many nights in plush-covered chairs.

One of the most entertaining plays to hold over from the tail-end of the previous year was *Young Woodley,* in which Glenn Hunter starred after a considerable absence from New York. This comedy came under the ban in England apparently for no reason than that it concerned English schoolboys. Possibly in England schoolboys never fall in love with their masters' wives, and sex is ignored until graduation. At any rate, the play had to come to America for a showing and presumably the day was saved at Eton and Harrow. In a rôle which teemed with laughs for the vulgar, Mr. Hunter ignored them consistently and acted his part as if he had a message to

give, which of course he had. Parents doubtless squirmed uneasily at the thought of their own misunderstood sons, and men remembered with a sigh the agonies of their calf love, but the play was a success for all that. It was slightly inconsistent in a play which was entirely English, and apparently so cast, to have Glenn Hunter, who is altogether New York State in accent, as the star. But his breathless, husky voice and his skill in using it would carry him over far greater difficulties than this. *Young Woodley* was delightful.

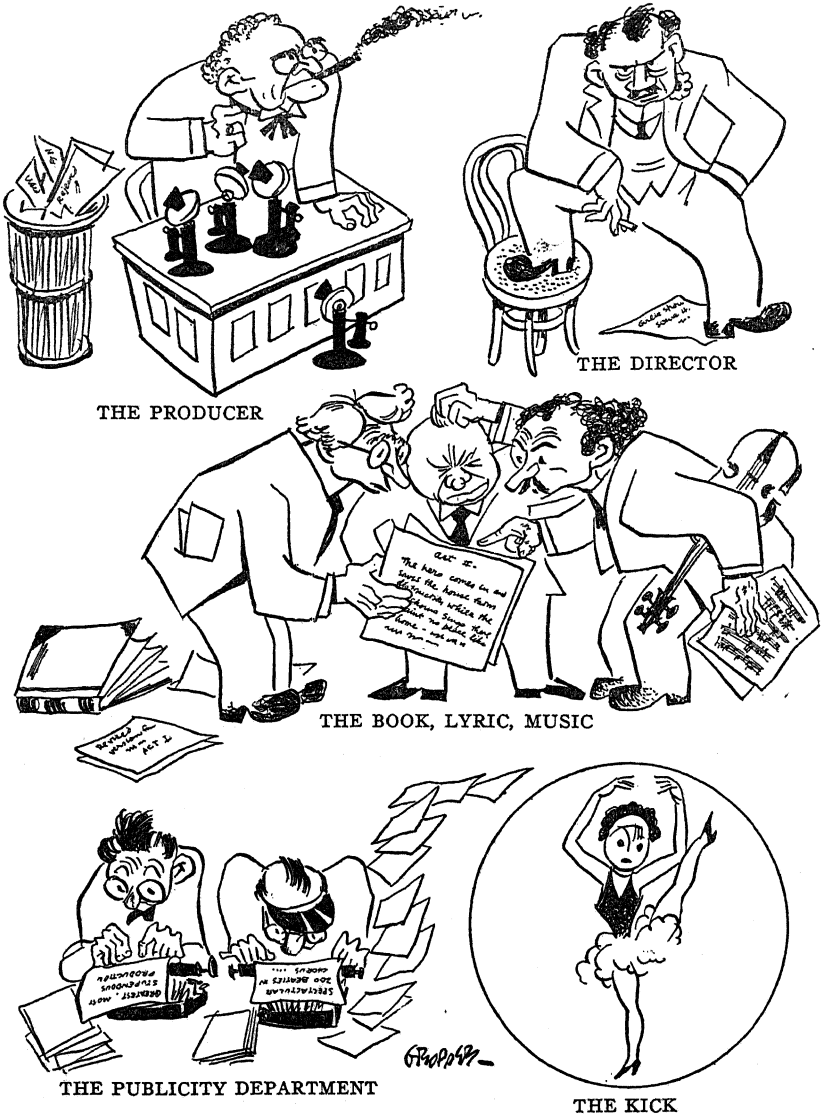
Another play concerning the struggles of adolescence before the newly discovered monster of sex which failed rather miserably was *The Glass Slipper*. This Hungarian version of the Cinderella story by Ferenc Molnar was built up on noise and empty noise. Every one shouted at every one else and to add to the general clamor a thunderstorm was introduced in the midst of an argumentative wedding supper, for no other reason than to give the actors an exit cue. In its quieter moments the play was merely dull. Molnar must have had moments of doubt when he wrote it, as several of the delightful effects used in *Liliom* were introduced in a vain effort to buck up the piece. It served, however, to bring June Walker before the public in a new rôle—that of a drab little creature who is just learning the meaning of love. But even she was unable to raise the part above the level of a neurotic young girl who is sex mad. She struggled bravely from boarding-house to bawdy-house and thence to the courtroom where in a scene of final inanity she found her lover's arms.

The Glass Slipper died, but after the personal plaudits she had received it was not surprising to find Miss Walker a few months later playing almost the identical part in

Glory Hallelujah, a play in which a group of people speculate on their future a few days hence when they expect to be annihilated by a comet passing between the earth and the sun. The wretched group who had congregated in a shabby Bowery hotel to face the end gave way to every extreme of horror and despair. Most of them consoled themselves with whisky to warm their bodies and numb their brains, since they were to freeze to death, and tales of lust and license were repeated of the city. Even the hero, who taught the drab little chambermaid that dying might perhaps be a more glorious adventure than living, cracked at the end. The comet did not blot out the earth, of course, but the sun, shining again, looked down on tragedy. The little wanton, unable to endure living after her vision of heaven, had shot herself. New Yorkers, indignant at this prediction of what would happen should the stars misbehave, avoided the theater like the plague and one of the most dramatic plays of the season lasted a week.

Having acquired fame but no fortune, Miss Walker might be pardoned for returning to her first love—comedy. This time she chose well and when she appeared again it was in that gilded vehicle, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* A yellow wig had worked the transformation and now she was Lorelei Lee. It must be admitted that she played the part up to the hilt, but it gave her few opportunities. All the really funny lines fell to others in the cast and especially to Edna Hibbard as the sardonic Dorothy. Hilarious audiences testified that they didn't care where the laughs came from so long as they got them, and Miss Walker continued feeding lines to everybody, conscious and consoled perhaps by the knowledge that, after all, she was the lady whom gentlemen prefer.

William Gropper, in *The Theatre Magazine*



THE POWER BEHIND THE KICK

An Impressionistic View of the Theatre Which Mr. Barretto Corrects in Some Particulars

The prolific Noel Coward contented himself with offering only two plays. The first, *Easy Virtue,* gave Jane Cowl the opportunity to look as charming as ever, but not much more. This inconsequential little tale concerned a lady with a past who had married into a respectable but dull English family. Of course it didn't work out, and eventually the lady disappeared in the direction of the Riviera or wherever it is that easy virtue finds congeniality. We suspect that this play was written in one of Mr. Coward's off moments, and would never have found a producer had it not been for the success of his earlier *Vortex.* It was received tolerantly enough by audiences who considered Mr. Coward at that moment their own particular infant prodigy, but it added not one inch to his stature as a playwright. Later his *This Was a Man* was produced for his customary smart audience—a scandalous little comedy of adultery and divorce which was forbidden in London.

Another English playwright to offer two samples of his wares during the year was Frederick Lonsdale, that master of light and sophisticated dialogue, who first gave to the public *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,* a gay and improbable story about a lady Raffles who triumphs over her respectable victims. In it Ina Claire had an opportunity for her own delightful brand of humor such as has not fallen to her lot since *The Gold Diggers.*

When this considerable run was over, Mr. Lonsdale, who in the meanwhile had written another, submitted *On Approval,* which was promptly received by his audience just as cordially. There is no playwright that we can recall who is so consistently sure of the reactions of his public, or who so consistently gives it what it wants. A Lonsdale audience is usually liberally spotted with even-

ing wraps and dinner coats which arrive late, and greet with well-bred laughter the glittering *bon mots* of the play. Nothing more serious than a slightly farcical glimpse of life is wanted and nothing more serious is offered. Mr. Lonsdale knows his audience; he has it sewed up in a golden sack from which the ducats may be shaken at convenient intervals. It pays to be amusing.

The theater seemed to be very much occupied with foreigners this last year, although Mr. Lonsdale is familiar enough to be considered almost our own. There was, for example, Franz Werfel, and C. K. Munro, and Sean O'Casey, and the Russian Ansky, to name only a few, all represented by one or more plays. Of these Werfel is by far the most important. The Theater Guild sponsored his first American appearance with *Goat Song,* about which a deal has been written, and little understood. The program stated that "There are mystical undercurrents, hidden profundities, vague and devastating associations implied in *Goat Song* which will elude the spectator as they are unfolded upon the stage, but which, if his heart is open to the author's message, will return to trouble his memories and prick his thought." Dutiful audiences seeking for devastating associations and dutiful actors seeking to supply them lost sight of a really bully play, supported by one of the grandest casts ever gathered together on Broadway and set with a beauty that was a long step forward. What the young Austrian playwright thought of all this has never been divulged.

In *Schweiger* we felt that Werfel was really much more profound. This play was not written merely to amuse; back of it there is an idea which must have remained hidden to a large part of the audiences. Again and again the playwright drives home his belief that those things

which men fight and die over—this creed, that social movement—are utterly unimportant; conditions which in fifty years will be "dated." The first-night audience listened politely if unconvinced, then hastened away to spread the bad news throughout the city with such effect that *Schweiger* was shortly thereafter withdrawn. The play, as a matter of fact, was extremely unpleasant. But Werfel had somehow caught the imagination of theater-goers and so again the Theater Guild was induced to offer him at the beginning of their fall season with *Juarez and Maximilian*. This piece about the unhappy Emperor of Mexico and his tragic end was not exactly in a lighter mood, but at least it was more palatable. The sets were lovely and a rich vein of romanticism ran through it. It might have been done by one of Latin rather than Teutonic blood; which to those who wanted to believe so was convincing proof that Werfel is a man of parts—a great man.

Off and on through the season there were rumors of the work of C. K. Munro, an Irish playwright, rumors of its excellence and the brilliant character studies it contained, until at last the interest of New Yorkers was satisfied with two simultaneous productions—*Beau-Strings* and *At Mrs. Beam's*. First off it must be admitted that Mr. Munro sticks closely to his pattern. Having found a satisfactory group of characters, he does not intend to drop them. His taste runs to meddlesome spinsters, idiotic young men, and middle-aged ladies whose deafness requires that each speech be repeated twice. Whether they are worth repeating is a question that might well be raised. Although both plays were suave one could wish that the playwright had put a little more body into his work.

There is one thing, however, for which one may be grateful to Mr. Munro. He has been the means of introducing to the New York theater Jean Cadell, an English actress, who as Miss Shoe in *At Mrs. Beam's,* stepped quietly into the thin front rank of comediennes. Her performance was characterized by a flawless technique which met every demand made upon it. One laughed when she spoke and laughed when she was silent. It was as perfectly balanced an interpretation as we have even seen.

Another Irishman stirred up some excitement for himself by writing a play called *Juno and the Paycock* which had a stormy career in Dublin before New York had an opportunity to inspect it. The play concerns the household of one Jack Boyle and the sordid clutter in which they all live. What with Irish whisky, breakdowns and ballads, one thing leads to another until presently the family fortune vanishes, a daughter is betrayed, and a couple of young men are shot by somebody. These tragic deaths gave each mother the opportunity to advance firmly to the footlights and deliver herself of a speech beginning, "What were me pains in bringin' him into the world compared with me pains in takin' him out of it?" The rest of the cast, at attention, listened respectfully to these funeral orations. Only an Irishman or a Russian could so pile on the horrors and keep a straight face.

Probably the most substantial sensation of the season was *The Dybbuk,* a metaphysical drama written by Ansky, a Russian Jew, and produced by The Neighborhood Playhouse. Its delicate symbolism and exquisite adaptation sent New Yorkers hurrying to far-off Grand Street, where the play rolled up a success that was the envy of many uptown managers.

As if to prove that New Yorkers are nothing if not catholic in their tastes, two shockers appeared and promptly won favor with the metropolis. These two, *The Shanghai Gesture* and *Lulu Belle,* were still going strong at the end of the year. The former was as gaudy a melodrama as the town has ever seen. David Belasco must have yearned to have his finger in this Chinese pie, so luxurious were the settings and so explicit. But it was not only the settings that went into detail; Florence Reed, as the mistress of the largest brothel in the world, was explicit regarding the workings of her profession, and Mary Duncan almost kicked out the skylights. The audience watched this performance with such amazement and incredulity that it forgot to snigger. It was bound to be a success anyway. John Colton, the author, did it once before with *Rain* and thereby established a precedent. Superficially *Lulu Belle,* in which Lenore Ulric cavorted nightly to the scandal of many good people, was not too unlike *The Shanghai Gesture.* The plays were somewhat the same in theme, although fundamentally they were different. The former was a built-up play, consistently moving from point to point until a logical climax was reached. It was, in other words, carefully plotted. *Lulu Belle* had the barest excuse for a plot. It was nothing more nor less than disconnected pictures in the life of a negro courtesan; and even the last act failed to link these sordid tableaux into a coherent whole. As a play it was weaker than its rival and at the same time stronger, since its emotional content was so much nearer the surface, so much more a part of us all. In spite of an enormous cast which must have depopulated several cotton-growing States, not to speak of emptying Harlem's black belt nightly, the job of carrying

the play fell entirely on the shoulders of Lenore Ulric and Henry Hull. They bore it gallantly, with finished performances, which were the more to their credit when one considers what they and in particular Miss Ulric had to do. For this show she acquired a Darktown accent, she spoke French like a Parisian, shot craps like the original Big Boy, sang passable Blues and danced a wicked Charleston. This theatrical journey was something like a visit to one of the cafés where quadroons get away with being whites, and whites with being quadroons. It was an exciting if not very ennobling spectacle.

The theater was treated to a series of revivals which included everything from Ibsen's somber *Hedda Gabler* to *The Two Orphans* with which Kate Claxton used to wring tears from the eyes of the last generation, who asked nothing more of heroines than that they be innocent, of heroes than that they be heroic. Sir Henry Irving's classic, *The Bells,* seemed to be the most substantial, and *East Lynne,* burlesqued by The Provincetown Players, the funniest. Those were the days when a plot was a plot, full-bodied, husky, with no signs of anemia. The theatergoer who paid his dollar could be assured of his money's worth in variety. In *East Lynne* there are an elopement and a seduction, a murder, an arrest, two deathbed scenes, and a baker's-dozen of births. In fact, the characters in *East Lynne* are among the most prolific on the stage. Such lines as "Au revoir, but not adieu," and "Villain, I am still Lord Mount Severn's daughter" ring oddly in our ears, but on the whole it is amazing that we have abjured in so short a time the false values and nasty-nice attitudes of the period when Victoria ruled and set the fashion in sentimentality.

As far from the naïvetés of these dramas as may be is

Eugene O'Neill, who was responsible for two plays during the year. Of one of these, *The Fountain,* little need be said. This play had been kicking around Broadway for a number of years seeking a manager. Its failure certainly could not be blamed on the production, which was lavish, its eleven odd scenes beautifully done by Robert Edmond Jones, but the text needed more than this. It needed a knife, for it was too long. Under the wordy speeches, languorously delivered, the characters became wooden without a semblance of life, and along about Scene Ten where Ponce de Leon should have died in the forests of Florida but didn't, the monotony became positively painful.

While *The Fountain* languished, *The Great God Brown* flourished, and this was the more surprising because immediately after its opening few could be found to predict success for it. It was said that the average citizen would not know what it was all about; not a few critics were confused also at the symbolism with which this play abounded. But whether they understood it or not, theatergoers insisted on making it their own and visited the play in droves. The theme of *The Great God Brown* is interesting: That man's nature is dual—that he goes through life playing a part before a curious or indifferent world, and never exposing his real self. To carry out the illusion the cast were equipped with masks which they flicked on and off their faces with great facility. That the play should have become a box-office attraction was as uncalculated as the success of *The Dybbuk.* Both plays gave hard-headed managers with a genius for accurate prediction something to ponder about.

One of the most delightful plays of the year was *The Wisdom Tooth.* In this fantastic comedy Marc Connolly

wrought deftly and delicately—the more to his credit since his theme was an impossibly difficult one, something like imposing a four-dimensional plot on a three-dimensional stage. There was a good deal of loose praise for *The Wisdom Tooth.* "As whimsical as Barrie," people said. But it in no way resembled Barrie. It was distinctively Marc Connolly, and the credit should remain with him.

One of the finds of the season took place when a not-too-good drama called *Downstream* came to town. The play hardly lasted and is as well forgotten, but the memory of a young actor named Rex Cherryman persisted long after his play had gone into storage. So vivid was his performance that some months later when he again found Broadway in a play called *The Noose* nobody was astonished to find him acting a totally different rôle with equal skill and conviction. Each year there is a crop of favorites competing for popular approval who are forgotten six months later, but it seems probable that this young man will last.

Those perennials, Gilbert and Sullivan, were represented by two of their productions. The astute Shuberts got in on the revival wave with an edition of *Pinafore,* bigger and better than ever before. A well-known and tuneful crew sang the familiar music from the deck of the most mammoth ship ever seen on any stage, and the work of Fay Templeton as Little Buttercup was a riot. But it fell to Winthrop Ames to make a really striking box-office success as well as a faultlessly beautiful production with *Iolanthe.* Here was genius in producing. *Iolanthe* is perhaps the least interesting work of W. S. Gilbert, and Sullivan's music has none of the hits which linger year after year as in *The Mikado* or *Pinafore.* Nevertheless by some magic Mr. Ames managed to make

this production seem more delightful than any Gilbert and Sullivan operetta has ever been before. Ernest Lawford was funny as the Lord Chamberlain, Lois Bennett charming as Phyllis, and William Williams sang his part of Strephon quite as it should be sung. Weary stockbrokers who had visited the theater twelve and fourteen times expressed themselves as desolated when finally the run came to an end to make room for *The Pirates of Penzance.*

While the revivals of these venerable pieces were being offered the producers were busy presenting their modern counterparts in the form of revues. These, while built in general along the same lines, exhibited a wide difference in taste and merit. The first of the major summer shows to stir the blood and brighten the jaded eye of that vast class which apparently derives its theatrical nourishment from this type of entertainment alone was *The Great Temptations.* The lavish Shuberts were more lavish even than is their wont in staging this production. More yards of shapely whitened limbs, occasionally clad in gold lace, than we had ever seen before, paraded before us. The costumes, when there were any, were gorgeous and built along strictly conventional revue lines. The electric light bill must have gladdened the corporate heart of the Edison Company, and the music which a swollen orchestra sprayed over the audiences was so pleasantly familiar that one could swear some of the tunes had been whistled just the season before—as doubtless they had been in slightly different form. In short, there was everything assembled to make this revue bigger and better than ever before, except fun.

The Winter Garden was the most humorless spot imaginable. Not that the industrious producers had not done

their best. Various people had been engaged to make laughs, but they hardly earned their salaries. Dreary jokes all bordering on adulterous themes and not too new at that, were offered for the audiences' delectation. The sketches were as bad. Granted that there is something essentially funny in the sight of a man caught in bed with another man's wife, still, after the fifteenth time, even when played with variations, it begins to pall.

But it isn't necessary for a revue to be dull. The Shuberts again, in association with Albert de Courville, proved in *The Merry World* that there can be humor in summer shows. Perhaps Mr. de Courville was responsible, but we think it was the happy combination of English stars with American chorus beauties that added the necessary spice. *The Merry World* was indeed funny. Not more than two of its sketches needed to be deleted, and at least three others were priceless. One scene was suggestive of what you might find in the Casino or the Folies Bergères of Paris. This sketch, euphoniously titled *"Ceinture de Chasteté,"* depicted the medieval custom of the knights bound for the Crusades who unchivalrously locked up their ladies in iron belts so that they would find them, well—still ladies on their return. Of course it was simply an excuse for the young persons of the ensemble to parade about nude. The butter-and-egg men scattered through successive audiences showed an almost passionate interest in this method of studying at close range the practices of the past, but we doubted if they intended to pass on their newfound culture to the nebulous wives presumably waiting for them in points west of Manhattan Transfer.

Something new was offered in revues rather late in the season with *Americana,* which was small enough to be in-

timate without the faulty stage management that frequently goes with intimacy. The music was tuneful, the jokes fresh, and the really funny skits were laid in other places than the bedroom. Lew Brice and Roy Atwell dashed through it with a gay nonchalance that was delightful, and the amusing scenery of John Held, Jr., struck a different note.

Gertrude Lawrence, forsaking her old association with Beatrice Lillie, appeared in a musical show of her own called *Oh, Kay*. It is as well that this division of two favorites took place. Both of them are stars in their own right and strong enough to carry separate pieces to success, and in at least the last *Charlot Revue* hungry audiences were not able to get enough of either one or the other. In *Oh, Kay* Miss Lawrence was alluring and sang in her delightfully husky voice, but, more than that, she proved herself a splendid comedienne—a métier which musical comedy stars usually ignore. As a Cockney maid serving lunch she was fabulous, explaining casually the crash that took place offstage—"The cat's got the fish again. The last time I took it away from 'im 'e give me a dirty look."

The Citizens Protective Alliance, or whatever the organization is called, which tells us what plays are decent and what indecent, inspected from time to time the productions on Broadway and published their findings in the press with the result that crowds clamored at certain box-offices hoping to fight their way in before the shows were closed. In only one case did this happen. *The Bunk of 1926* was voted inimical to the morals of the community and closed forthwith, although the producers struggled for a lease of life with injunctions and the like. At that, no one seemed to know why it was improper exactly.

Certainly it caused no stir on its opening and only considerably later was the question raised.

In no other case was the jury able to muster the nine votes necessary for conviction. *The Great Temptations* came in for a taste of the whip of virtue by offering a skit called "A Harlem Incident," but the producers promptly deleting the offending bit, the revue was considered purified and allowed to go on its prosperous way.

The most notable case in which the play jury acted was *The Captive,* which, under the title of La Prisonnière, sent all Paris hurrying to the Théâtre Fémina a year ago to see it. Inevitably this masterpiece of Edouard Bourdet was presented here, and inevitably, its theme being what it is, the play jury had to act. Again the jury was divided, without the negative votes necessary to convict. This time the body had a difficult problem because *The Captive* is in no sense vulgar in the ordinary meaning of the word. It is either indecent or it isn't.

The greatest personal triumph of the year was gained by Lee Tracy playing Roy Lane in *Broadway.* This melodrama of life behind the scenes in a night club where bootleggers stage a feud and compete for the favor of tawdry little show girls was bound to be a success by reason of excellent construction and the novelty of its scenes, but Mr. Lane's hit quite engulfed his play. On the opening night the audience rose in their seats, shouting and beating their hands sore with frenzy of their applause for the young man who took call after call in a rather dazed manner. It was justified. Rarely has a performance of such sincerity been seen in New York. Lee Tracy, as the bumptious yet wistful comedy dancer leading a group of chorus girls, brought absolute conviction to his rôle. One believed in him the moment he stepped on the stage;

it was impossible to think of him as other than Roy Lane, the hoofer, and impossible to imagine any other actor playing the part. And that is, after all, the highest praise any man or woman on the stage can ask.

There, in brief, is the theater of 1926. For the triumphs of some and the failures of others, the success of this play or the collapse of that, nothing may be adduced. Another year, new opportunities—with, it may be, the public reversing its judgments all along the line. For like the phenix the theater and its folk are apt to rise serenely from their own ashes. The stage may never live, nor does it ever die.

THE NORTH POLE SHOW *

by Vilhjalmur Stefansson

THIS has been a great year for polar explorers. There have been more of them than in any previous season, they have had more publicity, and most of them have succeeded in doing what they set out to do and proving what they tried to prove. It has doubtless made their pleasure keener, it has certainly made their triumph more decisive, that they did and proved these things in the teeth of critics who believed the opposite and who cried loudly that the announced programs were futile and destined to failure.

What the explorers of 1926 have proved will be of great importance to pure science, to aviation, and to world communication. More than ever, time is getting to be money. A startling gain in time for mails and passengers between important world centers will come directly and soon as a result of these Arctic air voyages. The achievements of the expeditions that were not by air will be important, in some cases.

Captain George H. Wilkins and the Detroit Arctic Expedition were first in the field last winter. They were unique in that their enterprise was promoted by one municipality, the city of Detroit. A part of the business of the expedition was done from the Mayor's office, and the Superintendent of Schools and the schools themselves got behind the enterprise. Tens of thousands of school

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children contributed anything from a penny to a dime. Large contributions from wealthy people were discouraged because it was desired that the financing should be popular.

The active management was the Detroit Aviation Society, and there was coöperation from two of the leading newspapers in Detroit, as well as from the North American Newspaper Alliance, a world-wide organization. The scientific side of the expedition was under the direction of the American Geographical Society of New York.

Now that a year's work of the Detroit expedition is over, we find the main interest, as we have already indicated, in seeing how Wilkins proved his main points in the face of the criticism of high polar authorities who had taken the opposite view.

One of the big objects of the Detroit Arctic Expedition was to demonstrate to the public that the climatic and other fundamentally natural obstacles to winter flying in arctic Alaska were no greater than the natural summer obstacles of the temperate zone, or, at the least, that these obstacles could be practicably conquered.

Alaska is the only arctic territory of the United States, and so of prime importance to this country. There had been a spectacular interest, too, in the Mitchell trials at Washington, and a graver interest in the Commission appointed by President Coolidge to inquire into aviation conditions. Men of high standing and good repute had testified emphatically, among other things, that there was no danger of an invasion of North America from Asia through the air by way of Alaska because the climatic conditions forbade successful flying. Consequently there would be no reason why the United States should interest itself, either from an offensive or defensive point of view,

in studying the air situation in Alaska or in trying, for instance, to extend the air mail to that frontier.

Among other things, the testimony before the President's commission said large-scale flying would never be successful in Alaska because the weather was too cold and stormy, and that all the country was covered "nearly all the year" by "ice, rain, hail, and snow."

Wilkins took a view opposed to the general trend of such testimony. In his statements he doubted that winter flying was any more difficult than summer flying, except, of course, insofar as darkness was concerned. With regard to the darkness, he maintained that the flying problem in Alaska is no other than that of night flying anywhere—regular routes must be effectively lighted, and this applies to the projected air mail between Fairbanks and Nome, Alaska, only in the same sense in which it applies to the actually operating night mail between Chicago and New York. The nights are longer in midwinter in Alaska than they are in the states of New York and Illinois. But what difference does that make to pilots who have to carry through their entire flights in any case during the hours of total darkness?

On the whole, Wilkins in his public statements inclined to the view that summer flying in Alaska would be more difficult than Alaska winter flying, if you were to compare the best month of summer with the best month of winter. For fogs and air pockets, among other adverse conditions, would be more numerous in summer, and this difficulty would more than outweigh the troubles of cold and such darkness as there is in February and March—February is the coldest month of the year in the Far North.

The Detroit Arctic Expedition had many misfortunes,

some of them tragic. Palmer Hutchinson, the able young newspaper man assigned to cover the expedition, was killed when he ran up to remove an obstruction from the wheel of a plane that was about to start, and the metal propeller which killed him was damaged, adding to the tragedy a mechanical setback. A little later both the airplanes of the expedition made bad landings on their trial flights and both were broken, necessitating delays of several weeks for repairs that were only partially successful and left the machines less capable than they had been before. The flyers in control at both mishaps said that the accident had nothing to do with the climate or country in general, for both pilots were used to landing on snow-covered ground, one in Michigan and the other in many parts of the United States, including Alaska.

The Detroit Arctic Expedition aëroplanes several times had great difficulty in taking off from the Fairbanks field because it was covered with water or slush, a condition quite as likely to be met with in Michigan or New York as at Fairbanks; for, as is generally known, Fairbanks is usually colder and slush on the ground is, therefore, less frequent there in winter than in many parts of the United States. Finally one of the planes was irreparably broken on this same wet and soggy field. If any one should insist that these difficulties were due to the location, then it must be remembered that the Fairbanks flying field is in the temperate zone and not in the Arctic, and that all these mishaps took place in the outskirts of a typical American city and within sight of an agricultural college. The only mishaps that befell in the Arctic were that Wilkins broke his arm at Point Barrow and that his men made at Point Barrow the mistake of blend-

ing two kinds of gasoline into a mixture that did not work well in their engines.

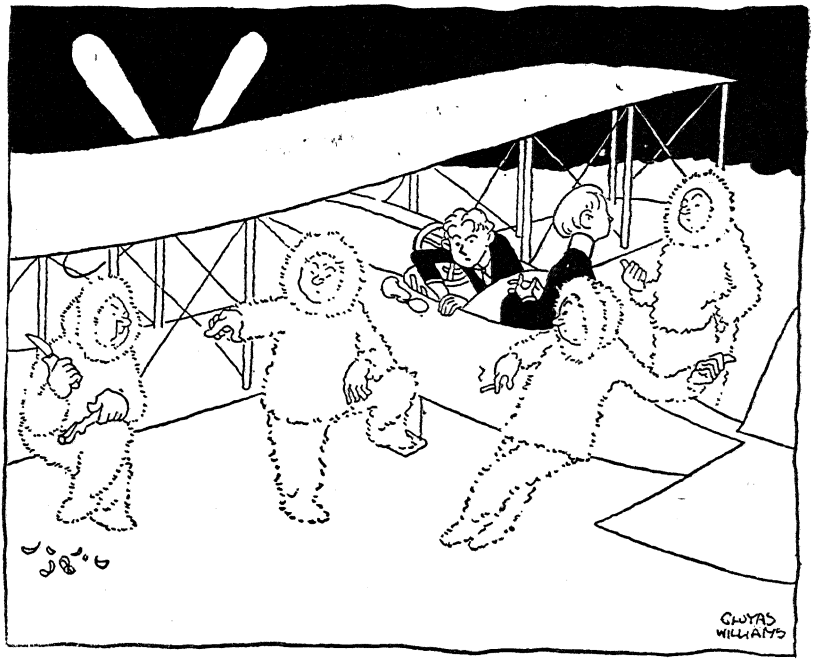
The Detroit Expedition made four round trip flights during which they covered a total distance of more than 4,000 miles north of the arctic circle, and a thousand miles south of it. They had to cross unexplored arctic mountains that proved to be ten thousand feet high, instead of six, as had previously been estimated. And yet the flying went smoothly and with no more discomfort than common in much flown regions of the temperate zone. The air was smoother than it almost ever is in the United States, and Wilkins reports that they found no bumps or air pockets except on the return from their last flight, and that was because winter was over, the snow had thawed off the ground, and the Arctic had acquired for a few months some of those unfavorable flying conditions that are nearly constant throughout the year in many parts of the temperate zone.

Wilkins made only one extensive flight over unexplored territory when, on his first hop-off from Fairbanks, he kept going for 140 miles beyond Point Barrow, which meant that he went about 70 miles farther north than any one had been able to penetrate in that section before by any form of conveyance. Wilkins was, therefore, the first to prove about arctic flying conditions over an ocean what Byrd proved later more strikingly, as we shall see. In flying over extensive and unknown arctic mountains, Wilkins, Major Thomas G. Lanphier, Lieutenant Ben Eielson, and their comrades of the Detroit Arctic Expedition, are and will remain the great pioneers.

Like Wilkins, Byrd found in planning his flights and in advocating his plans that he was in opposition to the prevailing opinion. Amundsen and Ellsworth had tried

the aëroplane to the north of Spitsbergen a year before and had announced it as their conclusion that the North Pole, for which they were then aiming, was unattainable by the aëroplanes of that season, and would remain so for several

Gluyas Williams, in *Life*



"I'D SAY TAKE THE FIRST TURN TO YOUR RIGHT AND THEN ON THREE BLOCKS AND TWO TO YOUR LEFT."

Mr. Stefansson Does Not Think That Polar Touring Is All as Simple as This

years, at the probable rate of progress in aeronautical construction. The risks, too, they said, were unreasonably great. They confirmed these published opinions by abandoning the aëroplane as a vehicle, in favor of a dirigible purchased in Italy, giving out at the time the statement that the reason for the greatly increased expenditure was

that the aëroplane was not as yet far enough developed for arctic work.

These widely circulated views of men whom the public looked upon as authorities, tended to handicap Byrd in winning support. This was in part because he was not free to say for publication exactly what he thought of the arguments, and why. For there has been in the past an etiquette among polar explorers that takes them out of the class of scientists and into the class of tennis stars. Scientists are permitted a thoroughgoing criticism of the published work and opinions of every other scientist. It is even expected of them. Pugilists, too, are allowed to say what they think of their opponents, and are rather encouraged in doing so. Certainly no one thinks the less of them for it. But tennis stars and explorers must never speak of each other except with the most engaging smiles and the largest complimentary adjectives.

Falling in with this etiquette, Byrd did not publish any statement commenting directly upon the opinions of Amundsen and Ellsworth. But he went ahead as if he gave them not the slightest weight, showing himself, therefore, to be opposed to the popular opinion, and in agreement with the view of the small minority who understood both the aëroplane and the Arctic.

This view of the initiated was somewhat as follows: Flying across any ocean is dangerous. Even if you have a flying-boat, your risk would be more than serious if you had to come down in mid-Atlantic in a gale, among white-caps and hollow breakers. Realizing this, the United States Navy took the precaution of stationing a line of ships from Newfoundland to the Azores and thence to Europe, attempting to keep in constant touch with the NC4 flyers when they crossed the Atlantic in 1919. Such

precautions are impossible for private individuals, who nevertheless may want to fly the Atlantic, and sometimes do. Accordingly, Hawker, who made the first attempt, which was almost successful, took no precautions. There is much dispute as to just what happened to him, some thinking he came down by compulsion and was miraculously picked up by a ship that happened to be there, while others believe that he could have kept in the air till reaching Ireland, but happened to see a ship and so came down where he knew he was safe.

However, there is no dispute about Alcock and Brown, who made the first non-stop crossing of the Atlantic by air. They had just come from the War where flying over the Germans was by no means safe. They considered that an equally worthy object and an equal or greater chance of glory justified them in taking a hazard that was either equal or less. So they just packed up a lunch, took off across the Atlantic from Newfoundland without any means of alighting until in Ireland, and did not alight until they got there.

Turning now to the Amundsen-Ellsworth flight of 1925, the general run of comment was that if these arctic flyers had taken the air with a war spirit (which seems to be getting rapidly out of date), weighing themselves down with nothing more than a lunch and a thermos of hot coffee, they would have run a less risk than Alcock and Brown—less because the flying conditions over the Arctic were at least as good on the average as those over the Atlantic, their machines better by the increased reliability of five years of aëronautical progress, and the distance they wanted to go (from Spitsbergen to the North Pole and back) less than that from Newfoundland to Ireland.

But, instead of taking a wartime chance, as the Atlantic flyers had done some years before, these arctic flyers loaded themselves down with food for many weeks and all sorts of gear to use in the event of one or another emergency. Every pound of this displaced a pound of gasoline, cutting down their cruising radius, making inevitable what happened. Of course, it did not make inevitable the landing that was actually made, but it did make inevitable turning back when half the fuel was gone, and that figured out at a point short of the destination, as the events also proved.

What Byrd had to do in order to have a good chance for success where the critics predicted failure, was to revert to the wartime attitude towards risk of life, carry so little food and equipment that he could carry enough gasoline, and to take such chances as Hawker, Alcock and Brown had taken. It was evident from the straightforward way in which he carried out his preparations that this was exactly what he was going to do. He adhered to the tennis star etiquette of making no published comment on the record and views of Amundsen and Ellsworth, but his every action was such a comment.

However, Byrd had against him not only Amundsen and Ellsworth but also his former colleague, Donald B. MacMillan, who joined the others in saying that the aëroplane was not yet far enough developed for arctic work, and was not in general suitable for it. Here Byrd broke the tennis etiquette of exploration to some extent, probably because the MacMillan statements appeared to commit Byrd as well, for they were ostensibly at least based upon the same experience—the experience of Byrd himself when (with MacMillan, Bennett and others) he made reconnoitering flights in the vicinity of Smith Sound. So

Byrd gave out the simple statement that he did not agree with Mr. MacMillan's conclusions and was not able to see how he based them upon the work of their expedition of the previous year.

Another criticism of Byrd was that he was not taking time enough for preparations. There seems to be a theory that one should brood for years and years over arctic plans before finally hatching them. There may be something in that if the expedition is a scientific one, planned on a broad scale. But if your object is to go to a certain spot and come back, as in the case of the North Pole, then Byrd, although in disagreement with many, was in full agreement with the one man who devoted his life to that sort of exploration. For I once asked Admiral Peary how much time he would want to prepare for an expedition. He replied that, if he had all the money he needed and if he knew where he could buy or charter a suitable ship, then one working week would be ample, with a half day Saturday.

Peary said this, of course, having in his mind the names and addresses of the men he wanted for crew, and knowing he could reach them by telegraph and get their "yes" by return. Byrd needed more time than that, for being new at exploration, he had no ready-made company. But he moved swiftly and quietly. It was only a few months from the time he made up his mind to go till he reached Spitsbergen.

Such were the objections of the experts to the Byrd flight, and such his replies in word and deed. He paid no attention to the vociferous multitude who did not know arctic conditions and were fearful of fogs, of the effect of the extreme cold, and of the supposedly peculiar diffi-

culties of arctic navigation—things that bother the experts very little.

In any case, Byrd's performance eventually answered every objection of the expert and of the man in the street alike. He made no long preparations. He did not take large stocks of provisions or equipment against varied emergencies. He went to the North Pole, which was where he wanted to go, circled for a good look, and then came back, with navigation so competent that he struck the exact point he wanted to reach.

Amundsen failed badly in forecasting failure for Byrd and Wilkins, but he was if anything more successful than either of them in confounding his own critics. For, like theirs, his plans met a great deal of opposition. But in the case of the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile dirigible flight it is not quite as demonstrable as with the Wilkins and Byrd airplane flights that the promoters were of an opinion squarely opposed to most of those which were published over the names of others. However, that fact is really clear from their actual preparations and course of action, which were by no means as vague as the statements which they gave out.

But one statement they gave out was not vague. Together with the preparations of the expedition and its subsequent history, that one statement really shows that Amundsen has about as much reason as Wilkins or Byrd to feel satisfied with having confounded the critics.

For the criticisms generally were that the dirigible *Norge* was not strong enough to withstand the "arctic gales" and the other (assumed) hostile conditions that would be met with in the Arctic. The controversy, then, was really as to the nature of these arctic conditions.

At the end of his great expedition of 1896, Amundsen's

countryman and patron from the beginning, Fridtjof Nansen, had announced it as an outstanding conclusion of his meteorological studies carried on through a drift of the *Fram* and sledge journeys over the arctic ice which totaled more than three years, that the Arctic was one of the least stormy large areas in the world. When you have that in mind, the terrifying phrase, "arctic storms," ceases to be a dragon that guards whatever northern secrets there may be and becomes instead a dove cooing invitation.

The interview which showed that Amundsen had accepted his great countryman's view was not given by him directly to the press but through a friend and by him in turn to the Omaha, Nebraska, *News,* of January 26, 1926, which says:

> "Amundsen tells me now that if the dirigible airship ever reaches Norway from Rome the rest of his trip is a certainty. He will go to the North Pole and on to Point Barrow and Nome."

This, then, gives Amundsen's true view of the difficulties of his flight—that they would be met not in the Arctic but in the more stormy, and (for an airship) more dangerous, temperate zone. When we review briefly the story of the flight later in this article we shall see how triumphantly Amundsen's Omaha statement was vindicated.

The only other press interview I happened to notice that was particularly enlightening, was given out by the great authority on dirigibles, the same Captain Anton Heinen who brought the *Los Angeles* from Germany to the United States. This was to the effect that there never had been any reason since the *Los Angeles* was built two

years before why that ship should not have been placed in service to make regular trips across the Arctic fifty-two weeks in the year, carrying passengers and mails direct from New York to Peking with a greater assurance of safety while in the Arctic than she would have on the temperate-zone portions of the journey, or on any equally long routes in the temperate zone or tropics.

It might easily have happened that the man in the street criticizing the Amundsen plans would have been proved apparently right by some gale, or other natural hindrance, meeting the *Norge* on her voyage across the Arctic; for, although storms and unfavorable flying weather are rarer in the Arctic than in most other places, they do occur sometimes. Chance might have played that trick, but it didn't. The *Norge* did not have any trouble that the newspapers told us about between Rome and Oslo, but it did have some trouble between Oslo and Leningrad. That was in the temperate zone, and therefore the equivalent of what Amundsen had said about another route which was also in the temperate zone. Both his meaning in the press statement, and the course of his expedition were, then, strictly in conformity with the Nansen view of 1896, which Nansen himself had emphasized and confirmed (some months before Amundsen made his statement) by announcing tentative plans for several cruises back and forth across the Arctic, the summer of 1927, in a dirigible to be built in Germany and paid for by the Soviet Government.

After leaving Leningrad and entering the Arctic, the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile flight had moments of suspense, especially in arriving at the hangar at Spitsbergen and in leaving it again, but only such suspense as there always is in maneuvering the huge and fragile dirigibles

into and out of their berths. But after the *Norge* took the air to cross the Arctic she went ahead smoothly, encountering no obstructive winds, no temperature lower than common in Pennsylvania or Illinois in winter, and meeting only mild though annoying fogs after the North Pole had been reached and when the center of the ice, the Pole of Inaccessibility, was being approached. The fogs and light clouds interfered with visibility and may have prevented seeing land that would have been above their horizon in clear weather. But these fogs did not interfere seriously with the navigation, and they struck their intended goal in Alaska, if not with the exactness of Byrd's navigation, still with greater exactness than was common among ships crossing the Atlantic until a few decades ago.

When the *Norge* approached Alaska she was approaching an area of storms on that fringe of the Arctic, and might have met them there but did not. Where she actually did get into difficulties was after quitting the Arctic and entering the temperate zone in the vicinity of Bering Sea and Nome.

The *Norge* did have a little trouble (or at least felt a little anxiety) while in the Arctic through the weather being somewhat too warm, allowing the formation of chunks of hoar frost or ice on stationary parts that later dropped down, hit the propeller blades, and were batted by them into the envelope. Even this trouble, however, became more serious when she entered the temperate zone. Dangerous as this may have been at the time, it is, from the designing point of view, only a minor difficulty. What they lacked on the *Norge* seems to have been only the equivalent of the mudguards which we have on our automobiles, without which we would be spattered with flying

dirt and pebbles if we drove over country roads in rainy weather.

So, by adding the aëronautical equivalent of mudguards to his dirigible, Amundsen could have made his Omaha forecast of the voyage a hundred per cent true. It was more than ninety per cent correct anyway.

The chief non-flying arctic expedition of the year with a debated thesis, was that of Professor William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, to West Greenland, in search of the home of the Greenlandic anti-cyclone, which some say does not exist, and cannot, then, have a home. His reports are not yet out, and so we are a bit uncertain of the results. What we know is that the theory of glacial anti-cyclones which he has been expecting his observations to elucidate and probably confirm, is meeting a good deal of opposition among scientists. We do not know yet what part of this opposition is due to mere inertia, or conservatism, and what to grounded scientific reasons. So far as we can judge, Professor Hobbs seems to have at least a good chance of being able to prove what many said could not be proved, that an anti-cyclone fitting his specifications does exist and does operate from Greenland as a base.

If he succeeds in proving that, it will wipe the slate clean—the three flying expeditions that had debated theses, and the one non-flying, each confounding its critics and establishing the main contention of its promoters.

As for the Morrissey Expedition of George Palmer Putnam, Robert Bartlett, Robert Peary, David Putnam, and others—they announced no program and had no preliminary polemics. It was going to be a "Scientific Expedition," and nobody could dispute much about that, saying it was impossible, unprofitable, or what-not, for "science"

is a vague term at best, and becomes vague beyond any meaning when spelled with a capital. It turned out, to judge from the newspapers, that "Scientific," in the Putnam case, meant that various natural history observations would be made. These were doubtless as successful as any of the sponsors hoped, and collections were brought back for the American Museum of Natural History.

At first glance, then, the Putnam expedition does not seem to have been in the rank of the critic baiters. But it landed there, really, through its results, which upset some cherished dogmas. The conventional Arctic, so dear to the public, has always been in chief a proving ground for heroes, a solemn realm for austere pranks and chilblains. But the Putnams treated their Arctic as background for a skylarking junket, where the peak of heroism was the dispatching of the 'steenth thousandth walrus that has been killed in Greenland waters, and the depth of pathos a bedtime chat over the radio between a husband in what is technically known as the Frozen North and a wife at home who hadn't had a word as to his safety or comfort since she finished at breakfast a two-column account in the morning paper that told what a picnic he had been having yesterday. Meantime David Putnam, aged thirteen, was writing the official narrative of the expedition, with such concentration that the book was off the press a month after they returned, and a bully good book, too. With such events so chronicled, it may be that the Putnam Expedition has done as much as any venture of the year to upset theories and to remove the Arctic from the domain of myth to the sober climate of reality.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

by Samuel Chotzinoff

IT is said that to the Almighty the passage of a thousand years seems only a quarter of an hour. Something of the sort may be claimed for music, though with no such startling proportions.

I've undertaken to review the progress of music in America during the year 1926, but a year seems no time at all in the development of that most exacting art. Of course, anything might have happened in those twelve months. Jones might have written the great American symphony which is destined to live forever. But if he hasn't some one else will do it next year. There is no particular hurry. An art from which only great things are expected can afford to take its time.

In our contemporary theater a year is expected to do much. That is because the standards we apply to the drama are considerably below those we apply to our music. When Jones submits his new symphony for our approval it is stood up alongside the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, Schubert and Schumann, or at the very least, Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninoff. In other words, it is submitted to the acid test of the classics.

The classics are the staples of our musical life. They form a jealous aristocracy and are loth to admit a newcomer unless he is altogether worthy of their companionship. The drama, on the other hand, has discarded its own classic background, its Shakespeare, Marlowe,

Webster, Goethe, Schiller, Racine, Molière, yes, even its Ibsen and Shaw, though the last, through his picturesque personality, manages to keep his work before the public through the agency of the more altruistic theatrical groups. In our music we still live in the past. Examine the programs of a dozen symphony concerts and you will find contemporary music the exception. But our drama is of the moment alone. A production of a piece older than a year is a "revival," something to be avoided by the majority of playgoers and patronized by a limited number of "highbrows."

The present-day theater resembles, in fact, our "popular" music whose popularity is intense but short-lived. A new tune is discovered, becomes a "hit," is whistled, sung, radioed and danced to incessantly for a limited time and promptly disappears in the succeeding popularity of a new "hit." In the same way a play makes a hit, settles down to a run, survives a little longer in a movie version and, if it happens to be a comedy, enjoys a further extension of life by being turned into a musical "show." But the fate of both the popular song and drama is the same.

Musical standards being what they are, it is hardly to be expected that the year 1926 violently disturbed the slow evolution of an art content to progress like a snail. Looking back on the several hundred musical events that occurred in the past twelve months only a very few stand out as in any way significant. Only one thing really stands out, in retrospect, with startling prominence, though in the strictest sense it has little to do with the creation of music. I am speaking of the changed attitude on the part of the public toward new music.

This attitude is one of receptivity. Without materially

lowering their standards, American music-lovers have acquired a tolerance for the new, an open-mindedness toward experimentation that is unusual not only in this country but anywhere in the world. I remember the time, not so long ago, when the announcement of a new work, unless it were from the pen of a well-known composer, would keep subscribers at home as effectively as a blizzard. To-day orchestra conductors and recitalists fall all over one another in the scramble to obtain the very latest novelty. The Philadelphia orchestra gave ten concerts in New York last season, nearly every one of which featured one or more new works. More new music was heard in New York in 1926 than in all the other capitals of the world combined, with the possible exception of Paris, a city which has always been the laboratory for musical experimentation, though in the main the new works given there are either native or Russian. In fact, since the war Paris has taken the place of Leningrad and Moscow as regards Russian music. But, although Paris hears a lot of new music it does not hear it with the open-mindedness of New York. The musical public of the French capital is as factional as its body politic. When a new composition is given, not only the adherents of the composer attend. His sworn enemies make it their business to be present to create what trouble they can. The concert-hall becomes a battleground and the concert not infrequently ends up in hand-to-hand encounters between the pros and cons. In New York it is altogether different. We may have factions which are strong for certain composers, but there is practically no opposition. If we do not happen to like a man's music we simply let it go at that.

The touching aspect of this change in our attitude is

our present anxiety to like everything new. Change, according to our general belief, is synonymous with progress. We want this year's model in automobiles, so why not in symphonies? Of course we are far more sensible with regard to music and are content to let the old classical landmarks remain as they are. We see nothing wrong in the demolition of the beautiful Vanderbilt house on Fifty-seventh Street to make way for an up-to-the-minute skycraper, but we cherish Beethoven even while we welcome the latest musical innovation. Yet we have faith in the musical possibilities of the modern spirit and are curious to see what tonal structures can be built on it. Give everything a chance, is the slogan of the day; who knows but it might turn out to be the reflection of the spirit of the age.

There is another side to this pleasant optimism on our part. You can see audiences sitting gravely through performances of musical rubbish which would certainly have been laughed at formerly. Believing that anything may prove to be a masterpiece, everything is listened to gravely and respectfully. For this our music critics are partly responsible. If you will take the trouble to glance at a history of music you will find that the music mentors have generally lagged behind the public in their appreciation of the great masterpieces; therefore our scribes are beset by a constant fear that their judgments may be discredited by posterity. They certainly have any number of examples of the obtuseness of some of their brethren in the past—men like Hanslick, for example, who waged war on Wagner, or our own Henry T. Finck, who to the end of his life kept throwing stones at Brahms, reserving his bouquets for Percy Grainger and Paderewski, not as pianists but as composers. The critic of to-day feels that

he must watch his step, else some fine day he will awake to find his pet aversion established as a genius. If Berlioz could be baffled by music as simple as the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde* of which he wrote that he could make nothing of it, it is quite possible that some, or all, of the new music that now baffles the critic may be examples of the purest inspiration. In the face of such a dilemma our critics, with few exceptions, carefully reserve judgment when they cannot whole-heartedly admire.

Hardly a new composition was performed during 1926 upon which the music critics did not lavish the most serious discussion. Trivial music was held up to be the embodiment of fancy: heavy cacophony revealed the proper reaction of the composer to the complicated cross-currents of modern life. Every deliberate attempt of untalented individuals to impinge upon the musical consciousness of the public with some freak stunt was discovered to be a "tendency." The latest disciple of the later Schoenberg, Von Webern by name, wrote a set of five pieces for chamber orchestra—the shortest pieces on record. The "tendency" that one eminent writer found imbedded in them was toward the exploration of the miniature. Von Webern, according to him, was engaged in analyzing the infinitesimal and probing the soul of the amœba and suiting his style to the dimensions of his subject. The one recognizable tendency in the Von Webern pieces was simply the attempt to capture the public attention by any old method, as it was in the twenty minutes of ugly noises to which Edgar Varese gave the title *Ameriques.*

It was this piece, by the way, that caused the American worm to turn. When Mr. Stokowski presented

Ameriques at one of his New York concerts, the audience, whose behavior progressed from polite interest to indignation, broke into hisses at the conclusion, probably the only time on record that New York music-lovers permitted themselves that luxury. *Ameriques* purported to represent the American scene as it impressed itself on the ears of Mr. Varese. One of the composer's disciples favored the audience with a fervid commentary on the ideals and methods of his master, in which he stated that the *Ameriques* aspired toward geometry—which, for all any one knew, it actually achieved. But, while Mr. Varese offered his piece as absolute music, he probably counted on the effect the programmatic title would have in stimulating the imaginations of his listeners to supply a story for the music. Yet with all the deft aid of Mr. Stokowski and his fine orchestra, and the suggestive title, the *Ameriques* succeeded in raising only derision in the breasts of its audience. Speaking for myself, the music seemed to me a splendidly orchestrated description of a platoon of fire-engines en route toward an important conflagration. I very nearly omitted to mention Mr. Varese's one undisputed contribution to the progress of music. For the first time in musical history a score called for the use of a tug-boat siren. As a matter of record, it behoves me to state that the siren for the New York première of *Ameriques* was borrowed from a Philadelphia tug-boat.

The International Composers' League, of which Mr. Varese is the moving spirit, was founded with the object of giving a hearing to new music written for unusual instrumental and vocal combinations, a worthy purpose, provided the music chosen be good enough to merit the expenditure of time and energy. But during the past year

neither the International League, nor its sister organization, the plain League of Composers, had disclosed anything of musical value, though some of the compositions were the work of men who had done notable things in their time. For all its atonality and polytonality and complete disregard of the laws of harmony, the new music proved to be simplicity itself. Its aim is, apparently, to dispense with form as hitherto known so as to allow the spirit the freest possible expression.

But formlessness, if adopted consistently, becomes itself a formula and as easy to comprehend as any regular pattern, once you grasp it. The same is true of harmonic ugliness. Like the person in one of Dumas' novels who became immune to the deadliest poison by being fed tiny doses at first which were daily increased, the human ear easily gets accustomed to what at first seems excruciating noise; so that we have now reached the point where we listen with equanimity to the most raucous harmonies. In fact, it is easier for a composer to create a sensation with an ordinary tonic triad than with the whole chromatic scale sounded simultaneously. The once eager public has become so accustomed to cacophony that the modernists find themselves stumped as to what they shall do next in order to retain the interest they had so easily captured. The problem of the modernist becomes increasingly difficult as the general ear becames dulled. It may account for Von Webern writing pieces of the smallest possible duration in the hope that brevity might prove a sensation.

The work of our modernist practitioners is so alike, so uniform in the absence of ideas, that it is almost impossible to differentiate between them. Yet I would say that the European product is, in some respects, a better grade than the American. The European modernist is at

least a sophisticated individual. He may lack the creative talent as much as his American brother, but he assumes the cult of ugliness through sophistication not through childishness. The European has a background. He has been born into a colossal heritage of great music which he absorbs in his childhood; and when he takes up the modern idiom it is out of sheer desperation at his own impotence. The American, on the contrary, has no such heritage and takes up modernism because it is quite the easiest thing to take up and commands instant notoriety. If you accuse him of formlessness he will point to the formlessness of American civilization as his model, and when you protest his music as ugly and noisy, he refers you to the noise and ugliness of the American scene, asserting that he is only interpreting his environment as the great masters of the past interpreted theirs. Moreover, he has learned that his countrymen are as easily impressed by high-sounding intentions and professions of faith as by actual performance. No matter how slender his musical ability, a man is sure to command public attention by announcing that his music is the embodiment of some elemental impulse or the expression of this or that universal trait.

So we find Mr. Howard Hanson, a young man who is at the head of the Rochester School of Music, calling his music by the grandiose titles *Lux Æterna* and *Pan and the Priest*. *Pan and the Priest* was played in the early part of last season by the Philharmonic orchestra under Mr. Mengelberg. As its title implies, this symphonic poem engages to contrast Christianity with Paganism, with no conclusions drawn at the finish. The piece is unimportant in itself, being a collection of things the composer remembered from other people's music, but it is

a good example of the trend toward grandiose subjects. Among the works heard last season by Americans, Mr. Hanson's epic was the most conservative in form and treatment. It was not, therefore, any more interesting than the less derivative opera of Louis Greenberg, Frederick Jacobi and others of the more revolutionary wing; which is just another proof that form without content, whether new or old, has little to do with art.

A significant indication of the general poverty of musical ideas is patent in the various attempts to link up music with extraneous phenomena, such as the play of colors on a screen during the progress of a musical composition. Thomas Wilfred's color organ is not a new invention, but last year saw the first demonstration of the Clavilux in combination with a symphony orchestra when Dr. Stokowski and his Philadelphia orchestra served as a musical background for Mr. Wilfred's invention. The piece chosen was Rimsky Korsakoff's *Scheherazade.* There is no essential difference between the utilization of Rimsky's masterpiece for the Russian ballet and the Clavilux except that a pantomime is less monotonous to watch than the ebb and flow of colors on a sheet. It is not clear whether Mr. Wilfred considers the music or the colors the gainer by the alliance. The strange marriage would certainly have disturbed the composer, who probably felt that his music was sufficient unto itself and needed no visual commentary.

In the same category might be placed the Mexican Carillo's invention of instruments capable of producing intervals of quarters, eighths and sixteenths. Mr. Carillo gave a demonstration of these instruments at the Town Hall, New York, and even wrote special music for the exploitation of their unusual capabilities. The only

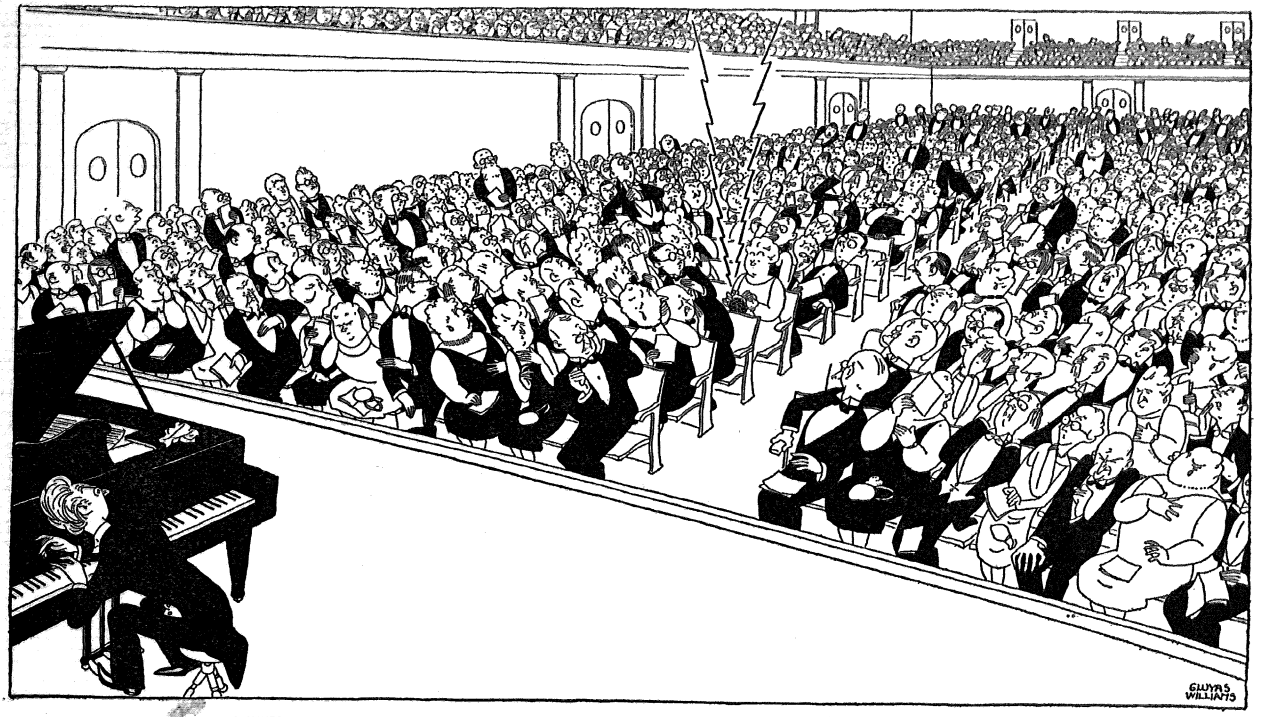
trouble with this remarkable innovation is that our ears are too crude to distinguish intervals of lesser dimensions than a half-tone. A few sensitive souls might, conceivably, feel at home in the new sub-divisions. But the average person will never distinguish between Mr. Carillo's delicate fractions of sound.

So far my recital of the progress in music during 1926 must appear a little disheartening. There is a brighter side to the narrative which I am reserving for the last, but there still remain a few things to be chronicled which as achievements hardly call for widespread jubilation, though the intention behind them may induce a feeling of optimism.

Such achievements are John Alden Carpenter's ballet, *Skyscrapers,* and Frank Harling's native opera, *Deep River.*

One may entertain suspicions about the sincerity of a Varese when he attempts a sensational musical picture of our native hectic and incongruous civilization; because that Moses of our modernists had never done anything in music besides a few penny-shockers. But there can be no suspicion about the sincerity of Carpenter, a musician who has had scholarly beginnings and whose musical career is punctuated with compositions of considerable beauty. In his ballet, *The Birthday of the Infanta,* and in many songs Mr. Carpenter has managed to say distinguished and worth-while things. In his *Skyscrapers* Mr. Carpenter registered his reactions to the same environment which served Mr. Varese as a text for *Ameriques.* Handsomely mounted at the Metropolitan Opera House, *Skyscrapers* is a pantomime depicting a day in the life of an average American, presumably of the city. It takes into its comprehensive sweep time-clocks,

Gluyas Williams, in *Life*



THE WOMAN WHO SNAPPED HER PURSE DURING A PIANISSIMO

A Sensation of the Current Musical Season Which Mr. Chotzinoff Unpardonably Omits in His Account

the erection of dizzy structures, the frenzied rush to work and the equally frenzied rush for bizarre amusement. The characters embrace street-cleaners, cops, Coney Island barkers, negro strutters, jockeys, and sandwich men. It is an American version of *Petrouchka,* but it tells no story. Where Stravinsky assembled his Russian characters and then switched off to a symbolic tale which exemplified the strange ingredients of the national soul, Carpenter is content with the assembling of the American characters. For the appropriate interpretation of a jazz civilization he deliberately adopted the jazz idiom, though he could not escape the influence of Stravinsky, whose memory Mr. Carpenter's score repeatedly invokes. On the face of it this undertaking seems to have all the elements of a successful work of art. Everything possible to enhance the spectacle and give it an indigenous flavor was done. The sets were fashioned in the cubistic manner, the presentation of the skyscrapers in particular being admirable in its complete suggestion of the gaunt frameworks that penetrate our city skies. Mr. Sammy Lee, a master of terpsichorean arrangements in the commercial theaters was engaged to direct the movements of the mummers and made a vivid job of it, though the spectacle showed traces of Mr. Lee's self-consciousness on being transferred from the music halls to the halls of music.

Yet, somehow, the thing did not come off. The fine intention was everywhere apparent, but it was the stage spectacle that alone touched one's imagination. The music did not do what was expected of it, namely, supply the emotional excitement, the poetic essence inherent in such a vision of the furious and apparently aimless milling about of Americans in their self-constructed squirrel-

cage. The musical treatment might have been successfully accomplished by two kinds of musician. It might have been done by an artist, not necessarily an American, with a creative genius of the sort that naturally translates ideas and impressions into appropriate music; or by one who was himself a part of the spectacle he undertook to embody in music. Mr. Carpenter, though a cultured musician, does not belong to either class. His creative gifts, while considerable, are not of that universal, illuminating kind mentioned above; nor can it be said that he is in any sense a part of the strange scene he undertook to depict. He is, rather, a cultured and sympathetic outsider looking in. He is intrigued by the spectacle but is powerless to hand on its natural flavor. Some one with coarser sensibilities, but with a relish for the scene possible only to a participant would be in a better position to communicate the actual taste of the hectic panorama in a way that Mr. Carpenter's self-conscious workmanship could never achieve. Mr. Gershwin, perhaps, might have done it to perfection, purely as a presentation of a phase of American life in which he is as much an actor as any character on the stage.

Mr. Harling's *Deep River* was also notable for the ambitious intention behind it. As librettist, the composer had the coöperation of the distinguished author of that American war epic, *What Price Glory*. With Mr. Stallings, and sponsored by a discriminating theatrical impresario, Mr. Harling undertook to fashion an opera the ingredients of which should be entirely native. Mr. Stallings chose the romantic New Orleans of 1835 for his scene and made up a story of the love of a visiting Kentuckian for a pretty Quadroon, a rather slender tale which he embedded in the rich, romantic atmosphere of

the period and place. The climax of the piece occurred in the second act which disclosed the Place Congo where the young girl's mother has taken her to get a charm from the Voodoo Queen with which to ensnare a more desirable party than the Kentuckian. This Voodoo scene, with its dramatic incantations and exhibitions of weird negro superstitions was effectively imagined and superbly sung. But an opera, whether native or foreign, lives on its music and there was one ingredient absent from among those assembled by the authors, the ingredient of good music. Mr. Stallings did all he could to make the libretto as native as possible by neglecting action in favor of atmosphere, but Mr. Harling's lack of genius and musicianship stood in the way of the success of his own contribution. In the Voodoo scene there was excellent choral writing, but the music was clever rather than deeply felt and seemed consciously contrived for effect. New Orleans possesses any number of old Creole tunes, but those Mr. Harling chose had little distinction. The most serious shortcoming of the score was, however, a lack of invention. Like the man in vaudeville who tries so hard to get rid of a sticky piece of paper, Mr. Harling could not get rid of a tune once he was started on it. *Deep River* failed because it lacked inspiration, without which atmosphere and superb staging count for naught.

The desire to produce an American opera is, like the poor, always with us. Every so often the American opera is heralded, produced and immediately forgotten. But of late the idea has taken root that American opera, to be really good, must have a native subject in addition to a native composer. These good people have evidently forgotten that *Tristan and Isolde* is not a German legend, nor is *Aida* an Italian subject. By the time this book is

out Deems Taylor's new opera, *The King's Henchman,* commissioned by the Metropolitan Opera House, will have been produced. Mr. Taylor is too fine a musician not to be aware that the music's the thing and that the action of an opera can take place in New York or Timbuctoo without materially affecting the work one way or another. The subject and music of *The King's Henchman* have been kept in the dark, but it is almost certain that the libretto, at least, will not come under the head of Americana. Whether Mr. Taylor's opera will contain that indispensable ingredient the absence of which proved so fatal to *Deep River* is, while I write this, unknown, but from the past record of the composer one can safely be optimistic in regard to the quality of the music. Mr. Taylor is a musician who has always gone his individual way quite unaffected by passing tendencies and fashions. He writes music because he has something to say, though like all mortals he sometimes falls short of his intention, as he did in his tone poem, *Jurgen,* produced by Mr. Walter Damrosch. His *Circus Days,* played at a Paul Whiteman concert at Carnegie Hall, was entirely successful in painting a childhood memory, one of those nostalgic visions of some special delight of the dim past which men carry with them to the grave. In these unmelodious times Mr. Taylor clings tenaciously to melody, though he is not oblivious to the transforming power of modern harmony. In *Through the Looking-Glass,* a piece which is fast becoming a classic, he proved himself the possessor of a delicate fancy and a flair for musical story-telling. If his powers remain unimpaired much may be hoped from *The King's Henchman.* The libretto is by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Perhaps the happiest augury for the future of Ameri-

can music is the widespread interest in the vast amount of folk-tunes this country has produced and only recently discovered. Among these the Negro Spiritual is undoubtedly the most important. It is a peculiarity of Americans that their interest, once aroused, becomes insatiable and loses all sense of discrimination. The strangeness and beauty of the negro's lyric reaction to Christianity as a refuge from intolerable bondage struck us with such force that we are ready to embrace any tune that is called a spiritual without regard to its authenticity or merit. Not all spirituals, even when genuine, are either beautiful or inspired, yet we accept all indiscriminately, with the result that the performance and, perhaps, the manufacture of negro music has assumed the proportions of an industry. Many colored persons who might be better employed have been deflected from useful labor by the chance to cash in on the new vogue. Nevertheless, a great collection of beautiful tunes is being accumulated for the use of American musicians. Of course, more is needed for the composition of great music than a collection of folk-songs. But it is comforting to know that when America eventually produces its musical masters, and there is no reason to doubt that it will, the necessary material will be at their elbows, so to speak.

There are several other salutary forces at work just now that will accelerate the advent of an American school of composition. Besides the two Leagues for the comfort of our more radical musicians, there is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge's Music Festival in the Library of Congress, which is slowly insinuating the dignity and importance of musical art into the cold and unmusical heart of the nation. In Philadelphia and Rochester, solvent, music-loving individuals have established institutes for the teach-

ing of music to whose faculties the finest musicians in the world have been inveigled. Our orchestras, thanks to the generosity of local Maecenases are unrivaled anywhere, and there is a disposition to smooth the path of native composers by facilitating the performance of their works in the larger forms. Not the least important factor is the motion picture theater, with its orchestra of symphonic proportions making large sections of the American people converts to good music. Something may also come of the increasing practice of writing original scores for the larger movie spectacles. This is a purely American development and may carry important consequences. American instrumentalists and vocalists are beginning to come into their own. Within the past year the outstanding successes at the Metropolitan were Marion Talley, of Kansas City, and Mary Lewis, of Little Rock. There is now an American wing at the Metropolitan Opera House as well as at the Metropolitan Museum and it is numerous enough to present a native opera without foreign assistance. Indeed, Mr. Taylor's music-drama is announced to be sung in English by Americans.

At the Paul Whiteman concert which featured Mr. Taylor's *Circus Days,* Mr. George Gershwin was represented by a one-act opera in the jazz manner called *135th Street.* This little work first made its appearance several years ago in one of George White's *Scandals,* but it had then passed unnoticed and was practically a novelty to Mr. Whiteman's audience. *135th Street* was obviously modeled on the Italian school of opera represented by Mascagni and Leoncavallo. Mr. Gershwin had attempted nothing new except in the musical treatment. There was the usual mélange of love and murder, with the protagonists darkies instead of Italian peasants.

Though it proved to be a crude entertainment, Mr. Gershwin's sincerity managed to make the story convincing. The music fluctuated in mood with the action. The recitatives seemed preposterous at times but the straight jazz sounded true, and there were present some broad and beautiful melodies. But it seemed to me that the composer did succeed in demonstrating the flexibility of the hitherto despised jazz. The piece was too obviously an attempt to write the usual Italian opera in terms of syncopation. In that respect there was little feeling of originality but it went far to demonstrate that the music of Tin Pan Alley is as suitable for the lyric drama as the more regular Muse.

Mr. Gershwin's most notable contribution to American music is, I think, the *Concerto in F,* for piano and orchestra, ordered by the astute Mr. Damrosch for the use of his orchestra and for the glory of American art. Its first appearance missed the scope of this article in point of time, the première having occurred on December 3, 1925. But the importance of the event justifies my shoving the piece a couple of weeks ahead into the new year.

Two years before Mr. Damrosch commissioned this concerto Mr. Gershwin burst upon the town with his now famous *Rhapsody in Blue* for piano and jazz orchestra. Hitherto the redoubtable George had only been a respected member of Tin Pan Alley. With the *Rhapsody* Mr. Gershwin focused the public gaze on the serious possibilities of jazz. But the announcement of a piano concerto, a form much used by the so-called legitimate composers, startled not a few of the people who had admired the fresh, ingratiating, wandering music of the *Rhapsody in Blue.*

Whether the *Concerto in F* is really a bona fide con-

certo need not concern us here, because that is a purely technical matter and has little bearing on the quality of the music. Mr. Gershwin may be weak in the manipulation of the stereotyped form. But all his shortcomings are nothing in the face of the one thing he alone of all those writing the music of to-day possesses. For he alone actually expresses us. He is the Present with all its audacity, impertinence, its feverish delight in motion, its lapses into rhythmically exotic melancholy. Mr. Gershwin writes without the smallest hint of self-consciousness and with unabashed delight in the stridency, the gaucheries, the joy and excitement of life as it is lived right here and now. He may acquire in time a greater economy in the presentation of his ideas, but he possesses already what no amount of study and development can give—the genius for molding the crude material of jazz into art forms that are mirrors of the exciting panorama that just now is passing before us.

CRIME AND THE ALARMISTS *

by Clarence S. Darrow

READERS of newspapers and periodicals are constantly regaled with lurid stories of crime. From time to time with great regularity these tales are pieced together to produce the impression that waves of crime are sweeping across the land. Long rows of figures generally go with these tales which purport to tabulate the number of murders, hold-ups, burglaries, etc., in given areas, and sometimes comparisons are drawn with other countries and with other periods. The general effect is always to arouse anger and hatred, to induce legislatures to pass more severe laws, to fill the jails and penitentiaries, and to furnish more victims for the electric chair and gallows. It is a commonplace that cruel and hard punishments cannot be inflicted unless the populace is moved by hatred and fear. The psychology of fighting crime is the same as the psychology of fighting wars: the people must be made to hate before they will kill. This state of mind prevents any calm study of facts or any effort to seek causes or even to consider whether causes for crime may exist.

No one need be surprised that crime is so seldom the subject of objective study. It has not been very long since men thought that the whole physical world was operated by miracles. The motion of the earth and sun, the procession of day and night, the seasons of the year, the waves

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and wind, the flood and drought, the seed time and the harvest—all were defined by no natural laws, but all were dependent upon the whim and caprice of some other-worldly power. Even when some natural law of causation was believed to account for the phenomena of the physical world, the conduct of man was still supposed to lie outside this realm. Sickness and disease meant the possession of the individual by devils, and these could be driven out only by punishments and incantations. The ordinary treatment of disease was by magic and sorcery. For eighteen centuries, over most of Europe, medical men were punished often in the most terrible ways for seeking to find out the causes of disease and for attempting to treat illness by scientific methods. It was the greatest heresy to deny that sickness was due to sin and that pestilence and plague came as a divine visitation of angry gods to afflicted communities. And yet, in spite of restrictive measures and stern persecutions, the doctors persisted, until now no one questions that disease and pestilence are due to natural causes which must and can be removed if the patients are to be cured and infection prevented.

Insanity, too, was for many centuries thought of as possession by devils, and the punishment of the afflicted individual was the favorite treatment for driving out the demon. Hundreds of thousands of unfortunate insane men and women have been put to the severest tortures even down to the most recent times. Sorcery, witchcraft, and magic were the only methods of treatment permitted and the physician was obliged to risk his liberty and life in treating insanity as a disease, and seeking to understand the causes back of the phenomenon.

To-day, no one doubts that disease and insanity can be traced to natural causes and that both can be cured only

by discovering the cause and applying the remedies which have been arrived at by careful and objective study of the disease.

The realm of miracle and magic has constantly grown smaller as natural law has come to be better understood. Crime, like insanity and sickness, is a departure from ordinary conduct; but most of the world clings to the belief that it can only be treated as a manifestation outside the realm of natural law. The old indictments read that "John Smith, being possessed of the devil, did willfully kill," etc., etc. The modern indictments do not mention the devil, yet we still believe that crime is not due to causes, but is an arbitrary act unrelated to the criminal's past. We believe that the criminal should be made to suffer punishment for his act as a matter of "justice" and likewise that the only way to deter others from crime is to make them fear punishment.

In support of the theory that severe punishment with all its attendant horrors, and the psychology of general fear which goes with it, is the only admissible treatment of crime, tables of so-called statistics are always freely called into play. What these figures would prove in this behalf, even if they were dependable, is not easy to conceive.

It is only during a few years that any effort has been made in the United States to gather statistics on the subject of crime. From the nature of our political organization, this movement began with isolated states and cities, and even up to the present time statistics can be obtained from relatively only few and small areas. In the main these figures have been collected by police departments, coroners' offices, clerks of court, Grand Juries, prison superintendents, and sometimes by outside agencies. In

short, as the system was built up the methods of gathering statistics have developed in a hit or miss fashion. Naturally, as in all similar cases, the additional work thrown upon the various officials was done carelessly and imperfectly. As time has gone on, however, the collection of data has been improved. The growing care in gathering statistics in itself might easily lead to the conclusion that crime in the United States is on the increase. But still in very few places has there been any attempt to place the collection of data in the hands of intelligent people trained for such a task.

Every student of crime who has commented on these statistics gathered by various agencies has reached the conclusion that in their present state they are of little if any value. In no field has it been more clearly shown that there is a vast difference between the mere gathering of figures and an *intelligent interpretation* of the statistics after they have been collected. Public speakers, magazine writers, and newspapers are periodically presenting long arrays of figures to prove that there is an epidemic of crime in some part of the United States. As a rule there is not the slightest relation between the figures and the conclusions drawn. For example, the figures which are sometimes quoted with regard to the increase of the crime of rape are noteworthy illustrations of the care that must be taken in interpreting criminal statistics. Any one reading the startling statement that in New York state 146 persons were convicted of rape in the decade between 1880 and 1889, while 1297 were convicted of rape in the decade between 1910 and 1919 would be amazed if not horrified at the increase in the sexual passion and its manifestations in this period. Still, their condemnation of their fellows may be somewhat abated when they learn that in the

decade showing the largest number of convictions for rape the age of consent had been raised from ten years of age to eighteen. Let us take another case: 991 persons were found guilty of violating motor laws in Michigan in the three-year period from 1906 to 1909. The number increased to 29,393 in the three-year period from 1919 to 1922. Before reaching the conclusion that this is positive evidence of the increasing recklessness of automobile owners and drivers or of the younger generation, it might be well to consider the increase in the general use of automobiles from 1909 to 1922.

Alarmists also forget that the number of violators of law has something to do with the number of laws. Every new criminal statute brings a new grist of crimes. This is well illustrated in the Volstead Act and the state legislation covering the same subject. Prisons are now filled with inmates who have only done something which a few years ago was perfectly legal.

Or, again, it is freely asserted that the late comers to the United States commit more crimes than the descendants of the earlier settlers. Those who make this statement forget to take into account the fact that practically all of the later immigrants live in our large cities and industrial centers. It is beyond question that our large urban areas produce more disorder, maladjustment, and crime than our rural communities. And this is true irrespective of the race or nationality of the people who live under these crime-breeding conditions.

Likewise, the colored population is charged with a share in the commission of crime quite out of proportion to their number. This, too, should always be considered in connection with the fact that in the North they live in industrial centers and in restricted, crowded areas and

that colored people, owing to race prejudice and poverty, are much more apt to be accused and convicted than whites.

All this amounts to saying that the agencies which gather statistics of crime and those who quote these statistics in our newspapers and magazines use all sorts of standards and definitions and overlook explanatory facts which make their conclusions valueless. For instance, in classifying murders some agencies base their conclusions on the police reports, some on the coroners' inquests, some on indictments, and others on convictions. Statistics taken from these various sources differ so widely that they seem almost to have no relation to each other. As a rule, the people who quote statistics to prove their theories simply cite figures without giving their source and without in any way analyzing them to find out what they mean.

In my recent studies in this field I have observed that many books and articles, while calling attention to the uncertainty of figures on crime, at the same time quote these statistics furnished by the Chicago Crime Commission as being the best statistics on crime in the United States now available. Perhaps these are the best. If they are, it is all the more reason for examining them carefully to see just how reliable are the "best" statistics on crime. Let us, then, consider the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission.

In the first place, let me say that I have no idea that those in charge of the Chicago Crime Commission would pretend to give their statistics any such interpretation and validity as has widely been credited to them. They have gathered statistics on crime in the best way they could, conditions being what they are, and in most cases they have simply given them to the public. In the remarks

which follow I have no intention of criticizing the work of the Chicago Crime Commission as such, but I only wish to use their reports as an example of the extreme care necessary when drawing inferences from statistics relating to crime.

The Chicago Crime Commission was organized in 1919 to combat what was said to be a crime wave. In the main it is backed by the Chicago Association of Commerce and leading business men of the city. It has published several annual reports and a number of pamphlets all dealing with crime in Chicago. The question is—what light do these reports throw on this problem in the city of Chicago, and, by implication, on the problem in the country at large? Is crime decreasing or increasing? Is there a crime wave?

Let us look at the figures which the Commission has collected on burglary, robbery, and murder. The Commission reports that so far as burglary is concerned there has been a steady decrease from the year 1919 to the present time. For example, in December, 1919, there were approximately 550 burglaries in Chicago, while in the month of December, 1925, there were approximately only 100 cases. As to robberies the figures are likewise impressive. For December, 1919, the number of robberies was approximately 350. In December, 1925, this number had decreased to approximately 200. In both cases the month of December is cited because this month shows the highest number of offenses of this type of any month during the year. The total numbers for the whole year period indicate substantially the same general trend, *i.e.,* for both robbery and burglary there has been a marked and steady decrease during the seven-year period covered by the reports of the Commission.

I have made no effort to verify the figures given out by the Commission for the number of burglaries and robberies, nor in any way have I attempted to ascertain how they were arrived at otherwise than that they were taken from the annual reports of the police department.

However, we assume from these figures, showing as they do such a marked decrease in the number of burglaries and robberies, that when the newspapers and orators talk about the "crime wave" in Chicago their remarks are evidently directed to what they call "murders." For example, one of the most esteemed judges on the bench in Chicago is quoted as having said before the St. Louis Bar Association that "there are at large and unafraid in the United States at least 135,000 crimson-handed women and men who have unlawfully taken human life," and that the number of those who live by crime is "increasing with incredible rapidity." Where these figures came from we are not told; however, on other occasions the judge has referred to the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission. It is possible that the figures on "murder" given out by this Commission may have furnished him with some basis for his estimate, although the Crime Commission does not pretend to tell how many of the murderers now at large are "unafraid."

Be this as it may, the fact remains that Chicago has been held up to view throughout the United States for its large number of murders, and it is also true that the reports of the Chicago Crime Commission have been widely quoted to support this fact. Let us, then, carefully examine their figures on murder. It may prove a valuable lesson in the interpretation of criminal statistics.

The Commission has made available to the public statistics on murder in Chicago for the years 1919 to 1924:

Year.	*No. of Murders.*
1919	330
1920	194
1921	190
1922	228
1923	270
1924	294

From these figures the reader might draw the conclusion that the number of murders in Chicago had steadily increased from 1921 to 1924. However, before drawing any such conclusion, or before allowing ourselves to believe that any such numbers of murders have occurred in any year let us find out how these statistics were compiled.

With the exception of the year 1919 the figures for the number of murders in Chicago as recorded by the Chicago Crime Commission were taken solely from the reports of the Coroner's office; 1919 being the first year of the Commission's work, the figures were taken from various sources including the Coroner's office. For the sake of accuracy it should be stated that the jurisdiction of the Coroner extends over the whole county in which Chicago is located. It is the duty of the Coroner to call a jury to determine the cause of death in all cases where it appears that death might not be due to what is termed natural causes. This office, of course, has been created in order to have some agency to investigate cases where death *might have* been brought about by foul means. The investigation is made very soon after the death is reported, necessarily without great care, and with the end in view that where there is even a possibility of homicide somebody should be held to the Grand Jury for further investi-

Cassel, in *Collier's, The National Weekly*

WE BEAT THE WORLD

Conception of Our Crime Wave with which Clarence Darrow Does Not Agree

gation. The Chicago Crime Commission's reports, then, as to the number of "murders" in Chicago in any given year are based upon the fact that the Coroner's jury has in a certain number of cases made a finding of "murder" with a recommendation that the "guilty persons" be held pending further investigation and examination by the Grand Jury.

Let us continue our investigation of these cases which, during these various years, the Coroner's jury reported as "murder." For purposes of convenience let us take the two years 1922 and 1923 in which the Commission reported 228 and 270 murders, respectively. We may take these two years simply as representative years of the period covered by the work of the Commission. The records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court of Cook County show that the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in Chicago (Cook County) for the year 1922 was 178. The number of persons indicted for manslaughter was 30. In the same year (1922) 38 persons were convicted of murder and 28 for manslaughter. In the year 1923 the number of persons indicted for murder by the Grand Jury was 179. The number indicted for manslaughter was 46. The number of convictions for murder was 44 and for manslaughter was 18. Thus in the two years 1922 and 1923 the total number of "murders" *reported* by the Chicago Crime Commission (Coroner's Jury) was 498. Whereas in the same two-year period the total number of indictments for murder by the Grand Jury was 357 and the total number of *convictions* for murder was 82.

Let us see if we can find out with reasonable certainty what became of the 416 "murderers" reported by the C. C. C. who were not convicted during the years 1922

and 1923. In the first place we already know that in 141 cases the Grand Jury refused to indict. Then of those who were indicted for murder by the Grand Jury in this two-year period according to the reports of the C. C. C., we find that out of a total of 326 defendants—the total number which *they* report as having been indicted during the period under consideration—138 were convicted; 48 were dismissed by the State's Attorney without prosecution; 41 were stricken off the docket with leave to reinstate (which order almost always means dismissal); 99 were found not guilty.

The first point to be made about these figures concerns the matter of the number of convictions for "murder." The total number of convictions for murder for the two-year period 1922-3 as shown by the records of the Clerk of the Criminal Court, was, as we have already stated, 82. The Crime Commission shows the number of convictions for murder for the same period to be 138. How shall we account for this difference of 56? Of course it is possible that all indictments are not disposed of by the courts in the same year in which they are returned. Each year, no doubt, some cases are tried, the indictments for which were returned in the preceding year; but this would make no notable difference when the figures are taken for a two-year period. The discrepancy between the two sets of figures is mainly to be accounted for by the fact that the Crime Commission in making its tabulation of "murders" does not distinguish between manslaughter and murder. All are listed as murder. As a matter of fact during these two years there were 46 convictions for manslaughter. Manslaughter, by no possible definition of the term, is synonymous with murder, although a verdict of manslaughter may be found under an indictment for

murder in cases where death was caused without malice, or through accident due to gross carelessness.

It is at once manifest that there can be no possible excuse for the various statements which are so glibly and carelessly made as to the number of "murders" in Chicago during any given year. The number of "murders" put down by the Crime Commission for the years 1922 and 1923 was 498. The number convicted for murder during the same period was 82, or less than one-sixth the number constantly heralded to the world. It will not do to say that the State's Attorney and his assistants are dishonest and incompetent, and no one pretends to account for the discrepancy in the above figures in this way. The story has been practically the same in all administrations in Chicago, and no doubt in other cities as well. No one can pretend that the findings of the Coroner's jury gives any sort of evidence of the actual number of murders. On the contrary, there is every reason for taking the number of convictions as the real basis for estimates of the number of murders during any given period.

Even indictments returned by the Grand Jury, although far superior as a basis for statistical computation to the reports of the Coroner's jury, do not furnish any accurate evidence of the number of murders in a city like Chicago. It is a well-known fact that, although the evidence presented to the Grand Jury may be rather carefully prepared, nevertheless, the Grand Jury investigation is purely one-sided and almost entirely under the control of the State's Attorney or his deputies. The defendant is never present nor is he represented. In the two years which we have been considering there were 357 indictments for murder in Chicago—or, rather, in Cook County, the jurisdiction covered by the Coroner and the Criminal

Court. As we have said, these 357 indictments resulted in 82 convictions for murder; 89 of these indictments were dismissed by the State's Attorney after full consideration. This left a little over one-half the number shown by the Coroner on which the State's Attorney even asked a trial. And out of these only 82 were convicted of murder while 99 were found not guilty of any crime.

It should be clear that no person can possibly use the figures of the Crime Commission as an indication of the number of murders in Chicago without the most serious reflection upon the Grand Jurors and upon the State's Attorney, to say nothing of the Judges of the Criminal Courts. And no one pretends to make any such charges.

But perhaps some one will think that the foregoing simply represents a more or less adroit juggling of figures in the interest of proving my point. Statistics are notoriously slippery affairs. To be fully certain what these figures mean it would be necessary to take the complete history of each individual case from the time it left the Coroner's office until it was finally disposed of by the courts (assuming that it got that far). Obviously, limitations of space will not allow any such exhibit in this place. However, suppose we take at random one month during this two-year period and see the character of the "murder" cases reported during that month and what befell them. The following cases are those listed by the Chicago Crime Commission and the Coroner's juries for the month of March, 1923. During this month there were 26 cases of "murder" involving 29 defendants reported by the C. C. C. The cases listed seriatim are:

CASE 1. Thomas Rutledge shot by Forrest Hand during a quarrel over the deceased's wife (all parties col-

ored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 14 years in the penitentiary.

CASE 2. Hattie Morgan, throat cut by Robert E. Morgan (both colored). Plea of guilty. Sentenced to 20 years.

CASE 3 and 4. Antonio Giambaluo shot in a duel with Joseph Salamitano. Both parties killed in the duel. (Both reported as "murders.")

CASE 5 AND 6. Paul Radin shot by Albert Green when Green was shooting at William Kinsella (also killed) during a quarrel at a meeting of the Butchers' Union. Defendant found not guilty on both charges.

CASE 7. Wilbert Andrews shot by Owen Thomas who was sentenced on a plea of guilty of manslaughter.

CASE 8. Alice Powers shot by Elmer Bostic. Verdict —guilty, but insane.

CASE 9. Allen Walker stabbed by Burton Andrews (both colored). Verdict of manslaughter.

CASE 10. James Lockett stabbed by Raymond Perkins (both colored). Verdict—guilty of manslaughter.

CASE 11. Donald Whitner shot by James Brooks. Dismissed.

CASE 12. Michael McGinnis shot during a quarrel. Four defendants (three women and one man) all found not guilty.

CASE 13. John Nicolin thrown over a porch railing during a quarrel with Theodore Past. Verdict—not guilty.

CASE 14. Ella Wollson, throat cut by Edna Robinson (her daughter) who then committed suicide.

CASE 15. Orfie Rizzato killed in a fist fight in a saloon by Sam Sanadrea. No indictment.

CASE 16. Donata Frazzolari shot by insane brother-in-law who then committed suicide.

CASE 17. Gaspar Lombardi struck by unknown vehicle. Unsolved.

CASE 18. Walter Henning shot by unknown persons. Unsolved.

CASE 19. Unknown white baby found under elevated railway in a pile of ashes. Coroner's verdict: died from neglect at birth. Unsolved.

CASE 20. Joseph Basile shot by Phillip Leonette. Unsolved.

CASE 21. George Wesley killed by blow on the head by persons robbing a laundry. Unsolved.

CASE 22. Frederico Amadio shot by unknown persons in the rear of his home. Unsolved.

CASE 23. Asap Shultz shot by an unknown colored man during a holdup. Unsolved.

CASE 24. Unknown white baby. Neglect at time of birth. Found in rear of building. Unsolved.

CASE 25. Julia Sinks, 18-year-old colored girl, struck on head with hatchet by unknown persons. Unsolved.

CASE 26. Frank Liber killed by unknown automobile. Unsolved.

In this list of 29 possible defendants all of them were classed as "murderers" by the Coroner's Jury and the Chicago Crime Commission. And yet it is extremely unlikely that more than two of them (Cases 21 and 23) were really cases of out-and-out murder, and both of these were unsolved. Is this feeble list for March, 1923, the red-handed menace that is so luridly pictured as an army in mortal combat with organized society? Rather it is a fair sample of the results of poverty, hard luck, ignorance,

maladjustment, and destiny, that in some form come to light in every great city filled with the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. It is a condition, and it needs careful study to find out what should be done and what can be done. It does not call for blind hatred and stern revenge.

What general conclusions can be drawn from the object lesson just exhibited in our analysis of the statistics on crime compiled by the Chicago Crime Commission? One thing is certainly clear—no intelligent person can examine carefully the statistics which are at present available and come to any satisfactory or defensible conclusion as to the number of crimes committed in the United States, or whether they are increasing or diminishing in proportion to the population, or the cause of any increase or diminution. The study of statistics in regard to crime, as in many other matters, leaves one in a hopeless maze. It will take years of careful preparation and thorough, unbiased gathering of objective statistics before any general conclusion can be reached in this way. It is, however, safe to say that statistics do not show that there is an increasing trend of crime in America. On the whole, it probably remains fairly stationary—with variations up and down now and then due to all sorts of reasons. Probably, on the whole, there is a tendency downward, especially if allowance is made for the new crimes that are constantly being created by statute and which add materially to the tables of law violation.

The growing use of the automobile has had a positive tendency to increase crime materially. It is a new lure that is hard to withstand. Men and women mortgage their homes and their beds to get them, and of course boys borrow and steal them. The indiscriminate use of the automobile in crowded cities has added largely to the

coroner's returns, and many accidents appear in the tables as murders, although the only element even of homicide is careless or reckless driving. Sometime life may adjust itself to the automobile, but it will be a long time before men, women, and children can withstand the lure and before the accidents incident to the use of the automobile be materially reduced.

The Volstead Act and kindred state laws have furnished a great many additions to the reports of crimes. Many of these are classed as murders, many others as unlawful buying and selling. It is inevitable, in a mixed people like ours, with their diversity of habits and customs that a drastic, tyrannical law, which makes criminal acts that carry with them no feeling of wrong, can have any other effect than to add to the list of crimes. Prohibition will continue to reap this harvest until it is settled whether the government shall recognize the habits of its citizens or whether the people shall be compelled by brute force to yield what they have long believed to be their rights.

Those who believe in sterner laws and harsher treatment of criminals are always drawing comparisons between America and England. Different parts of England show marked differences in the statistics of crime. Liverpool, for example, shows more burglaries than New York, and about the same as Chicago, and nearly twice as many murders and other serious felonies as London. The difference is most likely accounted for by the seaport location of Liverpool which adds to the mixture of races and peoples. Still, it is true that there are many more felonies in the United States than in England in proportion to the population. This condition cannot be accounted for by the severity of punishment in England. In

many important instances the American penalties are much harsher and more brutal. The executions in England are fewer in proportion to the population than in America and, in cases where death sentences are pronounced, a much larger proportion receives clemency there than here. From all that can be gathered, it is probable that China has a smaller crime rate than England, though it is not possible to find statistics of crime for China. Regardless of the question of crime, few Americans believe that England is, on the whole, a more desirable place for living than America, much less is China.

Other things being equal, all new countries have a higher crime rate than old ones. This is due to many reasons, not all of which apply in all new countries. The residents of England are a homogeneous people. This is true of all old countries. They lack many of the inducing causes that lead to crime. The English people have been made alike by centuries of molding and welding. They have from long association formed common customs, habits, and views of life; in other words, folkways —which make them one people. An old country inevitably develops a sort of caste system; each person takes his place without hope of change or advancement. The individual grows to accept his lot in life.

When we remember that crime means the violation of law, which in turn means getting out of the beaten path, it is easy to see why it is more common in new countries, where the paths are faint and not strongly marked, than in old countries where the paths are deep. It is only one hundred and fifty years since the United States gained its independence. It then had some 3,000,000 people. Since that time it has grown to about 115,000,000. This

necessarily means that it has drawn from almost every country of the earth. These people have brought all kinds of religions, social customs, political ideas, temperaments, and ambitions. Probably no such heterogeneous combination was ever before brought together upon the earth. Most of these people came here to improve their condition, to get out of their caste. Their children are still hopeful that they may rise. The subduing of natural resources has built our great cities and filled them with a babel of tongues and a medley of temperaments, and with every religious, social, and political idea in the world. The higher wages and better opportunities have made the people venturesome and aggressive. The larger individual freedom and greater independence of individual action have made collisions more inevitable and severe.

Most of the crime in the United States comes from our industrial centers. Our cities have always been settled by a mixture of the peoples of the world with varied feelings and emotions, and with the individual customs and habits of their native lands. In the main these have been the poor of Europe. They have come with new hopes and ambitions, moved by intense desires. The industrial cities have been alternately prosperous and idle. Aside from the natural emotions of love and fear and hate, there has been the constant battle with employers and between union and non-union men. Such a medley of conflicting peoples and emotions has always been a prolific soil out of which violations of habits, customs, and laws inevitably grow. No other country has ever had so many antagonisms, such a fertile soil for combat and discontent. Australia and Canada, although new countries, have in the main a homogeneous people and a rural population. The statistics of crime of the rural communities

of the United States are not unlike the statistics of rural communities in Canada and the other countries of the world.

The population of the United States has been constantly augmented by the poor of other countries. These have left an old social organization with fixed habits and have been thrown into a social environment new and strange. Such a condition has always been disorganizing to every group. Old customs and folkways which act as restraints are left behind, and inevitable disorganization is the result. The study of our recent immigrants shows the difficulty of new adjustments and the disintegration and misfortune that come to individuals and groups.

It is not the terror of brutal punishment that holds the units of society in their place. It is customs and habits. It is long familiarity with the beaten paths. People think and act and live as they are wont. They stay in grooves. Any sudden change jolts them from their ways and sets them loose to find or make other paths. To believe that men are kept in a certain line by fear is a crude conception at variance with experience and psychology alike.

Imperfect as all our statistics are confessed to be, it is doubtless true that the dangerous age for boys in reference to crime is constantly growing younger. It is safe to say that almost all crimes are committed by boys in their early teens or by those who began in effect a criminal career at that age. Saving criminals is, in the last analysis, only saving children; and saving children means not only saving criminals but their victims, too. Most of the criminals come from the cities and most of them were born and reared in the poor and crowded districts where they had little chance to develop into anything but criminals. A little knowledge of biology, psychology, and life makes

this plain to understand. No well-informed person believes that one is born a criminal or with even a tendency to crime. If so, crime would not be of the individual's own choosing nor his end be due to his own volition. No child is born a criminal. He may be born weak or strong and, therefore, his power of resistance be more or less; but the course he takes is due to training, opportunity, and environment. The protection of the child or the grown person comes from habit. Religion may teach precepts, but this means nothing without habits. The school may give a certain kind of education, but unless this creates habits which fit the child for life it is of no avail.

Most of those who follow a criminal career have had little education and cared little for books. Most of them could not be fitted for professions by education; their only chance was some sort of work. They passed the school age without becoming scholars, and the schools have given them nothing in the place of what is generally called an education. When very young they began a life that almost inevitably leads to crime. If it is the duty of the state or any organized institution to provide for the education of the youth, then the most important thing is to fit them for the job of living. Many boys come to the adolescent age with only scant education in books and no education that fits them for any self-reliant life. For the large class who have no taste for books society furnishes no training in the schools. These boys are thrown on their own resources with no occupation that will furnish them a chance to live. The schools could as well teach manual trades as books, and a large part of those who cannot succeed with books could do well in working with their hands. There is no more reason why schools should prepare one to succeed in a profession than why they should

teach certain ones a useful trade. Most boys like to use their hands, and the proper training for trades should be begun when very young. It is seldom that a mechanic enters on a life of crime. He forms habits that keep him safe.

The child is born with the same instincts that move all other animals. When he wants something he feels the urge to take it in the easiest way. It is only training that teaches him that he may get things one way, but not another. His training must be developed into habits. The life of a child is a conflict between primal emotions and social restrictions, and he must be fortified, not alone by teaching, but by habits, if he is to live by the rules that society lays down. Intelligent teachers and wise parents know what this means. It is only rarely that a boy carefully trained and fitted for life is sent to jail.

More and more the teacher and the psychologist are learning the importance of early training. Habits are formed when the child is young; these are easily fixed and hard to change. All statistics, if carefully gathered and thoroughly studied, lead to this conclusion, and logic and experience likewise show that this is true. To believe any other theory would be to deny the efficacy of moral and religious teaching and the effect of education and habit in the formation of character.

It is not difficult for the student to find the causes of crime. When they are found, it is not hard to prescribe for their cure. To ignore reason and judgment and all the finer sentiments that move men, to follow blind force and cruelty in the hope that fear will prevent crime and make all people safe, is bad in practice, philosophy, and ethics.

EXPATRIATE—VINTAGE 1927

by Louis Bromfield

I

IT is now nearly two years since I came, as an American writer, to live in Europe and work. Up to the date of writing, I have not turned black, nor been stricken with leprosy, nor yet succumbed to any of those mysterious manias, Franco, Anglo or Italo, which are popularly supposed to wreck the characters and futures of Americans who happen to live in Europe. Strange to relate, I feel more American than I have ever felt before, even in those days when I dwelt in the sacred Middle West—that spot chosen by God with the promptings of certain critical Joseph Smiths for the American literary millennium. Far from the madding crowd, I find that all my senses, my perceptions, have become with regard to America sharpened and more highly sensitive. Having known America intimately for the greater part of my life, I am familiar with the spectacle from the inside, and now I am seeing it from the outside, which is more illuminating than one might suppose. Looking at it from a pinnacle in the midst of a continent that is certainly sick and weary, I have discovered things I could never have noticed in the midst of an Iowa cornfield or in the soda-fountain-bound crowds of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

I have begun to see that my fellow-citizens are far more important than they imagine even in their most eagle-screaming moments. They are first cousins of the

ancient Roman citizen and half-brothers of the English Milor of the day when Palmerston was forcing even such old foxes as Metternich to bow down before the power of England.

Wandering about the face of Europe, halting now in a fashionable watering-place, now in a remote village, now in Paris, or London or Rome, one can't help seeing the decided character of the American. It does not matter whether one sees him in his Jewish, German, Italian or Scandinavian manifestation; he is unmistakably a man just born. And he bears little relation to Mark Twain's hilariously vulgar American Abroad. The difference lies in the fact that the American once was loud and noisy as a means of breaking through the reserve of the Frenchman and the quiet superiority of the Englishman; and this method isn't necessary any longer. The American abroad *exists*: he *is*. He simply commands and usually he knows what he wants, and like the Roman citizen and the English Milor he has the money to buy what he wants when he wants it, and feels the power of an immense and wealthy nation at his elbow. Like the Roman, he is everywhere in the known world, flinging his money about, poking his nose with an unselfconscious and intelligent interest into the uttermost corners of ancient ruins, occupying the grandest suites of the Hotels Royale—Splendide de l'Univers (a name chosen, it would seem, to attract him), setting bankrupt nations on their feet, providing *all* the music for cabarets and music halls, plastering the sides of ancient bridges with signs advertising Veedol and Atlantic gasoline, placing automatic filling-stations (a great convenience, even a luxury) on quiet village streets. He is, in short, everywhere. Great Britain plasters every available

space from postage stamps to railway stations with signs "British Goods are Best." France searches frantically for oil fields from which to produce her own petrol; but the march goes on.

It is no use being sentimental about what the American is doing to old Europe. The laws of Economics and of Nature have small respect for ivy-hung sentimentality. American money and American methods are saving Europe. And the thing works the other way as well: it is Standard Oil Money which is saving Versailles and the Grand Trianon from ruin. It is American money contributed from a thousand small sources which is repairing roofs and restoring walls of half the national monuments of France.

The English nurse observed the other day, "I think it's wonderful the way Americans go everywhere and make themselves at home. They aren't like us who have to have British surroundings. Why, even the children go along. When they're only a year old they begin traveling. It's no wonder they grow up with no feeling for time or space."

Two days later at lunch, André Maurois observed, "I know an American anywhere in Europe, in any café, because he laughs."

And he is everywhere, like the Roman citizen, respected if it is only the respect that comes of wealth and power. The concierge, the taxi-driver, the waiter, the chambermaid all adore him. He knows exactly what he wants and he is generous. Booth Tarkington in "The Plutocrat" caught much of the barbaric splendor which attends him.

2

I have spoken of all these things simply to lead up to the point of the story—that, save for a few ghosts left from an older generation, there isn't any such thing as an American Expatriate.

The word probably came by its implication of opprobrium during the Mauve Decade when Henry James set down the manifestations of the American abroad with such loving skill and care; and the opprobrium grew during that fantastic period when the daughters of Railroad and Metal Kings were pouring money into decayed European families in exchange for a title. But the market for titles has fallen off sadly, and the times are changed.

It was Henry James, himself so thoroughly of that era of snobs and expatriates, who set down the tragic story of one of those American girls who, brought to Europe by an ambitious and vulgar mother, languished and died in Rome. It is a beautiful story, fixing an epoch and a type, but one couldn't do it to-day because even by searching Europe with a microscope, one couldn't find a Daisy Miller. And she couldn't fall a victim to malaria in Rome because American sanitary methods have done away with malaria. It is unromantic, to be sure, and hard upon novelists looking for the aid of malaria in their romances, but Rome is almost clean and if Mussolini succeeds in evading bullets long enough he will, in his energetic American way, perhaps make certain quarters smell less like a garbage can from which the lid has just been lifted.

If one were to set down the history of the Daisy Miller of to-day, one would probably find the young creature alone in Europe, roaming about, freed of the ambitious

vulgar mother. She would be quite on her own, clad in a minimum of clothing, all cut in the most beautiful style by Chanel or Vionnet or Lanvin, with shingled hair and an air of independence and *savoir faire* sufficiently strong to rout whole regiments of Roman noblesse. One is likely to see her entering the bar at the Ritz or Ciro's, more elegantly dressed than the best of Parisian demi-mondaines (who are as a rule the best-dressed women in France save for their sisters among the noblesse who have similar leanings). One would see her tossing off the cocktail which marks the beginning of her day—a steel-clad Diana, the confusion of European men, who cannot fathom the manners of a demi-mondaine in the body of an Artemis. As to the Italian dukes and princes—they come just the same seeking her fortune, but the new Daisy Miller is not so easy. "Why," she asks herself with brutal realism, "shall I marry that wop? He dances well but he's only a bum."

Oh! Times have changed! And the Italian prince who once sat as a model for the elegantly romantic portraits of Ouida, has become a dress-designer or a Gigolo or plays bridge for a living, and the barter of money for titles has almost disappeared from the international scene.

Even the proud Briton, whose titles still occupy the top of the list in the title market, is less arrogant than he once was, and for those who still retain the spleen of the great Milor, there is one infallible method of reducing the ramparts. It is to feel sorry for England. It is the worst but also the most subtle of insults to a nation which for more than a hundred years has felt sorry for the rest of the world.

3

But the heiress is let off nowadays, and the rage in her native land that was once directed at her for marrying and going abroad to live is now turned against the writer who goes to Europe to live. The change finds its origin, no doubt, in that portion of the American "critical" world which holds that any novel by an American not concerned with the Middle West and usually with the sexual inhibitions of a farm girl, must be lacking in quality. This is a strange rule of thumb, unknown in the history of literature save perhaps during one or two violent nationalist outbursts in Spain. It would seem that its supporters still have clinging to them a little of the tinsel of the Mauve Decade, when Americans spit on the floor and pounded on the tables of European hotels in order to attract respect and notice. It is perhaps Mr. Mencken, attacking Mr. Babbitt with all Mr. Babbitt's own weapons, who is responsible more than any other for this fantastic idea. A good novel is a good novel whether it deals with life in Paris, in the Sandwich Isles or on an Iowa farm. It has always been so and doubtless will continue to remain so as long as the novelist reserves his right to choose his own material and background. When the day comes when he must confine himself to a small quarter-section of land assigned him by gentlemen of political rather than literary critical acumen, it will be time to talk of the decadence of the novel.

The reason for the migration of young writers is simple enough: it is merely economic. The young novelist who hasn't an audience of one hundred thousand readers and finds himself out of luck because the magazine editors can't use his stuff, must find a way to live. Usually he

has a wife and sometimes a family. If he remains in New York or any of the great American cities, he must do so if not in penury at least upon a scale which pinches; there is no end to worries over money. He cannot retire to a bleak farm or a convent, for, different from other members of the writing profession, he feeds not upon books and solitude but upon people and movement and life. His very stories grow out of the people about him.

In Europe he finds conditions quite different. In any great European capital he is able to live, surrounded by people, by music, by good plays, by good pictures and the stimulation of intellectual companionship, in comfort and in certain quarters in luxury for less than it costs him to live in poverty in America. He has an economic freedom which he can scarcely expect ever to attain at home. It is one of the odd weaknesses in the reasoning of the agricultural critics that they assume the corruption and eventual ruin of any writer who comes into contact with the intellectual life of other nations; they manage by some process to overlook the sharpening influence of contrast and the great value of a pointed-up perspective.

In a European city, away from the hubbub which affects life from bootlegging to literature in New York, the whole tempo of existence grows relaxed and calm. There are not four or five "literary parties" in one day; there are no cliques, no jealousies, no backbiting, no over-friendly praise. One can, first of all, work and as for pleasure, it is possible to take it or leave it, in such proportions that pleasure is not reduced to the level of drudgery. From the opposite side of the Atlantic, aloof from the mêlée, the whole American literary picture takes on a new set of values; clearer and more precise. One discovers new things in American criticism, its richness

and its poverty, its preoccupation with method over material; one sees that on the one hand it suffers from a tendency toward excessive optimism by which each new novel is acclaimed the best of the month, or the year, or the decade, and on the other an ominous weakness in its various cliques and schools. One discerns its liking for cheap wise-cracks, and the cloud of dust that hangs above the grotesque warfare between reviewers and groups of reviewers, carried on over the prostrate and helpless body of the author who grows black and blue from blows aimed by the combatants not at himself but at each other.

4

It is easy, of course, to smother in a cloud of opprobrium certain groups of young men and women who, seeking something which is not quite clear even to themselves, come to Europe to spend their best days at sidewalk cafés. There are plenty of them, all choosing the designations of writer, painter, poet and what not; now and then there occurs in their number an individual of talent or character, and then it becomes a struggle at once to save himself from the perils of his own environment, on the one side from idleness and on the other from the danger of growing "arty" through falling into the vice so common among adolescent ladies and gentlemen of "stewing in their own juice"—a process by which reciprocal and parochial admiration takes the place of a notice which they fail to attract through healthy competition in the open field. It is the besetting vice of artistic colonies. But very little has come out of the transplanted genius of Montparnasse. For every writer who has accomplished anything worthy, there are in that group

known roguishly to the editors of the Paris *Herald* as "the Latin Quarter Folk" perhaps fifty whose life consists of rising at noon, going to the Dome, the Rotonde or the Select, drinking until dawn and then returning to some damp and untidy room. They talk endlessly of writing: they discuss all the great things they mean to do; they live gloriously and triumphantly in a sin so ostentatiously advertised that it loses all glamour; they sink deeper and deeper into the ruts at the crossing of the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail. One day runs into two, two into three, three presently into three hundred and sixty-five—and nothing happens.

But these young men and women are not expatriates. Most of them can speak no more French than is necessary to buy a drink. They have never left their own country, they have simply brought it with them. They live, surrounded and enveloped by Americans in a transplanted Greenwich Village. They are, as a rule, of the same sort which in America raises atmosphere by burning joss sticks in brass candle holders manufactured in Hoboken and sold in Allen Street.

So far as the corrupting of "a predatory nation" is concerned, they remain untouched in their virgin purity. Paris hasn't a chance of ruining them, because they really never leave America. The wines out of which are born their oceans of talk, are cheaper than in Eighth Street and better, but otherwise it is the same.

One hears a great deal of vague talk about young writers ruined by living abroad; there are no young writers ruined by it; there are only people who live in the shadow of the half-dozen writers who give the Quarter its semblance of dignity—people who can say "That's Joyce himself sitting in the corner" or "That's Ford at

the table opposite." Ernest Hemingway has done their portraits in "The Sun Also Rises." He knows them.

5

Since it no longer takes six weeks to cross the Atlantic, Europe has become what the steamship companies have long been striving to make it— "the playground of America." Crossing the ocean means less trouble and only a little more expenditure of time than crossing the American continent, and with the growing consciousness of the United States as the richest and perhaps the most powerful nation in the world, the old American awe of Europe is rapidly passing. "The American" has gone the way of "Daisy Miller." If one loves music and the theater, one finds the best in New York. Certainly no one goes any longer to Paris and London for these things. Rome exists artistically only as a center for arts which have been decadent since the sixteenth century. No, it is all very changed.

And the Americans who swarm everywhere are not the Americans of Henry James and Mrs. Wharton who found their own country too brutal for their sensibilities. These gentlemanly and ladylike Americans who once fled the country of Pork Packers and Tin Plate Kings, now linger on in Europe veiled by the shadow of a changed world, half-forgotten save by those few remnants of an old régime which even in France counts no longer for very much. They have sunk into the obscurity of that mausoleum known as the social columns of the Paris *Herald,* where their names appear two or three times a day along with that of another ghost of a bygone day— the elegant Boni de Castellane who, all corseted and

dyed, still ornaments dubiously those appalling Sunday night dinners at the Ritz where the last of the Old Guard make feeble gestures.

The American of to-day is the promoter who reorganizes the whole telephone system of Spain, who builds whole railroad systems, the manager who sells American motors on the Champs-Elysées where the turn-outs of the Second Empire once rolled by on their way to the Bois, and the banker who makes loans to stabilize the currency of whole nations. Even the smartest of the demi-monde are Americans from New Jersey and Indiana and Oklahoma; their queen is an American girl, covered with huge diamonds, who continues the grand tradition by being known simply as Miss —— and never being seen without a respectable, elderly lady-companion. These ladies flash their emeralds and dance the Charleston to music born in Harlem and the Lower East Side. They are scarcely expatriates: they have taken their country with them. The American abroad to-day is not ashamed of his countrymen and does not find them brutally inartistic and vulgar. They do not seek out the dying old noblesse in the decaying chateaux of France and the bilious-yellow villas of Italy: the shoe is on the other foot. The only expatriate Americans are in that slightly shoddy world which surrounds the bankrupt, forgotten Boni whose autobiography contains more bad taste than was ever dreamed of in America.

In a world financed by American money, where every other street corner advertises American products and most of the hotels are filled with Americans, where whole streets advertise wares in English, it is obviously a little absurd to talk of American expatriates. One might as well have called expatriate the Roman citizens of Alex-

andria or Byzantium, or the Englishman of Victoria's long and powerful reign who had a law office in Paris or a wine business in Bordeaux. In these days an American abroad tends only toward becoming more American: he is a fascinating spectacle, more sharply defined, more definite in color by his very background, than his brother at home.

America as a nation has come of age and the American abroad knows it well enough. The truth is that there aren't any more expatriates: in another ten years even the ghosts of Henry James' days will have passed, and the expatriate will be as extinct as the Dodo.

AMERICANS ABROAD

by Homer Croy

AS it is all the fashion these days to start off an article, speech, radio address or what-not with an anecdote, I suppose I had just as well bow to the inevitable and get it over with as soon as possible. Then we can get down to the serious and scholarly things that lie ahead of us. The anecdote referred to is an old and popular one. Some humorous anecdotes flower and have their being only for a brief period, while others survive season after season, regardless of the winters. They are what florists call hardy perennials. Here it is:

As a train drew into a city in Europe, the doors of the carriages were flung open, the cry of porters rose, and from one of the carriages two worn women looked languidly out upon the scene.

"Mother," said the younger, "what town is this?"

The mother looked at the scene a moment.

"What day of the week is it?" she asked wearily.

"Thursday."

Picking up her itinerary book, the mother turned through it.

"Then it's Rome," she replied. "We get off here."

Now, thank goodness, that is over and we can get down to business.

When this subject was first assigned me I was overwhelmed at the very immensity of it, especially when

Grant Overton, the learned editor, told me that I should have to hold it down to 5,000 words—why, it was like trying to boil the United States down to a dozen pages! That is how many Americans go abroad.

I could fling statistics at you as to how many Americans went abroad in 1926, but what good would it do? Who remembers statistics anyway? And what is more, who wants to?

The thing that is interesting is, What do we Americans do while abroad? What do we think of Europe? And what does Europe think of us? Now we are ready to get down to those serious things I spoke of.

I was one of the tourists last summer, and the summer before, and the summer before that, except possibly that I stayed longer than the average person. In fact, one stretch was twenty months, and during that time I had a chance to see America. Indeed, the ship cynic said, going over, that the way to see America is to get a chair at the Café de la Paix.

Ray Long, who guides the destinies of the Hearst magazines, said that he had to come to Paris to see American authors. But that is neither here nor there; personally, I saw him looking for them in some unusual places. Only an editor of great fame would have expected to find them in some of the places he searched so thoroughly. But let us be on.

Paris!—that is the place Americans abroad head for. Two-thirds of the passenger-list of an Atlantic steamer pile off at Cherbourg or at Le Havre, leaving the other third to go on to England. Of course, many of the passengers who head for Paris, run over to England during their trip, but it shows which place they want to see first. The big lure abroad is Paris and I wish I could say that

the lure is the Louvre, but I'm afraid I can't. Practically all Americans do go to the Louvre; practically all Americans see the Mona Lisa, the Winged Victory and the Venus de Milo. Here I'll stop and make up my own statistics; only one in fifty-two and one-half miss going to the Louvre, but for length of inspection and time spent, Montmartre wins without a struggle. Supposing, next March, the doors of the Louvre were nailed up just about the time we Americans were making our plans about going abroad for the summer—do you think that the presidents of the steamship companies would turn gray in a single night? Your answer is correct. But suppose that the Chamber of Deputies got together and unanimously decided—for once—that Montmartre showed France up at a disadvantage and that not a door in that famous section should open during the summer season and that Heaven, Hell, The Black Cat and The Moulin Rouge should become the nesting place of spiders—do you think that all would be peaceful and serene in the high offices of the shipping companies? *Non, non; monsieur.* It would make the Valentino funeral seem as quiet and as subdued as a Wednesday night prayer-meeting in New Brunswick.

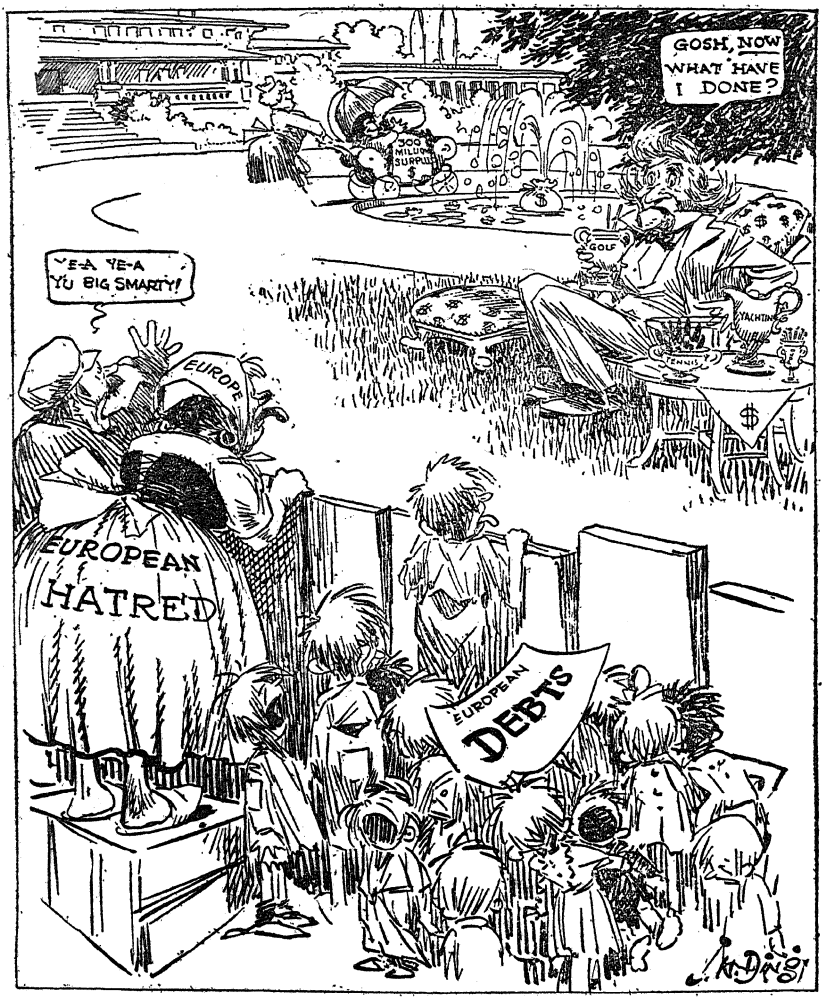
In addition to the floods of Americans who poured into France during 1926, there are many Americans who live permanently in that thriving city; so many, in fact, that they support three daily American newspapers, the best known of which is the Paris edition of the New York *Herald.* So many of these Americans are there that they have a bustling Chamber of Commerce, a Who's Who, clubs of their own, and factions. And there is more American ice cream consumed within two minutes of the Place de l'Opera than in all England. In fact, I believe that a

person could go so far as to say that Paris is more American than London.

What is it that takes good, stalwart American citizens abroad in such fervid flocks? I mean, in addition to the night life. Some people say, the drinks. But we thinkers must admit that it is not necessary to go all the way to Europe for *that*. Another answer is culture. But there are those statistics just quoted about night life. Others say that it is our restless spirit. That, I expect, with money to give it wings is getting pretty close to it. Also another item that I might mention while we are about it, is the constant stream of information flowing over here from Europe. An example: There are eighty-four American correspondents and newspaper men in France sending back material about France and Europe. There are two accredited French correspondents in America.

But back to that fascinating subject—drinking. The popular idea on the part of those who stay at home is that tourists abroad sound like neglected goldfish, and that just as soon as they get past the twelve-mile line they start in to drink themselves to a glorious death. This is not true. There *is* a rush for the ship bars, but much of the sin consumed is lemonade, beer and sarsaparilla. American tourists drink more correspondingly at the ship bars than they do in Paris; the bars enjoy a lively trade going over, but bars bound west haven't a rush of business in spite of the desert the weary travelers are entering. Another superstition is that as soon as American tourists touch feet to French soil they head straight for the Ritz bar. It is true, they do head for that famous place, but it is not so much to drink as to see. And, of course, be seen. A great attraction there is the ladies' bar with its potato-chips—and its lady with the lifted face. Once

Courtesy, New York *Herald-Tribune*



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LOUIS BROMFIELD AND HOMER CROY WRITE FROM THE NEAR SIDE OF THE FENCE ON HOW IT FEELS TO BE AMERICANS ABROAD

she was a well-known actress in America. There is nothing quite so pleasant to people as to see ladies busily sipping cocktails at a public bar and to look surreptitiously at a lifted face. If the lady with the lifted face no longer appeared at five o'clock in the afternoon, trade at the ladies' bar would be in a frightful condition.

I wish to stop here and pay a compliment to the average American tourist. He is constantly belittled on all sides; he is supposed to be—well, you know, like the mother and daughter in the opening anecdote. When I first began to mingle with the American abroad I thought that I would have to be ashamed of him. I had heard how loudly he talked, of his arrogance, his absurd questions, his display of money, but the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He stacks up just mighty well against the tourist of any country in the world. If there is so stodgy a set of human beings in the world as the English tourists in the Riviera, the vaunted leisure class of England, I haven't met them. Personally, I like the Englishman on his native heath, and when he comes up in the conversation I get out my adjectives; but the superior, doddering set on the Riviera, I can readily dispense with. It seems as if England, each winter, rounded up its dullest and most uninteresting people and bade them Godspeed to the Riviera.

Americans abroad like Paris much better than they do London, or any other European city. If a vote were taken for the most popular city among Americans, it would run: Paris, London, Rome, Berlin. But during 1926 Americans fared the worst ever known in Paris from the standpoint of unpleasant happenings. Usually Americans are in great favor in Paris; there is no commercial rivalry between France and America and then l'Americain

he geeve ze tip, but last year he also charge le debt, and that is something else, *n'est-ce pas?* Several unpleasant instances rose during the rush season. The franc was sick; the poor Parisian was driven from his favorite café; great charabanc-loads of millionaires, as all Americans are in France, came roaring down the streets so that the native Frenchman had to run to cover. Now and then these Frenchmen said things, they put out their tongues; once or twice they threw things, and a few of our folks got excited. But it was not serious; if we owed as much money as France and had to vacate our favorite hotels and restaurants and theaters to millions of rich Llamas, we'd have done more than shake a few fists and use words undreamed-of by the fundamentalists. Lafayette would have turned in his grave.

In fact, so completely was Europe Americanized during the summer, when the tourist tide was highest, that one earnest American from California tried to start a booster club in Paris and London. He was that worst of all Americans—A man with a Message. He wanted to make Europe over according to the best ideas of San Francisco. No higher compliment could be paid London and Paris than to say there was no violence. If there is an outstanding fault that we Americans have (here among ourselves we'll pretend that we have only one) it is our desire to make the rest of the world over the way we want them. Nobody wants to be made over, least of all does he want it when some hearty brother rushes in and tells him to do it the California or Ypsilanti or what-not way.

Never in all history did the cafés, restaurants and the night places of Paris do such a business as last summer. But 1926 introduced a new type of American tourist that it had never seen before in numbers. It was the student.

The immigrant quarters were cleared out of the ships, new berths and rooms were put in and the steamship companies went after the student class strong, with the result that Europe saw more Americans with small money than ever before. Also it saw more rich Americans than it had ever seen before. It just about drove some of the headwaiters crazy, for there is nothing quite so upsetting to a headwaiter as to look a customer over, do his best, and find that the customer makes a ceremony of cashing a five-dollar Cook's traveler check. Statistics are lacking, but it is said that more headwaiters beat their wives to death during 1926 than during any similar time since the Empire.

So great was the tourist tide in Paris last year that one enterprising French restaurant, just off the Rue de Rivoli, put up a sign on its window—"Quick Service." I know of one cash customer it lost.

Americans discovered last season that Paris is not the geographical limit of Europe. More Americans went to Germany, Bohemia, Rumania and Switzerland than ever before in the history of eastward migrations. Last season practically every hotel of the *premier rang* in Switzerland had a celebration in honor of the Fourth of July. Not so long ago only an American now and then could be found among these interior hotels, but these seasonal Marco Polos have gone to the most isolated spots. So many were there of them that when Charles Evans Hughes arrived at Riffelalp, high above the eternal snows of Switzerland, the Americans there were able to give him a reception.

America likes Europe; it is the homeland; we look upon it with amused, kindly benevolence, as a small town boy might do who has run away from home, gone to the city

and now comes back in his Rolls-Royce to see how things have changed. But the folks back home don't take to it well. Especially when the now prosperous city man can hardly get the front end of his car into the corrugated iron garage. And also as the prosperous city gentleman leaves, he usually wants to buy up the old bedstead and tallboy.

The quiet cultural calm of many Americans in England was interrupted by the General Strike which that country suffered during the early summer. Many traveling Americans were diverted from the country, but those that remained had a chance to see the wonderful spirit that animates England. It was truly a monument to the British Spirit. Also it was a monument to that other spirit so deeply characteristic of England—the spirit of never being ruffled or showing any excitement. If France should have a General Strike that country would be torn from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and from Brest to Chamonix, and the Chamber of Deputies would be a performing circus. But not England. Will Rogers, who was there during the strike, said that he went to the House of Lords, which corresponds to our Senate, and that they were debating a bill about the—Boer War.

While on the subject of England I want to hand a flower to that solid, stolid country, as coming from the viewpoint of a traveler. And that is the feeling of absolute honesty and integrity that one feels as soon as he gets to England. George Jean Nathan had a good line on it. He was in London during the summer and crystallized the great difference between America and England in this:

"In the theaters in America, they have to chain the opera-glasses."

As a whole we like France best of all, then England,

then Italy, and slowly, very slowly Germany is coming into favor. An item that had to do with it during 1926 was that Germany didn't care how many charabancs came roaring down the streets. Russia we learned little about; a few hardy travelers returned, but no two of them agreed as to what they saw. On the whole our attitude toward Russia was Suspicion. We haven't quite made up our mind yet, but are waiting for more information—and distrusting it all. We learned a few things during the war.

Italy drew more Americans last year than it has in many years, and one reason for it was Mussolini. This compelling personality has aroused a great deal of interest in America and last year many Americans went to Italy as much to see how the Mussolini government was working as to see the Coliseum by moonlight. A number of Americans had interviews with him. Among them were Robert H. Davis, veteran magazine editor and now turned autobiographer, and Irvin S. Cobb, the well-known traveler of Paducah, Ky. They met him just after one of the periodic attacks that characterized Mussolini's career last year; in fact, they were the first Americans to see the great Duce after the affair. He was not perturbed; already his mind was on something else. Both Davis and Cobb came away carrying a flag for him. Davis, who is not given to encomiums (as contributors who have come under his command all too well know) declared that Mussolini was greater than Napoleon, as he was doing without war what Napoleon needed blood to do and then fumbled it.

Another factor that pleased Americans who journeyed up and down Europe during the summer season was an American woman who was the first woman to swim the

English Channel, Miss Gertrude Ederle, of Brooklyn, for it takes a brave heart indeed to pass up the opportunity to shine in reflected glory. Miss Ederle set the fashion and soon the Channel was fairly congested with women swimmers. It was during this period that one enthusiastic American gentleman wanted to know who put the grease on the swimmers.

America had a good year abroad bringing home athletic cups and ribbons, but it had one disturbance, and that was the tennis upset. But still we hold no envy of France. It was a brilliant stroke and we would rather see the honors go to her than to any other country.

Also, this stern historian must record, Paris had an appeal to a greater degree than it ever before had. Americans began to utilize their stay in Paris for the same reason that they once went to Reno. It became the fashion for traveling Americans to get a Paris divorce. Reno has an awkward law that the unhappy party must establish residence there, or in the state, for six months; but Paris isn't so dictatorial and as a result its popularity took a sudden leap during the past year. It makes an almost irresistible appeal to the feminine heart, a trip abroad, new clothes and a fashionable divorce. Reno, secure so long in its position, now suddenly finds itself faced by foreign competition.

Now that we have had a general, and I am afraid somewhat disjointed, look around, it is well to see what Europe thinks of us. Even when the small town boy, who has made good in the big city, comes rolling luxuriously home, the natives still have their opinion of him. They may not dangle it in his face, but they have it.

Americans were less popular in Europe last year than ever before. Heretofore, when we have gone abroad, we

have been popular—the rich uncle from a distance who has come home to have a good family visit, and who is sure to have a lot of presents in his trunk. But last year when Uncle went abroad, he found no warm embrace waiting him on the doorstep—the whole family didn't rush upstairs to show him his bed in the spare room with all the family stitchwork on it. For all they cared, he could have slept on the sofa. Much of this is due to the fact of the wrong conception of America in Europe. European newspapers print five kinds of American news, and these chords are played over and over again until by comparison the close harmony of a barbershop sounds like the Boston Symphony.

Cable tolls are expensive, and only the biggest newspapers go in for them and get anything approximating a general and unbiased view of America. The lesser papers "high spot" our news, and this is the way it runs:

First: Prohibition, or the lack of it. An instance about a girl bootlegger being caught in Texarkana will be given as much space as a cabinet measure.

Second: Crime, Herrin, Illinois, Cicero and others of our American sore spots figure in European papers as much as Philadelphia or Chicago. We lead the world in crime, but it is not so bad as Europe thinks. The popular idea over there is that when an American business man closes the door behind him of a morning he is really going over the top, and that whenever the telephone rings during the day, the wife trembles so that she can hardly get to it.

Third: Divorce. The idea over there is that Americans take marriage little more seriously than they would house hunting. One of the popular jokes by a famous vaudeville team in London is this:

'Arry: Did you hear about Alf? He's been married three times.

'Arriet: My word! Three times?

'Arry: Yes, twice in earnest and once in America.

Fourth: Movie star news. Europe has a real interest in our movie stars from seeing them so constantly on the screen, and gobbles up anything about that world; and so if a Hollywood extra figures in the day's news it is played up as the startling doings of another cinema actress, and people who never heard of her before, nor will ever hear of her again, think she's typical of our movie queens.

Fifth: Our material prosperity. That is a tune played day after day. And it does little to warm a welcome for us.

There is little news in European papers of our political and diplomatic life, little about our science, or medicine, or discoveries, or what we are thinking, or reading, or saying; as a result, the popular idea of an American is a grotesque *nouveau riche* who is running wild.

The news they get of us is not so much inaccurate as it is wrongly stressed; they see only one side of the picture, and as a result what they read doesn't tend to endear us to their hearts. From an editorial standpoint their editorialists have a theme that is inexhaustible; it is that we have the money of the world, that we are grinding them down, and that we stubbornly resist what any clear-headed person would see at a glance—that we should cancel their indebtedness. If the editorial writers of Europe had to give up that subject and not write a line about it for a year, the repression could only result in disaster. I shudder at the holocaust.

This is what England thinks of us: They like us as individuals, but they don't think much of us as a nation.

We are a country cousin who has struck ile and is swaggering all over the drawing-room.

The United States is steadily forging ahead to an inevitable challenge to British industrial and commercial supremacy and the feeling in England is that we have already all the money and are going to have still more. And also at the same time they have to pay off their debts, and with the money they are paying us we are carrying off their Old Masters and their Sixteenth Century fireplaces. If England wants to raise money to buy a famous relic or historical building, which it hasn't paid much attention to for some time, all that the people behind the movement have to do is to say that a rich American is trying to buy it to carry it off to the United States, and presto-change-oh! The money is raised. It never fails.

And still the debt-paying to the rich Americans must go on. This in effect is the way the London *Times* puts it:

"We are paying you our debts; don't ask us to like it."

This, boiled down, is England's point of view on the debt situation:

1. We didn't borrow the money from you Americans for ourselves, but for our allies.

2. Other countries owe us more than we owe you: we offered to cancel all debts, but you wouldn't listen.

3. You treat other countries more generously than you do us.

4. We treat the countries who owe us money better than you do us. It's not sporting, doncha know.

But with all that, 1926 found England our best friend in Europe. Cousins are notably jealous and fault-finding, but if it came to a scratch, England would do more to help us than any other country in the world.

Here is what France thinks of us: 1926 found Ameri-

cans more unpopular in France than in any other country in Europe. They thought a lot more of us in 1925 than they did in 1926, and *beaucoup* more of us in 1917 than in 1925. The reason for the recent change is very simple. The Frenchman is a thrifty soul; at the bottom of his heart he loves money more than any other person in Europe, and he has got more stirred up over the debt settlement than any of the European countries owing us money. My opinion is that if we suddenly rubbed the slate clean, France would kiss us on both cheeks and invite us for a week-end—which would make an historical occasion for a Frenchman.

This is what Germany thinks of us: We were more popular in Germany during 1926 than in any other country in Europe. When a person signed the register in a German hotel and they saw U. S. written after his name, they went out of their way to be nice to him. One reason is that Germany never bore us any deep war grudge; it never really took our entry into the war seriously; and practically speaking it has forgotten that we were ever in it. It also remembers that the American Expeditionary Forces were friendly and the least demanding of any they had to deal with. Also the German is a good business man; he can forget the late unpleasantness if it will help business along. He knows that he owes us money on account of the war, but he knows also that our bill was the mildest of any that came in after the operation.

Here is the way Italy feels about us: Italy had two minds about us last year. She looked upon us as driving a hard bargain, and also she didn't care for our attitude about Italian emigration; once we had been so generous toward her straying sons, but now we have slammed the door in their faces. But on the other hand, we received

with acclaim their great national hero, Mussolini. As long as we took him to our hearts, almost anything else could be forgiven.

Rumania: Rumania came on the scene in 1926 and was all enthusiasm for America. Why, the Queen was a better commercial traveler than the Prince of Wales. The managers of the royal court were astonished by the number of automobiles, platinum watches and egg-beaters that the Queen brought back. America, on the other hand, watched the old year out and the new one in, with its ear to the telephone wondering if it would get a call about a bond issue.

The Balkans: What's the chance of getting a loan?

Turkey: Why didn't you ratify the Lausanne Treaty?

I must close. I wish, now that I have got down to the heat of the article, that I had not stopped to put in the anecdote about the two women and had saved the space for something important. But still a person must be conventional. . . . How much better it would have been to have spent the space on the Geneva Conference, or something that way. Any good historian would have done so. Here, however, is something that I would draw attention to:

No tabloid for 1926 would be complete without recording among the outstanding events of the year the sudden death of a prominent London citizen known to thousands of traveling Americans. I refer to the demise of Polly, the famous parrot of the Cheshire Cheese Chop House, who passed quietly away in the forty-second year of her life. The cause of her death was overwork. Polly, this resident of the Strand, was famous by reason of her ability to pull corks and to squawk out "Scotch" at regular intervals. On Armistice Night she pulled 400 corks without

stopping and then fainted. The year 1927 will not be the same, so far as American tourists are concerned. It is said that the famous hostelry is not to have another one.

How different it would be in America! We would not sit down and mourn the past—instead we would get a new one and advertise a bigger and better Polly and establish a chain of swearing, cork-pulling parrots from New York to San Francisco. Thus, in little things, great national differences may be brought out.

IN THE NAME OF ART *

by Muriel Draper

THE artist is able to create forms of geometric design, mathematical law and emotional purpose. These forms can be seen, understood and felt. Their application to use is dependent upon the need of the individual.

Believing that this ability to create is a conscious process based on an artificial uniqueness, as opposed to accidents of nature, I select as artists in America to-day those whose accomplishments seem to coincide with this belief. They are the engineers, architects, painters, sculptors and a group of unclassified individuals. Let us consider them.

ENGINEERS CAN

The engineers, mechanics and chemists of America give a show of power every year. In 1926 they used four floors of the Grand Central Palace in New York for their show. There were bleeding turbines, armature spiders, steam glass traps and multi-whirl baffles. There were balanced seatless blow-off valves, regular everlasting valves with a straight-through blow and flat suspended arches. Extruded shapes and die-pressed parts, expanding lathes and forged steel headers were shown, as well as wing scruplex fans and a diamond-valve-in-head.

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Here were objects beautiful in shape, balanced proportions, clean surfaces, delicate symmetry of design and controlled strength.

All these qualities are in daily use in America in building the machinery of power.

The engineer has to meet the challenge of changing conditions that govern building. He is meeting it on terms that can be translated into art. Though accustomed to dealing with merely sterile necessities, his progression to more fertile possibilities could produce a beauty not extraneous to the nature of power-design, but inevitably bound up with it. From the consideration of such problems as lifting loads, sinking weights, seducing the air, and cajoling the earth into industrial docility to those of laying foundations, enclosing space, lighting, airing, heating and cooling it for the greater enjoyment and more perfect use of human beings, is an experiment involving a psychological effort rather than technical. Industry and finance are ogres that haunt our present civilization; pursued by time, which has destroyed mankind in every civilization, they have ridden the engineer too hard to permit of the experiment. But, on the sole basis of adjusting conditions and environment and the needs and purposes of these ogres, let us review in part his achievement.

All of us are familiar with the daring adequacy of factories, skyscrapers, grain-elevators, gas-tanks and bridges. The engineer builds heating plants, cooling towers, pulverizers and filters and gas and electric power stations. They are concise, appropriate, serene and secure. He encloses space in massed heights and over vast areas on a scale of feudal splendor. It is conceivable that this scale can be adapted to individual needs and re-

lated to human pleasure. The annual Show brings increasing evidence of this. Let us survey the evidence.

A working model of an orifice-meter presents an idea for the decoration of a room. It gives us glass moldings and pilasters that put to shame the corrupt fantasies of Lalique, the only "artist" who uses glass extensively in interior architecture. A tube of transparent glass approximately eight inches in diameter is placed on the floor at the base of a white wall. Three feet above this another tube of the same glass, about 6½" in diameter, runs parallel to it on the wall. Both these tubes are filled with water of clearest emerald green, flowing quietly and smoothly through, with just enough motion to prove itself liquid. The wall itself is divided by groups of seven slender glass tubes bound together in three places by narrow bands of gleaming nickel and reaching from floor to ceiling. These smaller tubes contain pure uncolored water, bubbling up to a differently graded height in each tube. Both horizontal and vertical tubes are accented by nickel seams and valves. There is a perfect balance of proportion maintained between the large translucent green horizontal tubes and the crystal clear vertical ones. Here is a general design and a use of color which suggests a room of incredible loveliness.

A vene-flo baffle is a beautifully decorative object. On a circular base of ebony-black wood, about 12" across by an inch thick, paper-thin round sheets of perforated tin, supported by nickel and copper rods, rise one above the other to a height of about 5 feet. The distance between each sheet increases from about ½" to 4" as they rise, and somewhere in the center gleams a powerful light, which shines through and between the circles of tin. An

object that gives light and is beautifully decorative could become a lamp.

A radojet air pump has elements of design eminently adaptable for legs of tables and backs of chairs. Seamless copper floats are golden pink burnished bubbles of feathering high lights, and are, quite simply, objects of art. Ball bearings, coils, valves, flexible couplings and crescent tubes are, in design, admirably convertible into motifs of detailed ornamentation for cornices, ceilings, frames of doors and windows. Ventilating apparatus and multi-blade fans, described as "dynamically balanced, self-aligning and ring oiling" (the very words form a pattern) suggest flexible and perfectly functioning schemes for regulating light and air in a room. Spur gears of steel, brass and pitch iron offer startling possibilities for textile design, which might remove the stain put upon our fabrics by corrupting fingers reaching out from Paris, Vienna and Russia. Restricted discs, the design of which "is such that chattering or groaning never takes place," are fashioned of bold curved lines and solid planes that, at the base of a capital, would insure its support.

Chemistry produces substances that could also serve as available decorative material. There is a development of phenol resins, so called, which is at present being successfully employed for such widely varying applications as battleship insulators, radio panels, accessory parts, pump valves and meter discs, railway insulation, aëroplane propellers, gears and pinions, pipe stems and cigar holders, automobile parts and ignition insulation, camera case ends, beads and necklaces, grinding wheels, billiard balls, umbrella handles, fountain-pen barrels, telephone shells, chemical alligator paddles, percolator handles,

carbon brushes, beaded design on dress goods, dash pots, armature and coil impregnation, lamp-basing cement, and, according to the promise of the catalogue, "a thousand and one other uses"! It is a transparent substance that can be colored yellow, green, and red. Walls, ceilings, and floors of jeweled transparency, columns of clear amber, solid table tops of jade, might be built with it.

Metals such as zinc, lead, aluminum, iron, tin, copper, bronze, brass, and nickel can be melted and sprayed onto any surface. Corridors paneled in copper with moldings of brass, a bronze floor patterned in nickel, and ceiling of aluminum would be exciting.

These are a scant few of the stimulating possibilities that engineering, machine design, and chemical products offer to the art of building for our living. The idea is not that human beings should live in converted gas-tanks or grain-elevators; nor is it to transport these mechanical and chemical products in their present state into the interiors of dwelling houses. The cost would be fabulous, the diversion of purpose false. The suggestion is merely this: Engineers, at the spur of necessity and within severe limitations, have created forms of geometric design, mathematical law and emotional purpose. By emotional purpose I mean agitation of feeling and mind toward a thing intended. Those individuals who see, understand, and feel could appropriate these created forms to their needs.

Ogres should not be the only things housed in beautiful logic.

CAN ARCHITECTS?

Sociologic and economic maladies threaten the life of architecture by architects. It is uncertain whether it will

recover, but the balance of health is on the side of the engineers.

Too often to-day the architect is in the position of obstructing and even concealing fine structural values behind timorously adapted surfaces. He uses needlessly borrowed ornament on the outside, and inside his building is a clutter of compromises. The field in which he can exercise his art—as he conceives his art—becomes daily more restricted. The engineer determines form and use; the architect is left sitting in a sandpile making mud pies known as piers, buttresses, entrances, and cornices that are affixed with elaborate irrelevancy to the superbly towered and pyramiding power of the engineers.

Even this small freedom of function may be withdrawn from the architect. The use of composition ornament, with its standardized design and clumsy "period" classification is becoming widespread in building on a large scale, such as hotels, apartment houses, shops, and office buildings. Composed materials, which claim all the beauties and advantages of wood and iron, plus a few important virtues all their own, are used for panels in walls, doors and ceilings, balustrades, grilles and mantelpieces. Lyric catalogues offer you:

> Moldings for cornices, ceilings and walls,
> Bands, borders, soffits and beadings,
> Grotesques, carytides, festoons and heads,
> Rosettes, center-pieces for ceilings.

Can the architect protect his activity or will he meet a multi-whirl baffle in a steam glass trap, and be devoured by armature spiders? Will the acanthus leaf be withered in the blast of a straight-through blow from the lungs of a regular everlasting valve?

The machinery used to violate the earth and prepare it for its burden is more nobly planned than the apartment-house or dwelling it produces. Plungers, derricks and shovels are patterned with harmonious simplicity that is nowhere to be found in the garlands, rosettes and violins (yes, violins) that often encumber the finished walls. The ceremony of excavation itself is a splendid spectacle eclipsing any pageantry that might take place in the completed building. That final removal of scaffolding reveals a disregard of related parts that would shame a gas-tank into explosion.

Perhaps there is a rich man who wants to live high in the air above this city, in a palace of steel and glass built upon slender steel trestles. He could fly there. No one above him, no one either side of him, and nothing below him but the convenient convolutions of plumbing. He would have to be very rich to keep the pipes from freezing, but he could go without tapestries. He would have to be very brave to keep the "realtor" at bay, but he might be without fear.

In the meanwhile here in America in this, the twentieth century, great houses are built on left-over plans from Byzantium, Greece, Italy, France, England, and Spain. Huge stations, where snappy stories, popular science, and college humor are sold in the shadow of classic porticos, are triumphs of confusion in contrast to the engines that move through them. Florentine façades of meretricious impressiveness are clapped on the outside of bank buildings; inside, and usually concealed, can be found circular chambers of polished steel with slowly swinging doors, embellished by the spare device of locks, hinges, and rivets, that are masterpieces of austere solidity. Mail chutes, fire extinguishers and hose, alarm bells

and axes in hotel corridors are oases of distinction in the desert of inappropriateness formed by Adams ceilings, linen-fold panels, and "Colonial" landscape papers. Fire-escapes that unfold in angled grace as they stalk up bare brick walls disdain steps of buttered marble and garbled "Spanish" iron-work.

There are exceptions. The notable one of 1926 is the New York Telephone Building. Ralph T. Walker, a young man who has since been made a member of the firm of McKenzie, Voorhees and Gmelin, is responsible for it. As a demonstration of mass and planes related to land-sites, it is unsurpassed. Courageous restraint has been exercised in the matter of detail, and nice judgment in the placement of doors and windows.

The new Presbyterian Hospital buildings in New York are good.

The Ritz Tower chokes a little in its hurry to get there, but it catches its breath in time.

The Parnassus built by Paramount Pictures fills its allotted space with rather more of determination than grandeur. It was a big space to fill. It is there, in any case, and viewed from certain aspects and in uncertain lights, it is effective.

The United States Rubber Company Building at Columbus Circle, New York, the Bush Building on Forty-second Street, the Shelton on Lexington Avenue, and the American Radiator Building on Fortieth Street are the dauntless achievements of just previous years.

Some Childs restaurants are good. Windows large enough to make one wall of glass light the long white-tiled room behind them. On altars of gleaming nickel, raised in honor of the exalted pancake, rites are celebrated with black iron griddles. Thickly-flowing white

stuff is poured by the novices from a silver urn and formed into magic circles for the worshipers to eat. Glistening cooking contrivances are ranged along one wall, where, aided by swiftly moving boxes from below, food is prepared and served over splendid counters of glass and nickel plate. Tables round and square, resting on small balls of brass, fill the room with unified variety. But other Childs restaurants show treacherous trends. Blocks of fabricated stone are substituted for white tiles, bronzed and gilded "stock" ornament (any period you want) fret the eyes and cut-glass bowls of composed fruit await burial on slabs of black marble. "Good taste" is rampant.

The architect responsible for this may escape from these fatal influences, if a miniature cigarette factory he is building in New York is an indication of his real tendencies. His name, by the way, is William Van Alen. The shop is on the street floor of a brick building on the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Broadway, and is of limestone, one story high. At first sight it seems entirely built of three huge oval windows; the center one rounding off the corner in a plate-glass curve. All three windows are set in deep frames of blue tiles. The doors are tucked in at the further end of each side window and are successfully framed in bronze. Less successful are the over-door decorations of the same material, with an Indian head used as a nucleus. The name of the brand of cigarette is written three times, once over each window, in simple block letters of electric light.

But all this is not as good as the boxes and packages that contain the cigarettes. Each is so fashioned as to be superlatively convenient to handle, an important feature to begin with in any object to be carried! The

paper packages of twenty, the flat tin boxes holding fifty and the cylindrical tins of one hundred are of satisfying proportions and irreducible simplicity. The balance of color—green, crimson, gold, and black—is perfectly maintained in the spacing, decoration, and lettering. The best example of these combined virtues is to be found in the flat pocket-size tins of fifty. Elegant in shape, it is unburdened by detail other than hinges that open and close it. On the cover the solid crimson circle framed in narrow bands of gold, utters the essential words in black lucidity, and then sinks into deep-green calm. Again the words appear, but under the crimson circle this time, and shaped to support it. They are of gold, and gold, striped with a fine red line, edges the box. The only weak point is the recurrence of that Indian head, but it is modestly and judiciously placed inside the cover, a surreptitious sop to history. Five hundred years hence, if you reach the Museum too late to see the remains of the gas temples and bridge spans you came to see, you might wander reluctantly into the wing where small objects for ornament and use are preserved, and seeing this box, feel delight that even so common a commodity as tobacco had been so felicitously contained. It is reported that George Hill, President of the American Tobacco Company, designed the box. He did a good job.

SOME PAINTERS CAN

Of American painters whose work has been seen recently in New York, some few are of interest and significance. Robert Chanler is painting portraits in oils that are of demonic psychological intuition. They were shown at the exhibition of the Tri-National Art given

in the Wildenstein Galleries and later in the season at the Grand Central Galleries. The elaborate fantasy, romantic composition and ingeniously superimposed glazes of his screens are nowhere to be found in these portraits. Technical values are brilliantly ignored in the rush to record the impression received before it fades; and though there is carelessness in his laying on of paint and laziness in his differentiation of planes, there is a kind of haphazard subtlety and emotional honesty undeniably to be felt in his work.

Eugene Speicher's portraits are quite the reverse. They show careful selection of material, studiously observed color values and mastery in the actual process of mixing and using oil paint. Women, their flesh, their clothes, their moods and gestures, are his happiest choice of subject. It is beautifully coherent work. Bourgeois, that loyal shepherd of the American painting flock, gave him a one-man show at his galleries.

The paintings of Louis Eilshemius were shown again at the Dudensing Galleries this time—and in spite of his prolific output, the promise of his earlier work is fulfilled, and the integrity of later periods maintained. The canvases show a fluent handling of light and shade, a nice instinct for composition and a tender sensitivity to rhythm that raises them above the level of such faults as are occasioned by the wavering chaos of his painting. It is prose, not poetry.

There is a doctor of medicine and X-ray specialist who is on the staff of a hospital on Staten Island. He works there every day. He comes home every night and paints. It is astounding stuff. His training in the diagnosis of physical states gives him an accuracy of seeing that produces its own technique. His intensity of feeling invades

every body, every bare or blossoming tree, every hill and valley he puts on canvas. He is completely ignorant of any known principle of perspective, planes, and color, as applied to painting. This excludes the danger of his experimenting with any method save that of directly painting what his trained seeing and profound feeling shows him. Naïve in the sense that he is not flexible in the management of technical difficulties, it is his impassioned persistence that plows through them until he has cleared the way. Then he proceeds to fill his canvas with what he wants to put there. He has painted a full-length portrait of a woman in a blue dress standing between red curtains that is a courageous achievement. A portrait of his mother is a history of a woman used by youth, marriage, birth and work. Peach trees are running full-bloom down a hill in another. There is weakness and awkwardness in his work, but he is a painter not to be dismissed. His name is Dr. Stan.

Joseph Stella is a delight. Born in Naples but trained in America, we must be allowed to claim him. His painting of a rose is a beautifully ordered trip through the gardens of the earth and under the sea, with a passing glimpse of a Persian and Neapolitan Paradise. The pinks, blues, golds, and whites he uses are fresh as those that adorn the carved wooden Madonnas of gay benignity to be found in the churches of his native city. His lyre bird, with one feather chord snapped in ecstasy, stands in romantic isolation on the golden sands of time. This 1926 work is in startling contrast to the earlier "New York" series of panels on the themes of Brooklyn Bridge, subway entrances and exits, docks, skyscrapers, automobiles and gas-tanks.

Maurice Sterne pursues his powerful way. His draw-

ing is swift and sure. The quality of his color is rich. He knows the lines of the human body. With poignant calm he can paint a girl dreaming on the ground or a woman standing awake in a doorway. His still-life of a carafe of water and a bowl of eggs on a table covered by a white cloth is one of the good paintings this country has produced. It is now in a private collection. No American collector should ignore him.

The small, tight, concentrated landscapes of Emil Branchard are interesting. Snow-covered fields are confined within the boundaries of wicked little black picket fences, or cut by slowly freezing streams. Bent black and white trees are rooted into sterile earth. The last year he wandered out of these scenes and found an opalescent, opulent lady lying by the side of an almost flowing stream and painted her. He did it well.

Mark Tobey is an artist of such scope and versatility that it is difficult to put one's finger on the touchstone of his work. Crayon sketches, portraits in oil and water color, caricatures carved in wood—chalked in pastel, or drawn in colored inks, friezes of nudes on a stray piece of linen, exotic fruits and flowers in water color on wrapping paper and occasional modelings in clay are a few of the forms he works in. His power of focusing on the painting of one flower until it holds the universe and then, the next minute, or, to put it more accurately, the next painting, putting this flower in the buttonhole of a crazed wastrel, makes him one of the most important. An anonymous exhibition of all his works might defeat the most astute of critics.

Marsden Hartley's work is discouraging of late, but he is too good an artist to despair. He will recover from the turgid painting of wet green paper trees growing on slabs

of red hillsides in an airless world, and recapture the vigor, delicacy, and fresh blaze of his earlier work.

Thomas Benton, born in Missouri, has made studies of men and women which he calls simply "New-England." They show a comprehension of that exotic flower withered by bad food, cold weather, and fear, that is as sensitive in feeling as it is dexterous in execution. His technique is direct and graceful. He is experimenting with the problem of wall panels composed of scenes dating from early American history, up to the current history of the Island of Manhattan. It is an ungrateful task. Some earlier work of this kind, though composed with a flowing rhythm, was crowded with figures that were dangerously soft and oiled.

Mr. Hellman has vouchsafed us the agreeable "discovery" of a painter who calls himself Clivette. He is a man of seventy who has run the gamut of many vocations, including those of acrobat, magician, showman and agent provocateur in the Far East. Now he paints, bringing the accumulation of experience thus gained to bear on his canvases with a pyrotechnical virtuosity that, in spite of glaring tricks, impatience, and blatant cheating, is thrilling. Gold fish turn somersaults and jump through hoops of rushing water under the sea. Horses gallop breathlessly through air dragging a blizzard after them. A jewfish that is clothed in a brilliant mosaic of yellows and greens and blacks centered on blue, swims to the surface. Seas sweep in from beyond the horizon. Clivette has enough dynamite force to take technical risks on the run and turn up on the other side with some inexplicably successful effect of light. He enjoys painting and can communicate his enjoyment. That is something.

Abram Poole, as a departure from the dignified por-

traits of impeccable style and clean, sharp-edged color with which he is identified, has turned out a set of architectural wall panels that have definite decorative value. Clarity, honesty, understanding of paint and command of perspective are characteristics that distinguish his work.

The work of H. E. Schnakenberg is changing. The errant charm of his earlier work is departing, as he goes deeper into the formation of rocks, movement of water, and weight of leaves. The immediacy of water color is particularly suited to the specific nervous system of the American who is impelled to convey his or her impressions of living through the medium of painting. Elsie Driggs uses it, and conveys autumn by the deft swirling of three dead brown leaves in a dusty vortex of wind. Preston Dickinson can hew out sculptured heads, figures in forceful motion, and overpowering factory buildings with it. Birchfield's clouds open and deluge the earth, shatter the trees, and drown the houses that compose one of his finest water-colors. E. E. Cummings' water colors are interesting psychological documents. Technically weak, they are powerful negations of his poetry. He attempted to solve a fascinating problem of perspective, however, in his oil painting shown at the Society of Independent Artists, called "Aerial Acrobatics."

In Robert Locher we have that rare thing, a painter who conceives his work as primarily decorative and to be incorporated as such in the building of a room. He painted the walls of a small hall with scenes taken from contemporary life in the year 1926, against a background of tufted royal blue satin, and it is a gay and lovely thing. Ladies and gentlemen of our time are depicted in the lively performance of familiar antics, from Charlestoning

to cocktail-drinking. Subtle color sense, unerring taste, and security of execution, are at the beck and call of his fantasies and give it full play.

The mural paintings of Claggett Wilson are decorative compositions of brilliant color. With Gardner Hale, who really understands how to fresco walls, he has done much to break down the grudging reluctance to use walls as decorative surfaces.

There are many others. Rockwell Kent adds yearly to his collection of postage stamps. Georgie O'Keefe pursues her sensuous surgery with passionless penetration. Bruce is founding a new Hudson River School with none of the delightful importance and elaborate sentiment which invaded the original.

Charles Demuth is in a class by himself. Breathless white calla lilies, jaunty dancing sailors, portrait posters of fellow artists, puffing Paris river-boats and serene still-lifes are all painting to his brush. Uncanny flexibility of technique, penetrating emotional insight and sudden poignant flashes of things unknown, are qualities that do not strain the delicate medium he works in, but are perfectly suited to it.

John Marin uses water color like magic. You smell the earth under foot, feel the sea under the boat and hear the wind in the sails. His color, as well as subject, is subservient to this process. His effects are achieved through what he rejects as well as what is there; they are swift, controlled and surprisingly powerful.

There are sculptors too. Mahonri Young brings on his cowboys, Maurice Sterne his Indian heads, Paul Bartlett produces his inevitable torso, and Jo Davidson does busts and more busts. Paul Manship's figures are embalmed with decorative style and Hunt Deidrich's

gazelles leap on. Eugenie Shonnard models cats and rabbits patiently and with admirable force: she has evolved some really good patines. Malvina Hoffman makes a sensitive portrait bust of Paderewski. The loss of C. C. Rumsey becomes increasingly regrettable.

But there is one man who lives and sculps in New York. He is Gaston La Chaise. He controls form with perfect fluency and power. He models a massively misshapen woman whose body is still a witness of the slight young girl it was; and bears within the evidence of distortions yet to come. Flying birds bring with them the waters and the earth passed in their flight. He makes adventurous use of material. The fresh wet gleam of nickel is right for the growing body it molds. Only brass is beautiful enough for penguins.

Many painters, many canvases, some sculpture, much activity. It is the fashion to paint, to discuss painting, and to buy pictures. Is it American painting in any definitive way? Is it in any sense a "manupict" of now? One perceives intelligently and cleverly applied methods of painting. One feels a sensitive skin excitability which is not vitality; indeed it is often the reverse. One knows there is eagerness and unquestionably there is occasional power.

OTHERS WHO CAN

Every year, somebody is responsible for the posters that exhort the American public to join in celebrating the great ritual of the Circus. Those of 1926 were particularly good. Sleek black curves and fan fins of seals pyramided into the climax of a red and blue striped ball balanced on the tip of a whiskered nose. Sad bears wheeled plaintively about on alien roller skates. Ele-

phants, their eyes folded in wisdom, waited calmly for men to die. Each motion that a clown can feel was spread on one of his fine white masks, and beginning far away at the edge of the Poster (which is very far away, indeed), these converged in closely packed ranks to his final face in the center. Regally coiffed and jeweled ladies, closely bound in pink and yellow tights, hung languorously from flying bars chained in air. Beautifully plotted enticements to maintain the faith, until the big white doors should open, and disgorge the first glittering cavalcade!

Mastery of lighting the exterior of building by electricity has been attained. At night, architectural weaknesses recede and strengths emerge in this subtly graded luminosity. It is the crowning touch on the Telephone Building. It gives the gold trimming of the American Radiator Building its due importance. The splendid isolation of the Shelton is enhanced by it; and the Bush Tower, one of the first to be so served, reaches heights impossible to touch in daylight. Even the Squibbs Products plant in Brooklyn, pitifully insignificant by day, becomes a red, green, and white incandescent Valhalla when seen under the middle span of the Brooklyn Bridge at night. Mr. Nitardi, superintendent of the Laboratory there, felt "there should be some lighting of the tower; and furnished some." But it was an electrician of the Federal Electric Company of Chicago who gave it the naïve colored romance it now enjoys.

There are unbridgeable distances between these electricians and those malevolent demons who invent fantastically complicated little objects, such as the "Kitchen Aid" which beats eggs, grinds coffee, chips ice, chops meat, freezes ice cream; mixes cake, bread, pie crust; mashes potatoes, grates cheese, slices fruit and whips cream and

mayonnaise. All this beating, grinding, chopping, and slicing is "for the home." This neat and tidy little home could be fitted out with every diabolical electric device on the market, and become quite conceivably a lodging somewhere in Hell. Magi-coal, floor lamp, electric clock and cigar lighter, for the living-room! In the dining-room, an automatic Toast-Master could make toast in cold silence, and snap it burning hot onto your plate of vitrified china, with sullen indifferent regularity.

This chapter should not end without mention of Woolworth's windows. In midsummer they show tooth-brushes of radiant hue arrayed in balanced patterns against piled towers of white towels, topped by castellated walls of bathing-caps and sponges. At the end of the year the candy-pink and sky-blue coat-hangers, the pyramided piles of glistening balls, the flocks of fluttering folded handkerchiefs and tremblingly balanced groups of iridescent glass, are thrilling. At all times, here is authentic use of form, composition and color.

Does the district of art in America, then, lie somewhere between the engineer and the dresser of Woolworth's window?

GETTING RICHER QUICK TO-DAY

by Arthur Somers Roche

SOME thirty odd years ago, when lady "scorchers" shocked the community by wearing knickerbockers, when legs were limbs, and knees were something you didn't mention, and I had hair upon my head, I asked my father if he were rich.

He smiled indulgently at me. "Don't you know, Arthur, that authors are never rich?"

I didn't know it then, but I do now. Next to the fact that my golf game has slipped, and I cannot master the crawl, my inability to gain wealth is my greatest tragedy.

What boots it that twenty million demand my autograph, and that women follow me around hypnotized? These are minor triumphs, achievable by any movie actor.

I want dough. I want people to point me out and say, "There goes the rich Mr. Roche."

Not for the mere possession of money do I have this craving. It's for the things that go with money. I want to be vulgar without rebuke; I want to be ostentatious without calling forth sneers; I want to be rude and insulting to people whose bank account is a cipher less than my own.

God, how I envy the rich! Every time I see a millionaire my heart grows heavy with jealousy. If I had his roll I could be blackmailed, figure in the scandal

sheets on Sunday, and dine with the dull seven nights a week.

The rich fascinate me. Down here at Palm Beach, where I write these engrossing lines, I have plenty of opportunity to watch the rich. I scrape acquaintance with them in any possible way.

If a rich matron is acquiring a hip tan on the beach, I stumble over her. When she bawls me out in moneyed tones, I go over to my wife and tell her of the incident. Whereupon the little woman, who's as daffy over dough as I am, dances up to the offended matron and apologizes for me.

"I don't blame you a mite for telling that big sucker where he heads in," my wife will say prettily. "Honest to God, what I put up with from that big bum is plenty plus. Ain't men terrible? I suppose you divorced that big tramp of a husband of yours because he was left-footed, too?"

Well, one things leads to another, and you'd be surprised to hear the Missus talk next day about the charming conversation she had on the beach with Mrs. Gilt.

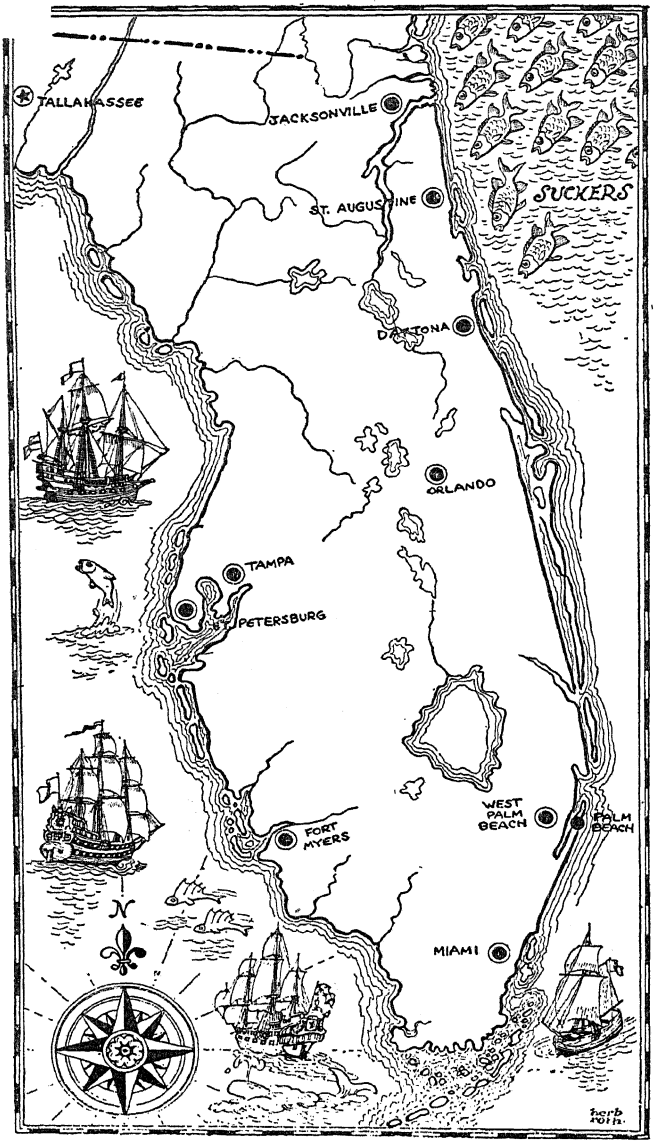
In this and other ways, we have a bowing acquaintance with a lot of rich people. We bow and they duck. And the more we see of them, the more ambitious we are to knock ourselves off a chunk of change.

That's why I decided to take my dollar and run it into a bank roll.

And the words of my father ring portentously in my ears. After many trials I have learned that an author cannot be rich. Not this author, anyway. Unless some shrewd business man, reading this, will hire me as a capper for his play.

Do you know what caused the big stock boom that

Roth, in *Life*



TREASURE ISLAND

This Cartoon May Help to Keep Arthur Somers Roche Out of Florida for Some Time to Come

began the day after election in 1924? I'll tell you. I became a bear. The minute I sold, every stock on the list thumbed its nose at me, and went dancing up to a record high price. When, ten or fifteen thousand in the red ink, I decided to buy, every single stock took off its clothes and went diving to the bottom. I wish some Wall Street manipulator would digest this statement and put me on the payroll. Let him copper my play, and he'll engage Jesse Livermore as pantry-man.

The big boom has collapsed in Florida. Last year's millionaires are fighting bitterly with each other over the important matter of which one of them is to have the concession for pressing my clothes. Subdivision owners have sold the Rolls and want to be my chauffeur. Women who bet five thousand at chemin de fer last year, squawk at penny-a-point bridge now. Tradesmen who were too busy making quick turnovers in Lake Okeechobee acreage, last year, to deliver the milk, are no longer too proud to turn on the hose and make two quarts grow where only one had been before.

In 1925, when a fighter over in the West Palm Beach arena would go to his corner between rounds, the unintelligent thought that his seconds were giving him advice. Nothing of the sort; they were pointing out to him that he would be the biggest sap on earth if he didn't soak his end of the purse in a lot at Coral Gables. When a pugilist was knocked down the referee didn't count ten over him; he told him that his option on a bit of Sanford property would expire if he didn't get up.

And it's all over. Pugilists battle earnestly, with no thought save keeping the chin out of trouble, and of spending the purse for living-expenses. A dollar in Florida is as safe to-day as a beautiful girl who has been

wrecked on a desert island with forty-five sailors. I honestly believe that a hundred dollars in real cash would buy most of the state.

And in my sinister way I secretly chuckle when I hear people discussing the causes of the great collapse. The public was saturated with lots. Economic conditions could not stand the diversion of so much money to Florida; the rest of the country united in a vicious propaganda to undermine the stability of Florida. These, and a thousand other stupid reasons are advanced earnestly.

And I'm the man who busted the boom. Yes, sir, I took the whole State of Florida, tipped it over and dropped the suckers into the Gulf Stream. You see, I began investing in Florida. And the minute I soak a nickel into anything she's gone, Sisters of Mercy, she's gone.

I'm no loathsome bargain hunter. When I buy it's at the very top, and when I sell, it's at the very bottom. I took advantage of the exigencies of no widow or orphan. If a lot sold at five thousand dollars, I bought the one next to it at seven. Right at the crest of the boom I began investing. And when the washout came, I was the bedraggled boob who first stalled the grocer.

All that was necessary to deflate the boom was to have me puncture it with a hundred-dollar binder. The rest of the country, in its gratitude for the money that remains at home, could well afford to pension me for life. Take care, California, I may buy a lot at Pebble Beach or Burbank, and stop your industrial progress for a decade.

I am totally unfitted for business. I married a girl from Arkansas, and the rice crop hasn't been normal since. Somebody suspects I own a few acres, and the blight won't lift.

If I buy a new automobile, the manufacturers knock three hundred and eighty dollars off the price the next week. If I fail to buy one car, the price goes up two days later. I was born in reverse gear, when it comes to matters financial. The honest ambition to be a plutocrat will never be fulfilled. At times, in dark despair, I am reduced to the horrible thought that maybe I'll have to save up if I ever wish to own a competence.

But if I do that, some one will rob the bank in which the life savings are stored. I know perfectly well that an insurance company in which I took out a very heavy policy last summer will fail next March. But if I sell its stock short, the company will survive, and I can't take a chance like that.

I remember distinctly my first venture into the stock market. I was playing roulette and losing happily, when a broker friend of mine called me from the table.

"Arthur," he said pityingly, "how can you be such a sap as to go against a game with a percentage of five and five-nineteenths against you? Now, you just write me out a check and I'll make you rich in the stock market." He had been a successful manipulator of the market up to that moment, but the minute my hoodoo cash joined his, the boy became a poorer guesser at the market than I am at hazard. He made me rich in experience, and perhaps got wealthy in the same way.

I'm going to stick to roulette and bridge and poker and "shimmy." I know that the percentage is against me, but at least I can see the money go. I don't sign any documents. And my friend, Bill Mizner, says that it's a sign of approaching senility when a man picks up a fountain-pen. I plank my money right in the center of the double o, conservatively sprinkling a few safeguarding chips on

the single 0 and 2. Then I let the dealer spin the little ball, and lean back contentedly, in the full consciousness that the best of my intellect has been applied to the investment of this surplus cash.

Lose? Of course, I lose, but at least I get a little excitement out of it, and the other players don't look at me and say, "You caused the hurricane."

THE YEAR'S READING

by Harry Hansen

IN the world of books we see the year 1926 as exceptionally productive without bringing to the light of day any new and far-reaching influence, or disclosing a writer with a revolutionary form or message. On the whole 1926 brought a consolidation of the gains made for realism and irony in the last eight years since the war; it revealed the young writers of the last decade writing with a surer grasp; it disclosed the older giants, now approaching the age of sixty or going beyond, repeating their gospel with no important emendations.

Romance is dead, save in those stories to which the active American mind turns in leisure hours, and here it is closely associated with everyday activities and ambitions. Where the more serious novelists are engaged in cutting through to the essentials of character and endeavoring to explain conduct and behavior in terms of psychology, the lighter writers are depicting personality, and making capital of the national craving for what the advertising world calls "quality," "distinction" and "exclusiveness," all an indication of an attempt to rise above the dead level of mediocrity, and to buy more than material things with newly-acquired wealth. In more intellectual fields there is a well-marked desire to view affairs in the unemotional light of actuality, to inquire into the reasons for beliefs, manners and morals. The Great War

and the subsequent disappointments of the Peace no doubt did much to bring this about.

Furthermore, 1926 revealed the continued interest of the layman in subjects of science, religion and human conduct, and the willingness of experts to drop their terminology and "talk down" to the crowd. The curiosity of the age turns from human beings, depicted in biography, to ideas, revealed in the numerous books on psychology, religion and philosophy now enjoying a vogue. A nation made up of many different strata of readers considers at the same time such widely divergent works as "The Outline of Natural History," edited by J. Arthur Thomson, and Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West," in translation; it finds to its liking the personalia and philosophy interpreted anew in "The Story of Philosophy," by Will Durant, and the discussion of social conventions in "The Book of Marriage," edited by Count Hermann von Keyserling.

Thus, while much technical information trickles down to a vast public, and books are closely allied to actuality, poetry, always a forerunner, rests on its arms. In such an age of illumination poetry is given over to revaluations; prose is principally concerned with actualities and irony is frequently used against established conventions that have become outmoded and outworn.

Such generalization is, of course, open to reservation, for not all books may be thought of in association with their age. An alert and individual mind may at any time project a book that may launch a thousand ships. Those writing in the Nineties could hardly have believed that Stephen Crane, an erratic newcomer, would in our day be thought a pathfinder, despite the fact that William Dean Howells recognized his qualities. We can merely judge

1926 superficially, as it appears from a vantage point not far above the ground. It will be fortunate if we can record the events of the year accurately, without endeavoring to make them support any of our theories.

In this connection the reader may turn with profit to the essays on American Literature contributed to the new thirteenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, issued in 1926. An orderly and commonsense résumé of the last decade comes from the pen of Henry Seidel Canby and should be considered together with his article, "In Time of Confusion," in *Harper's Magazine* for August. Others contributing to the Britannica included Carl van Doren, Robert Morss Lovett, Louis Untermeyer, H. L. Mencken and W. E. B. DuBois, principally on subjects related to American literature. American contributors on other subjects are numerous.

The wide critical recognition accorded Theodore Dreiser with the publication of his novel, "An American Tragedy," at the outset of the year, pointed to the complete reversal of literary standards in America since 1912. Dreiser had not changed since the years when his novels were damned for being outspoken, but his age had caught up with him. So many obstacles to free expression had been overcome that his book seemed hardly out of the normal routine, especially when his story was compared with the continuous narratives of murder and other criminal processes in the newspapers. It even projected a certain sense of moral values, sufficient for it to be characterized as a tract—a point of view that the modern theory of writing as expression distinctly rejected. Mr. Dreiser pointed out later that if his book possessed moral values it was only because life, which he had tried to report realistically, possessed a moral trend. When "An

American Tragedy" was converted to a play by Patrick Kearney it was found to contain highly melodramatic incidents, and stripped of the author's descriptive passages it became a "thriller." The victory of Dreiser as an artist was also the victory of H. L. Mencken, who had battled for the recognition of Dreiser in the days when this was still regarded as a social mistake. Another outstanding figure in the world of realistic literature, closely akin to journalism, is Sinclair Lewis, but his 1926 offering, "Mantrap," was off the main line of his attack.

Sherwood Anderson published two books during 1926 and various magazine articles in *Vanity Fair* and the *American Mercury*. "Sherwood Anderson's Notebook" early in the year was a collection of fugitive papers and marginalia. "Tar, A Midwest Childhood," was an appealing story of boy life, largely psychological, written with restraint and drawn from his own youth, thereby reminiscent of passages in "A Story Teller's Story." The reception accorded these books showed that, like Dreiser, Anderson has become one of the peaks in the modern literary scene, thereby running the risk of being "fashionable." His articles in *Vanity Fair* did nothing to enhance his reputation, but "Tar" and "Death in the Woods" in the *American Mercury* (taken from "Tar") revived faith in his artistic integrity. Jim Tully, also deeply interested in the American scene, published "Jarnegan," and another novel by E. R. Eddison, "Styrbiron the Strong," similar in character to "The Worm Ouroboros," was also launched. James Branch Cabell, who sponsored Eddison before the American public, added to his shelf, "The Silver Stallion," which some thought comparable in style to "Jurgen." His "Music

From Behind the Moon" was published in a limited edition.

In the last twelve years Joseph Hergesheimer has won a large and loyal following by his determined efforts to take his task seriously. It pays him the compliment of judging his work more critically than it would that of a mere entertainer. "Tampico," published in 1926, was his ninth full-length novel since "The Lay Anthony" quietly slipped into notice in 1914. It was first printed serially. Mr. Hergesheimer has written four books of shorter stories, one of travel, and two of informal autobiography. Certain articles on American life and furniture have not yet been placed between book covers, including various articles and short stories written during the year for the *Saturday Evening Post.* In 1926 one of the books of autobiography, "From an Old House," which had been issued the year before in a limited large paper edition, was made available in a less expensive form. These delightful essays, consisting of a discussion of Mr. Hergesheimer's adventures in life and writing, are woven around the story of the rebuilding and furnishing of his stone house in West Chester, Pa. In "Tampico" Mr. Hergesheimer turned to the Mexican oil fields for background, and to predatory American businessmen for characters. Although always drawn to tropical scenes, the author made very little of their coloring in his novel. In Govett Bradier he depicted a man who had dominated his calling through middle-age, and now, when about to collapse, came to seize the wife of a colleague as his legitimate prey. The familiar note of frustration and defeat entered into the novel and Bradier became another example of the man whose passion is spent. The book paints a distressing picture of American commercial expansion,

no doubt true to actuality. There was rich melodrama in "Tampico," but after "Balisand" it seemed weak. It stands closer to "Cytherea" than any other of Mr. Hergesheimer's recent novels.

Carl van Vechten's fifth novel, "Nigger Heaven," was a departure from this author's light and fragile stories of sophisticated moderns. Although sacrificing not one whit in sophistication the author tried seriously to give a picture of negro and white life in Harlem, on Manhattan, said to be the largest negro community in the world. Three or four characters were brought into sharp relief through the medium of a style that is richly selective. These were the negro flâneur who lives off women, the educated young negro who discovers himself a sort of social misfit and is still swayed by elemental passions, the forceful woman who masters men through their emotions and loves without restraint, and the shrinking, gentle girl who finds her opening in library work and is blown about, a pitiful figure. Certain passages are highly melodramatic and the author does not always get behind externals. But his realism, even when accentuated, placed on record an important phase of changing America.

Carl van Doren added to his short stories and criticism a novel, "The Ninth Wave"; Paul Kimball arrived with "Mrs. Merivale," winning the prize offered by E. J. Clode; Ruth Suckow wrote "Iowa Interiors"; Floyd Dell wrote "Love in Greenwich Village" and "An Old Man's Folly"; echoes of the war survived in "Chevrons" by Leonard Nason and "Fix Bayonets!" by John W. Thomason, Jr., and in the publication of "Three American Plays" by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson a play that has greatly influenced the stage and the motion picture—"What Price Glory?"—achieved permanency.

Robert Herrick wrote "Chimes," a story of modern university life and problems. A collection of excellent short stories by Barry Benefield was published under the title of "Short Turns."

The high level of craftsmanship reached in earlier books by Ellen Glasgow, Elinor Wylie, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather and other women whose artistry is conceded, was held or surpassed in their publications for 1926. In "The Romantic Comedians," a skillful and ironic study of middle-age affections, Ellen Glasgow wrote what was regarded by many as the best work of her career, which has produced sixteen books of distinction since 1897. The individuality of Elinor Wylie was expressed in "The Orphan Angel" with its romantic conception of a resuscitated Shelley, touched with a sophisticated irony; Zona Gale wrote "Preface to a Life," tracing the spiritual collapse of a small town man through the inhibiting influence of conventions—no doubt her best work; Willa Cather's book, "My Mortal Enemy," hardly went beyond the proportions of a sketch in a slight volume, yet presented a complete portrait of a woman, with an economy of writing. Elizabeth, in "Introduction to Sally," and Kathleen Norris in "Hildegarde," easily held the loyalty of their many readers, and the latter was regarded in some quarters as the best book of her career. Miss Fannie Hurst published "Mannequin," a book that had won the $50,000 prize offered in 1925 by *Liberty*. Martha Ostenso, winner of the Dodd Mead-Pictorial Review prize in 1925 with "Wild Geese," published "The Dark Dawn." Dorothy Canfield wrote a story dealing with two generations in one house, "Her Son's Wife;" and Margaret Widdemer wrote "Gallant Lady." Mrs. Edith Wharton had no novel in 1926 but a collection of

short stories, written in earlier years, was made in "Here and Beyond."

The most popular novelists of 1926 were Miss Edna Ferber and John Erskine, and both kept faith with their public by writing novels better than those so warmly received in 1925. Miss Ferber followed "So Big" with "The Show Boat." Its serial publication permitted a preliminary appraisal of its qualities, so that orders for 110,000 copies were received by the publishers from booksellers before publication. The book may be regarded either as winning popularity because of the characters it portrayed, or because of the romantic character of the Mississippi River background. The show boat is a picturesque American institution and its actors live a highly colorful existence. John Erskine had found an entirely new audience with "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," in 1925, which also sold widely last year. His "Galahad: Enough of His Life to Explain His Reputation," was better told, more of a unit, and decidedly modern in its viewpoint. Its light and sophisticated appraisal of customs and manners once taken very seriously may be regarded as proof that our age is not very lugubrious, and the wide circulation of his book shows that this frivolous sophistication is approved beyond metropolitan communities. But if anything more was needed to suggest this growing emancipation of the whole country from the forbidding inhibitions of an older day, it was the enormous popularity of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" by Anita Loos, a book of slight importance to literature but filled with sophisticated humor and observation, and an excellent barometer of the national temper. In "Early Autumn" Louis Bromfield published the third of his novels dealing with phases of American life.

Among first novels "The Time of Man" by Elizabeth Madox Roberts proved an honest and forceful book, shot through with an appreciation of beauty in character and in style. It gave promise that serious, unromantic study of character might again be associated with good English. This had not always been the case in the important books of the last ten years, written sometimes by adolescents and sometimes by journalists. Miss Roberts had won distinction for her poems. Her theme dealt with the poor white trash of Kentucky and revealed an intimate understanding of their problems of life. A similar theme of village frustration, although more highly dramatic and colored with action, located in Tennessee, was sketched by T. S. Stribling in an able book, "Teeftallow." Another valuable first novel was "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway, revealing a well-poised but somewhat bitterly ironic writer in a wholly sophisticated mood. Mr. Hemingway had won favorable attention for the brevity and directness of his short stories, many of them psychoanalytical in character. "The Sun Also Rises" revealed an ability to write remarkable dialogue and to appreciate the underlying elements in a bull fight, a theme that had already been used by the author in short stories, such as "The Undefeated" originally published in *This Quarter* (Paris) and reprinted as one of the twenty outstanding stories of the year by Edward J. O'Brien in his "The Best Short Stories of 1926." The fact that Mr. Hemingway's characters were not always personæ gratæ did not in any way detract from recognition of his qualities as a writer. Others who made their bow as novelists were Lester Cohen, with "Sweepings," and Frances Newman with "A Hard-Boiled Virgin."

The publication of poetry during 1926 confirms the

impression that the ledgers have been closed on a highly productive era and that consolidation of victories won and a revaluation of accomplishments is now going on. A large number of collections and selections proves this.

First mention should be reserved for the octogenarian Thomas Hardy, whose fine spirit underwent no change with the years. A new and complete American edition of his poems was issued as "Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy," including in this thin paper edition of 818 pages also the collection published in 1925 under the title "Human Shows, Far Fantasies, Songs and Trifles." Through this great body of lyrical poetry runs the calm, imperturbable and unbending spirit of the sage, keenly alive to human suffering and resigned to its inevitability. Even if the men of another generation "who met sunrise sanguine-souled, are wearing weary," in Hardy's line, these poems, including the occasional lyrics of late years, betray no failing touch.

The "Collected Poems by A. E." were issued in a new edition, but did not differ from the revised issue of 1919. The "Collected Poems of James Stephens," however, added some of his recent writings to older poems of the last seventeen years and contained an interesting preface on the value of lyricism. Moreover with the publication of Miss Sara Teasdale's "Dark of the Moon" in a beautiful edition, the publishers took the opportunity to add her earlier books in the same format. "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson" were issued in leather in a neat pocket-size edition, carrying the introduction written by Martha Dickinson Bianchi for the 1924 edition, and an additional note by her for this issue. "The Selected Poems of Arthur Davison Ficke" was another tribute to the enduring qualities of this author's

beautiful poetry, and contained an essay on lyricism by Ficke and several poems hitherto unpublished. "Selected Poems of Carl Sandburg" was prepared by Miss Rebecca West for the English market, but had values also for the United States; the introductory essay on Chicago and Sandburg by Miss West had an original viewpoint which made it of interest wholly apart from the poems. Similarly the "Selected Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese" drew attention to the long career of this distinguished writer. An important limited edition was the Julian edition of Shelley, of which 285 sets out of 765 were allotted to America.

Notwithstanding the flood of collections, selections and anthologies, the original publications decreased very little in number, although critics agree that the quality was not distinguished. The most useful reference work on the subject, "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926 and Yearbook of American Poetry," by William Stanley Braithwaite, listed an incredibly large number of recognized poets, and in presenting a series of essays by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, William Rose Benet, E. Merrill Root, Glenn Hughes, James Southall Wilson, Dawson Powell, Willard Johnson, George Sterling, Mary Austin, Thomas Walsh, Henry Harrison, Alain Locke and Marianne Moore, this book provided a survey of the poetic development of the last fifteen years. The book contained one of the last articles by George Sterling, who died in San Francisco in November, and whose other writings included, in a booklet, "Robinson Jeffers, the Man and the Artist," describing this forceful poet of the Pacific coast. "Poets and Their Art," by Harriet Monroe, gave excellent studies of the leading modern poets and some older ones. Archibald MacLeish published "Streets of the

Rollin Kirby, in the New York *World*

"WHY, RUDYARD!"

Harry Hansen Thinks Kipling Is Entitled to His Opinion, Especially Since It's In Verse

Moon"; "East Wind," by Amy Lowell, was published posthumously; other evidence of poetic activity included "The Inner Harbor," by Wilbert Snow; "Sardonyx" by Danford Barney; "Humility and Pride" by Amy Spingarn; "Eve Walks in Her Garden" by Louise Ayres Garnett; "Frost Fire" by Arthur Crew Inman; "Lilliput" by Roberta T. Swartz; "Satirical Poems," by Siegfried Sassoon; "Candle in the Cabin" by Vachel Lindsay; "Lee," a dramatic monologue by Edgar Lee Masters; a set of the poems of Laurence Hope, "India's Love Lyrics," "Stars of the Desert," and "Last Poems"; the "Collected Poems of John G. Neihardt"; "The Sea and the Dunes" by Harry Kemp; "Flying Fish" by Grace Hazard Conkling; "The Book of Extenuations" by Edmund Vance Cooke; and "Sonnets of a Minnesinger and other Lyrics" by J. U. Nicolson. Some attention was accorded "The Singing Crow" by Nathalia Crane, the girl poet of Brooklyn.

It would be a very difficult task to estimate the relative values of the many books that came from England in 1926 and were issued here under an American imprint. Not only was it a most prolific output, of very high quality, but it gave representation to practically every important English man of letters now living. Even when the book was an assemblage of writings published long before, as in the case of "Translations and Tomfooleries" by Bernard Shaw, the work was timely and fittingly represented a proficient generation. We are now at the point where the youths of the Nineties are growing bent and gray. The publication of "The Book of Bodley Head Verse," chosen by J. B. Priestley, a volume commemorating John Lane, was a reminder that another of the Beardsley circle had passed on.

Despite the fact that Mr. Hardy was the oldest author represented, it was Rudyard Kipling who seemed the oldest. Because the great bulk of this man's work was complete almost at the turn of the century, he seemed to speak as the voice of another age. This impression also went forth from "Debits and Credits," a collection of short stories interlarded with poems. In certain tales dealing with the efforts of isolated war veterans to resume social contacts in a blue lodge, Mr. Kipling sketched groping and lonely males with his customary allurement. Nearly all his writings in this collection bore his characteristic touch, without adding to his reputation; even the poem, "The Vineyard," which turned out to be a bitter condemnation of the American laggard who came at the eleventh hour and then took to himself the credit for the victory, was entirely concomitant with his viewpoint and his manner of putting political opinions into quatrains. The poem caused some adverse comment, but Mr. Kipling, as the representative of a stratum of British society that has lost much that the peace can never restore, is entitled to his expression.

Of all the English novelists writing to-day John Galsworthy has seemed to me the most consistent. The rich vein of social satire uncovered in his story of the Forsytes and their connections gives no hint of running out. "The Silver Spoon" was published in July after running serially and justified the high opinion held of its author. It proved even a better-knit work than "The White Monkey," which it succeeded, and the story of which it carried forward. Soames Forsyte, already familiar to all followers of the Forsyte Saga, came into clear relief as a maladroit abettor of fate, although the story dealt primarily with the marital progress of Michael Mont and

Fleur. The usual quiet progress of a Galsworthy novel was accelerated by the use of a court trial for slander, a situation that has appeared in various English books of late. Toward the end of the year the poems of John Galsworthy were reprinted in a thin volume. Two new editions of Galsworthy were announced; the first four volumes of the Grove edition revealed this to be pocket-size, with very readable type, to cost $1.25 for each of eighteen volumes; the Devon edition was a more expensive project. "John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist," by R. H. Coates, also made its appearance; this is a very useful book explaining and analyzing the plays, whereas a new edition of "European Dramatists" by Archibald Henderson—something of a reference work since its first appearance in 1913—was found to contain an additional chapter on Galsworthy, in which the author judged the playwright as "endowed with all the arts but one—to breathe into the dramatic character a living soul."

Most arresting of the books that came from England was "The World of William Clissold" by H. G. Wells, issued in two volumes. Although its author with some acerbity contended that it was fiction, it was found to dovetail in many instances with the opinions of Mr. Wells, expressed in earlier books. Thus it possessed all the qualifications for becoming a rallying point for liberal opinion, but the effect on discussion was not as wide as that evoked upon the publication of "Marriage," "First and Last Things" and "The Outline of History." A new illustrated edition of the latter proved to contain various emendations by Wells, in commenting on literature and scientific growth after the war.

Of many other English novelists one may say that their work was representative and often distinguished. In

"Lord Raingo" Arnold Bennett depicted the emotional progress of a British cabinet-member, projecting a portrait which was said to be a composite that no one successfully identified. It was a fluent tale with some rich passages, but not an outstanding work. Frank Swinnerton, in "Summer Storm," revealed a love episode in the lives of London typists with a restraint and understanding worthy of the author of "Nocturne." Critics who had warmly praised "The Elder Sister" were inclined to regard it as a work of minor importance, but this view seemed hardly tenable. It became evident that in "Harmer John" Hugh Walpole had returned to the fine level of "The Cathedral" and that his detective mystery, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" had been the pastime of a competent artist. Osbert Sitwell's novel, "Before the Bombardment," was a study of certain old ladies hibernating in an English tea-coast resort; the manner was uncompromising, ironic and objectively sketched life's petty tragedies. Sheila Kaye-Smith carried forward a saga of her own in "Joanna Godden Married." The return of George Moore to the narrative style of "Hail and Farewell" was evident in "Ulick and Soracha," published in a limited edition, uniform with the Carra edition, late in the fall. A new and revised edition of "Avowals" was issued at about the same time. A typical collection of short stories of Far Eastern life by W. Somerset Maugham saw the light of day under the title "The Casuarina Tree" and Lord Dunsany was represented with "The Charwoman's Shadow." Ford Madox Ford wrote "A Mirror to France" and "A Man Could Stand Up," and Aldous Huxley published "Jesting Pilate," a book of travel observations. There were a number of contributions to the reminiscences of the Conrad circle, including "I Have

This to Say" by Violet Hunt, and "Joseph Conrad as I Knew Him," by Jessie Conrad. May Sinclair published "Far End." J. D. Beresford had "Almost Pagan."

An age which sees its heroes plain and is determined that those of the past shall not be obscured by the glamor of distance would naturally wish to reëxamine a figure as important as that of George Washington. By an odd circumstance he appeared the object of attack by non-professional historians, when, as a matter of fact, an attempt was made to "humanize" him. Rupert Hughes, heretofore a popular novelist, published "George Washington, the Human Being and the Hero," which followed his career up to 1762. Some of his views were challenged by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart and answered with the statement that documentary proof was extant for every passage. A more sensational study was "George Washington, the Image and the Man," by W. E. Woodward, author of "Bunk" and "Lottery." This threw much more unfavorable light on Washington, and although important for its viewpoint, was greatly handicapped by its author's tendency to jump to conclusions. "Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American," by Phillips Russel, gave sufficient episodes out of Franklin's life to prove his liberalism and freedom from puritan conventions, but is of interest only for its viewpoint and not for its information. The best biographical essay by an American writer was Gamaliel Bradford's "Darwin," which had the merit of clearness, brevity, wit and a liberal attitude. A most useful work was "An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln," a book prepared by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson from Lincoln's writings. Georg Brandes's "Jesus: A Myth" appeared; and Horace Greeley found a new biographer

in Don C. Seitz, albeit not an iconoclast, nor a hero-worshiper.

The two outstanding biographies of the year seem to me to be "Abraham Lincoln; the Prairie Years," by Carl Sandburg, a two-volume work, and "Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe," by Hervey Allen, also in two volumes. Despite the many "lives" of Lincoln the Sandburg version gains distinction because it is as much engaged in interpreting and presenting a character as in giving information; this is due largely to Sandburg's ability to sink himself in the character and thus produce a kind of sublimated autobiography. There is no doubt that, in spite of the many books on Poe, the work of Mr. Allen deserves to lead the field because of its use of new information and its modern attitude. A revaluation of Poe in the light of modern theories of psychology and behavior had long been foreshadowed; Joseph Wood Krutch had presented his thesis a year ago, which had been helped materially by the publication of the Stanard book of unpublished Poe letters in the Valentine museum at Richmond, also issued in 1925. The Allen book is marked by scholarship, honesty and common sense, and as the author does not set out to prove a theory is filled with genuine information, presented with clearness and beauty. It may be regarded as an important contribution of 1926 to the literary history of America and will live well beyond its day. A second ponderous work on Poe, "Edgar Allan Poe, the Man," by Mary E. Phillips, published in two volumes, also presented numerous facts, but is of no permanent value for its lack of scholarship. Both the Hervey Allen "Poe" and Herbert Gorman's "A Victorian American: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," were products of the modern attitude of examining great ca-

reers without bias or preconceived viewpoint, but neither, as it turned out, was touched with irony or iconoclasm. Mr. Gorman's book turned out to be a competent survey of Longfellow in relation to his times, less critical than explanatory. Emory Holloway's "Walt Whitman, An Interpretation in Narrative," added another study to the already long list of books about this poet. But any consideration of 1926 would be incomplete if mention were not made of the popularity of books like "To-day and Tomorrow," by Henry Ford, and "Men and Rubber," by Harvey S. Firestone, which reflected not only the interest in biography but in industrial efficiency.

Out of the accelerated search for authentic American themes and the interest in negro life grows the publication of books dealing with blues, spirituals and folk songs generally; whereas the interest in our recent past, stimulated by such books as those by Thomas Beer and Mark Sullivan, has turned attention to the songs and ballads of the nineteenth century. The first "Book of American Negro Spirituals," prepared by James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson, uncovered a wealth of material, although some of it had been available before in Ditson publications. Last year saw the publication of "The Second Book of Negro Spirituals," by the same authors. Of similar content was "Blues," by W. C. Handy, which had a valuable introduction by Blair Niles, tracing the origin of many blues. "So This is Jazz" was both analytical and informative and was written by Henry O. Osgood. Sigmund Spaeth produced two books: "Read 'Em and Weep," which traced American popular songs down to the present, and "Words and Music," a book of his own characteristic burlesques. The care taken in the Johnson and Handy volumes, as well as in "Negro Spirituals,"

Charles Dana Gibson, in *Life*

AUNT JANE FROM THE COUNTRY: "I'VE FOUND JUST THE BOOK TO READ ALOUD FROM. IT'S SOMETHING CALLED 'THE DECAMERON.'"

At That, Aunt Jane Could Find Equally Exciting Stuff in Some Recent Best-Sellers

edited by William Arms Fisher, make these excellent source-books. "The Book of Navy Songs" was published late in the year under the auspices of the Trident Society of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., and fills the usual place for such collections.

As usual, there was a representative selection of books by continental authors, translated for the first time, as well as American commentaries on foreign authors. To the latter group belonged "Guy de Maupassant, A Biographical Study" by Ernest Boyd, and the iconoclastic attack, "Anatole France; the Degeneration of a Great Artist," by Prof. Barry Cerf, of Reed College. Various new editions of France reached the market, including "Thais," illustrated by Frank C. Pape; "Rambles with Anatole France," by Sandor Kemeri; "Conversations with Anatole France," by Nicolas Segur, and certain miscellaneous writings of France, "Under the Rose," were translated by J. Lewis May. From abroad also came "Wedlock" by Jacob Wassermann in a translation by Ludwig Lewisohn; "None but the Brave," by Arthur Schnitzler; "Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger, a translation of his "Jud Süsz."

Books on religion were largely written for that omnipresent individual, "the average man," and greatest popularity went to Bruce Barton, whose "The Man Nobody Knows," continued to sell widely, and was followed by "The Book Nobody Knows." Both are informal and have no permanent value. Harry Emerson Fosdick wrote "Adventurous Religion" and his publishers announced that ten titles by him were in active demand. Lewis Browne gave a liberal account of the great religions in "This Believing World." The most ambitious undertaking was "An Outline of Christianity," containing many

articles by churchmen of different creeds. Floyd L. Darrow wrote "Miracles, a Modern View"; William Montgomery Brown published "My Heresy"; William Lawrence wrote "Memories of a Happy Life." Two books by Dean Inge were both religious and political: "Lay Thoughts of a Dean," and "England." Joseph Fort Newton edited the "Best Sermons," and "My Idea of God," a symposium.

The generation that dominated affairs during the Great War is now laying the foundations for its historical records; 1926, like 1925, brought various books of reminiscence to which students of politics and international events will have to refer for many years to come. "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," arranged as a narrative by Charles Seymour, was published in February in two volumes. It dove-tailed with the earlier "Twenty-five Years" by Earl Grey of Fallodon and Robert Lansing's book. "Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet," by David F. Houston, formerly secretary of agriculture and secretary of the treasury, was published in two volumes. The editing and republication of important papers was continued in "The New Democracy; Presidential Messages, Addresses and other Papers (1913-1917)," by Woodrow Wilson, edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd, the second section of two volumes in the projected six. From England came "Fifty Years of British Parliament," by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and "Soldiers and Statesmen," by Sir William Robertson. The memoirs of the German Kaiser, however, dealt with his youth and young manhood rather than the war.

Finally a generation crystallizes its ideas and opinions in books of comment. These were not many in 1926, but they showed a growing criticism of manners and litera-

ture. The assembled books, such as "American Criticism," edited by W. A. Drake, showed that many telling articles of criticism were being written for periodicals. A similar service was performed by "Contemporary American Criticism," by James Cloyd Bowman, and "Current Reviews," by Lewis Worthington Smith. "Critical Woodcuts" consisted of twenty-six impressions of authors and books by Stuart Pratt Sherman, and at this date suggests the loss sustained by the untimely death of this critic. Robert Littell in "Read America First"; Lewis Mumford in "The Golden Day," and Joseph Warren Beach in "The Outlook for American Prose" contributed individual viewpoints. Wyndham Lewis broke a long silence with "The Art of Being Ruled." This galaxy, together with the increased interest in typography and printing, shown by the number of limited editions on fine paper, the beautiful color work of which "Turn to the East" by Caroline Singer and C. Leroy Baldridge, is an example, and the attention given the first exhibit of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and the annual exhibit of the Fifty Best Books, demonstrates that 1926 was a year of progress and high adventure in the world of books.

ON THE HOLLYWOOD FRONT

by Carl Hovey

IT is an accepted tradition that there is only one way to write an article about motion pictures: you ask the question, "What is wrong with motion pictures?" —and proceed to answer it by burning up most of the directors, producers, and screen personalities in Hollywood, ending perhaps with a contemptuous reference to the natural bad taste of the public.

That isn't the way to get anywhere, and I shall avoid it.

Without dread of successful contradiction I would set up the idea in the first place that there is really nothing seriously wrong with the movies. That the whole industry of making pictures is going ahead artistically as well as financially. That the troubles we hear about and experience are the healthy growing-pains of a difficult and far from fully fledged form of entertainment. When picture technique becomes so standardized that all goes smoothly, then it will mean that the enterprise is no longer an adventure but a mere process, and the public will turn for excitement to something else.

As for the renowned public taste, upon which so many tons of blame are conveniently dumped, I am skeptical of the existence of such an entity. The word taste should probably not be applied to the broad reactions that are recorded at the box office, any more than to the sales returns of popular books and magazines. Taste is the edu-

cated appreciation of older and more settled and more refined types of creative effort—poetry and painting, for example. But popular entertainment depends for its success on crude force. The object is to knock 'em cold. Popular entertainment is a big gun; the public is, of course, the target; and the dynamite in the proceeding is *human interest.*

That the picture producers know how to interest the public is proved by the extravagant returns of the industry, bursting with life and prosperity. More and bigger theaters are being built in which to show pictures. Great stretches of new "territory" are being fought over by the magnates in search of control. The legitimate theaters in every city except New York have been pushed down into second place, or else wiped out. Vaudeville, an old, established, ramified institution, is going the way of the regular theaters. There will be back currents, no doubt; we shall see vaudeville and the legit come back again, probably vastly improved by the present-day blood-letting. For there is no reason at all why forms of entertainment so different should not be supported side by side. But for all that, the daily spectacle of thousands rushing, apparently supperless, from their work to the picture houses, where they settle down comfortably to an enjoyment of whatever program is provided, while quite commonly the long queue of people unable to get in but willing to wait patiently for the second show, forms outside on the sidewalk—this is all so remarkable a proof of the pulling power of the screen that no one can escape it.

With everything coming their way, it might be expected that the picture producing forces would take it easy and ride along on the general enthusiasm of the public without too much effort to better their offerings. But

James House, Jr., in the New York *Evening Post*

AT THE FRONT

Mentioned in Carl Hovey's Dispatches

this is certainly not the case. For a number of compelling reasons. Competition between the big companies for leadership. Personal ambition of almost everybody connected with the making of pictures, from the Napoleons at the top down through the directors, assistant directors, script writers, gagmen, and camera boys, each one of whom is fighting and praying for his lucky break. There is also the inherent difficulty of turning out the satisfactory picture, the terrible uncertainties, the nightmare possibility of a flop, to inspire through fear a maximum of effort. But above all they are stimulated by an electric urge to keep one jump ahead of the public, the necessity to whet the appetite of the now almost cosmic army of picture fans, and to keep them in a state of growing excitement and enthusiasm—because it pays well.

Hollywood remains as always the driving heart of the enterprise and the power-house of the line. Of the six hundred and fifty motion pictures made during the past year, an overwhelming majority were manufactured in the magic city of the Pacific Coast. The call of the East is sometimes heard; two of the big companies, *Fox* and *Famous Players-Lasky,* have continued to operate additional producing studios in New York; but on the whole the advantages of Hollywood for conducting a war—for that is what the production of motion pictures often resembles—stand unsuccessfully challenged.

Truth to be told, it's not only the sunshine—it's the life, that favors the picture business out here. In Movieland existence has the advantage of becoming intensely simple, and utter concentration is readily arrived at. In this great plant the electric tension of studio activity vibrates uninterruptedly in the blood of the workers. At night the shadowy peace of the desert mountains bestows com-

plete recuperation for another day, when the battle begins fiercer than ever before. And so on, until all account of time is lost (except shooting schedules), when every outside interest has slipped into second place, and life is lived solely for pictures.

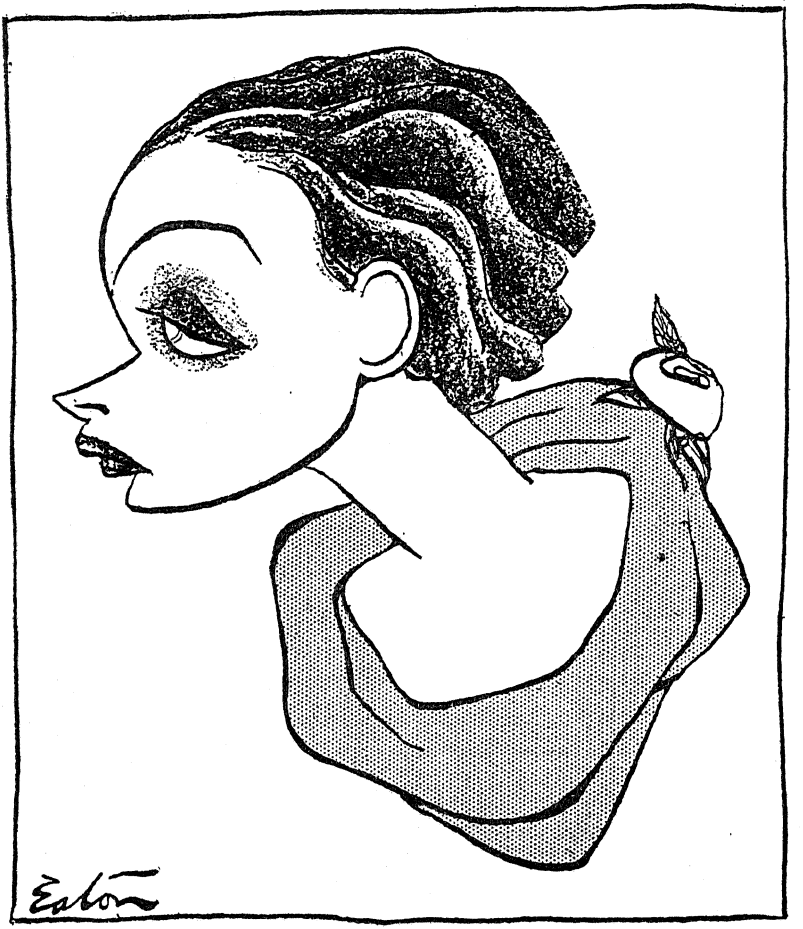
We are reminded that two of the leading companies have taken firmer root than ever in this location by building and settling into new quarters during the past year. *Famous Players Lasky* found themselves hemmed in by the growth of Hollywood, their land fast becoming an unnecessarily expensive charge, and have now abandoned the old historic lot at Vine and Sunset and gone to Melrose, where *First National* was formerly located. The latter company has built a handsome, up-to-date producing studio north of the mountains, at Burbank. With *De Mille* and *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer* on the other side of town in Culver City and *Universal* to be reached through Cahuenga Pass, it has become conclusive that any one who hopes to get about in the picture business must own at least one car. Sunset Boulevard, in spite of the presence of *Fox, Warners,* and the *Christies,* is no longer the Main Street of the industry.

The line-up of the forces shows no important, radical changes. Zukor and Lasky, Schenck, Mayer, Fox, Carl Laemmle, Cecil B. De Mille, continue to be the overlords. Young Irving Thalberg is a great force at *Metro-Goldwyn,* and the same may be said of two other young executives, John McCormick of *First National* and Walter Wanger of *Famous Players,* not forgetting Considine of the *United Artists,* and Sheehan of *Fox.* New blood has been filtering into the business, and a new type of executive is coming to the top, of which another example is William Sistrom, General Manager of P.D.C.—as *Pro-*

ducers Distributing Corporation is known. These men contrast in an interesting way with the more characteristic executives, most of whom are products of the pioneering period of the business. They are more sophisticated, approachable, and accessible to ideas. They inherit the technique which others have worked out in the past with gallons of lost blood and incredible burdens of grief. Theirs is a wonderful opportunity, and part of the credit for the remarkable achievements of the past year or two must be set down to the intelligent direction of the production undertakings.

But assigning credit in an enterprise which must always be tremendously coöperative in its nature is at bottom an impossible task. We must look at it in the rough; and then it is clear that some companies, for whatever reason, have made a brilliant record during the past year, while others have stood still, or slipped back in the matter of prestige. For quality of pictures and outstanding successes, *Famous Players* stepped into the lead in 1926. 1925 was conceded to be a *Metro-Goldwyn* year. The palm for 1927 may go to one of these two, or to a third company—no one at present can say. A year in pictures is an arbitrary figment of speech, because the calendar of this inordinate industry is not to be measured by the four seasons. Periods overlap in an intricate manner, and the successes of 1926 are also the successes of the year following, for example, "The Big Parade." But for the sake of arriving somewhere, let us say that the great pictures of 1925 were "Ben Hur," "The Merry Widow," "The Big Parade," three *Metro-Goldwyn* products. In 1926 the great pictures were "What Price Glory," produced by *Fox*; "The Volga Boatman," personally directed by Cecil B. De Mille and distributed by P.D.C.; and "Beau

Eaton, in the New York *Evening Post*



"THE TEMPTRESS"

Greta Garbo

Geste" and "Old Ironsides," produced by *Famous Players*. But in addition to the two big ones, *Famous Players* had the good fortune to score with a couple of unsurpassed comedies, "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now," besides putting over a remarkable artistic achievement in Mal St. Clair's "The Show-off." In a similar way, P.D.C. has backed up the success of the big picture, "The Volga Boatman," with several others, "Gigolo," "Young April," "The Nervous Wreck, "Three Faces East," and "Silence," and may be set down as one of the companies which in 1926 has made great progress.

In discussing the popular successes of the past year we have two classes of pictures to consider, first the big, road-show productions, and second the regular program output. The road-shows are the big guns of the industry and are put into the big city theaters for a run, while the program pictures, which constitute the staple material of the ordinary picture houses all over the world, go the accustomed rounds.

The most popular pictures of the year begin with two that have stood the test of time. Some of the others are comparatively new to the public:

"The Covered Wagon"
"The Ten Commandments"
"The Big Parade"
"The Volga Boatman"
"Ben Hur"
"The Black Pirate" and "Sparrows"
"The Sea Beast"
"Bardelys the Magnificent"
"Beau Geste"
"Mare Nostrum"
"Stella Dallas"

"The Winning of Barbara Worth"
"Old Ironsides"
"What Price Glory."

Still others which have established a leadership at the box-office are:

"The Keeper of the Bees"
"The Cohens and the Kellys"
"Behind the Front"
"The Vanishing American"
"The Son of the Sheik"
"The Lost World"
"The Pony Express"
"The Iron Horse"
"Charley's Aunt."

To be added to the list are a number of sharply interesting pictures; some of them are of foreign origin; others have not yet been generally shown and therefore have not begun to figure in the box-office reports; and still others, like "Variety" and "Silence," have such definite, underlying values that they will hold the screen a long, long while.

Of Continental origin:

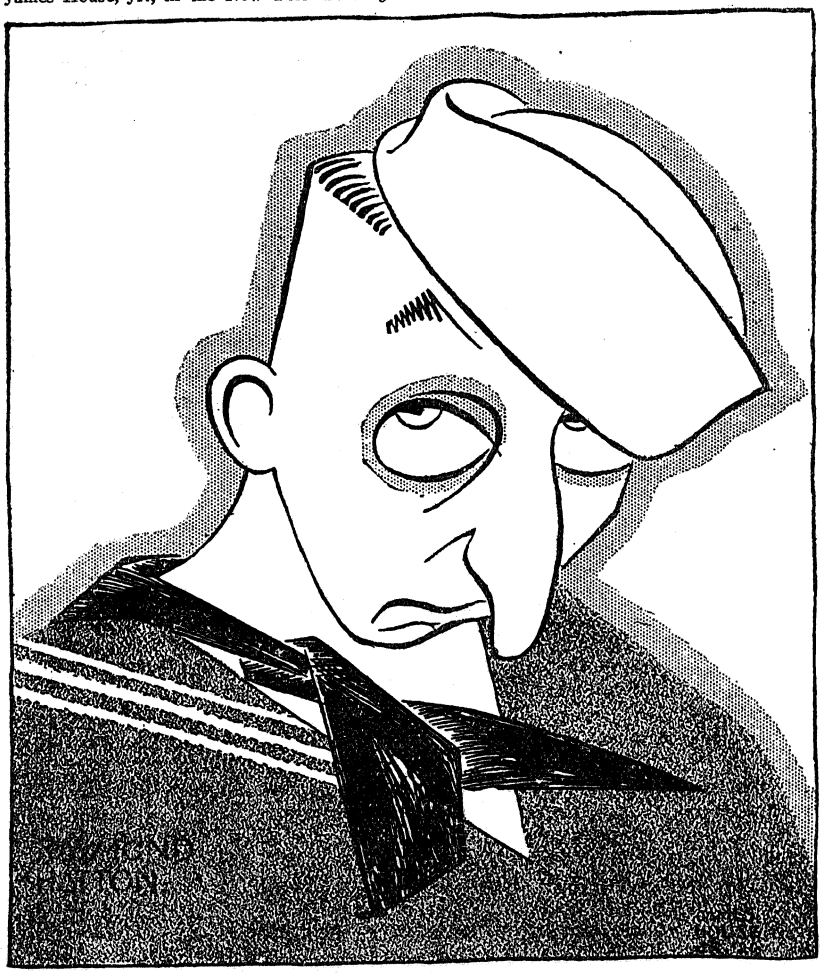
"Potemkin"
"Variety"
"The Waltz Dream"
"Faust."

"Variety" is perhaps the studio sensation of the year. Its extraordinary cleverness caught the imagination of the professionals as well as the public. The use of a trapeze act, together with the pictorial brilliancy of a German *Winter Garten;* the elemental and simple drama of love and jealousy played between two men and a woman, with the great Emil Jannings in the leading part;

the effective and path-making camera work and the uncanny cutting of the picture so that you passed from one scene to another without the slightest interruption of the smooth tension of the story—these things made "Variety" a much talked of and admired picture. As a consequence we are seeing more fast dissolves and odd camera angles in our Hollywood product than ever before. Directors and camera men are experimenting with the fascinating possibilities, as they will continue to experiment to the end of time.

And yet our best films are comparatively conservative in the matter of camera tricks, and the feeling of our greatest directors is for clear, simple, solid work in which technique remains unobtrusive. The chief exception is Lubitsch's "So This is Paris," which has a ballroom scene that every one ought to see, the effect of mad movement is so marvelously gotten over. But this is not on the whole ranked as a great Lubitsch picture, and it may be said that this German director, who has for some time been naturalized in Hollywood, has not added in any signal way to his reputation during the past year. In the name of beauty and deep impressiveness one turns to such fine films as Herbert Brenon's "Beau Geste," Cecil B. De Mille's "The Volga Boatman," and Henry King's "The Winning of Barbara Worth." The desert prologue of "Barbara Worth" is full of a calm and terrible significance. The river scenes of "The Volga Boatman" are paintings in motion; the dark rhythm of the serfs breasting the tow-rope and treading a triumphant *miserere* against the wild Russian sky—this is unforgettable both for its humanness and its beauty. And in the romantically bitter drama of "Beau Geste" there are bits as striking and vigorous as the drawings of the French masters

James House, Jr., in the New York *Evening Post*



HE PLAYED WITH WALLACE BEERY

"We're in the Navy Now"

of black and white. In fact, it may be added that the results which are obtained without the use of color are so satisfying pictorially that we don't miss it.

Natural color pictures, like talking films, are a development of which we have no clear idea of their value in the future. Discussion of these matters is theoretic. It is not so much the question whether we can have color films or talking pictures or not, as whether we want them and how we want to use them. The past year has shown us good examples of both. The Fairbanks picture, "The Black Pirate," made by what is called the technicolor process, has every scene in full natural colors. The effect in the long shots, where there was a mass grouping and an interesting and large composition, was universally admired. But in the close scenes of intimate action the coloring often seemed to have the effect of distracting attention from the main business of the show—which is of course the acting and the story. Similarly, it does not always seem to be an advantage in the case of the Vitaphone to have a great voice come booming at you out of the otherwise silent screen. There's something too abrupt about it and contrived. Therefore it is safe to say that both color and sound are effects which may become mechanically perfected long before we learn how to use them in such a way as to make better pictures than we are already making without them.

But there is one use for the Vitaphone of which nobody questions the immediate value—the synchronization of music with the scene. This is going to make it possible to send out a film with its musical accompaniment all complete, ready to be reproduced in any motion picture theater. This will provide the effect of a full orchestra for every small town and do away with the horrible ad-

libbing of the bored performer at the organ which dampens many a picture showing at present. The Vitaphone accompaniment of the *Warner* productions of "Don Juan" and "The Better 'Ole" was perhaps the most significant novelty of the year.

But to get back to the pictures of 1926, there are many good ones which have not been mentioned yet, and doubtless others that should go into any list of the outstanding and meritorious:

"A Kiss for Cinderella"
"The Show-Off"
"The Scarlet Letter"
"We're in the Navy Now"
"The Three Bad Men"
"The Road to Yesterday"
"Brown of Harvard"
"The Bat"
"Return of Peter Grimm"
"Corporal Kate"
"La Bohême"
"Young April"
"Gigolo"
"For Heaven's Sake"
"The Unknown Soldier"
"The Quarterback"
"His Secretary"
"The Unholy Three"
"The Campus Flirt"
"You Never Know Women"
"Silence"
"Three Faces East"
"The Temptress"
"The Tower of Lies"

"The Vanishing American"
"The Pony Express"
"The Dark Angel"
"The Gold Rush"
"The Strong Man"
"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
"Lady Windermere's Fan"
"Mantrap"
"Upstage."

Of the screen crop of the past year forty or fifty pictures, probably more, are eminently worth seeing—it doesn't matter how busy you are, or how selective in the matter of entertainment. There is something in each one of them which offers a first-class dramatic thrill, or some rousing comedy, or an imaginative treatment of everyday experience, and so on. Who it was that made these pictures better than the common run, whether the director, or some actor, or the production given by the company, is a question which it would not be worth while to attempt to answer in detail. Some, palpably, are directorial triumphs, like "The Show-off," or "The Tower of Lies." Others immediately make you think of the performance of some actor or actress, like "Brown of Harvard" (Billy Haines), "We're in the Navy Now" (Wally Beery), "The Strong Man" (Harry Langdon), "Gigolo" (Rod LaRocque), "The Temptress" (a thousand times Greta Garbo), "Beau Geste" (Noah Beery), "Mantrap" (Clara Bow), "Young April" (Rudolph Schildkraut). Other pictures in which production is the dominating note are such as "The Vanishing American," of course "Ben Hur," and "Old Ironsides."

The relative importance of star, director, and story, the three elements out of which motion pictures are made,

Courtesy of *The New Yorker*

"OH, JIM, THE GUIDE SAYS THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE 'PAGAN PASSIONS' WAS FILMED!"

Remarkable View of the Ruins of Hollywood After the Action Reported by Carl Hovey

is one of the great variables of this strenuous business. Von Stroheim, Griffith, and C. B. De Mille tell their own stories on the screen and use the actors and actresses they consider most suitable for the parts. With men of this caliber the three elements are combined under one hat, to great advantage. But this is an exception to the rule. Great directors happen to be extremely scarce; they are easily outnumbered by the performers, who must be reckoned as great in the popular sense, in that they are drawing cards at the box-office. When it comes to stories and story-writers it is lost effort to try to find much significance in that field. Once in a great while a title may be discovered that is held to be more important to the public than either director or actors; for example, "Ben Hur," and in a lesser degree, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Here and there may be found a fiction writer whose name will bring people into the theater. But out of the hundreds of screen writers developed on the picture lots of Hollywood not one has yet sprung up to the stature where his name is a drawing power. Yet the scenario which the screen writer produces is the basis of the whole undertaking. This is a curious state of things. It is possible to mention forty or fifty important pictures of the last year without finding any excuse for talking about the writers of the stories which were picturized on the screen. And yet the creative imagination of the screen writers must count somewhere along the line. As soon as the screen writer is developed into a stronger entity, then and not until then will we have personality in the stories that are done on the screen. At present the screen writer is a studio serf, albeit handsomely paid. He is swept along in the picture-making drive like a chip in the rapids of Niagara.

Fancy, in the year 1937, some one may be writing about motion pictures, and pen some such paragraph as this:

"Mr. Radcliffe-Jones' fine screen play was splendidly produced by the Alta Film Company, with a first-rate cast. It is another one of his flashing social comedies, showing an increasing seriousness and depth of purpose, without, however, any weakening of his grip on the popular imagination. Again Mr. Radcliffe-Jones scores a well-deserved triumph at the box-office."

However absurd this may sound, there is something in it. The danger spot in present immense and world-wide success of motion pictures is the want of proportion between the pictures and the stories they tell. It is one thing to see fine acting and beautiful scenes that arrest and delight the eye; it is another thing to be moved out of yourself by the pathos, romance, humanity, or sound drama of the story. This last too seldom happens. In time the public is bound to demand better stories. Then we shall see the belated rise of the screen writer into a position of prominence.

Meanwhile, the producers are well aware of the story difficulty and are making efforts to surmount it. The big specials are based as a rule on simple and satisfactory stories; it is the program pictures which are often weak in that regard. But no one can find fault with some of the gag comedies, of which "Behind the Front" and "We're in the Navy Now," are good examples. Here the story is developed practically on the set by gagmen whose business it is to originate fresh and entertaining routines for the star and at the same time forward the general idea of the story in a straight line. In the case of comedians like Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and Wally Beery this method of building a story works to good advantage. But

when it is applied to a dramatic star like Corinne Griffith, as in one of her recent pictures, "Syncopating Sue," the result is a form of entertainment that is unsatisfying.

The good performances of the individual actors and actresses in 1926 were many. Here is mention of some of them:

Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate"
Emil Jannings in "Variety"
Rudolph Schildkraut in "Young April"
John Gilbert in "Bardelys the Magnificent"
William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman"
Mady Christians in "The Waltz Dream"
Carol Dempster in "That Royle Girl"
Vera Reynolds in "Corporal Kate"
Greta Garbo in "The Temptress"
H. B. Warner in "Silence"
William Haines in "Brown of Harvard"
Wallace Beery in "Behind the Front"
Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik"
Clara Bow in "Mantrap"
John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast"
Rod La Rocque in "Gigolo"
Adolph Menjou in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
Lois Moran in "Stella Dallas"
Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas"
Lillian Gish in "La Bohême"
Ramon Novarro in "Ben Hur"
Gloria Swanson in "Stagestruck"
Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory"
Karl Dane in "The Big Parade"
Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade"
Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man"

Syd Chaplin in "Charley's Aunt"
Ronald Colman in "The Dark Angel"
Vilma Banky in "The Dark Angel"

There must have been ever so many others, as the year 1926 was a brilliant year for acting. The best actor on the screen is still Emil Jannings, the Jannings of "Henry VII," of "Louis le Bien Aime," of "Pharaoh," of "Tartuffe," of "The Last Laugh," of "Faust," of "Variety"—where is the man to be called his equal? The most romantic personality on the screen, Rudolph Valentino, is dead. The best actress? Impossible to name her. The greatest producing actors and independent personalities—Fairbanks, Chaplin, Lloyd. The greatest director—Cecil B. De Mille. We are not overlooking D. W. Griffith, Eric Von Stroheim, King Vidor, James Cruze, Henry King, George Fitzmaurice, Ernst Lubitsch, Fred Niblo, and Herbert Brenon, all men of outstanding capability and imaginative force. Among the younger men, several stand out who have an individual style, foremost among them, Mal St. Clair and Monta Bell; also Rupert Julian, William Wellman, Marcel De Sano have been moving to the front during the past year. Among the supervisors of production, Winnie Sheehan is credited with having a considerable hand in the superb production which *Fox* made of "What Price Glory," through the success of which, incidentally, it may be pointed out that Raoul Walsh, the director of the picture, gave no uncertain demonstration of his ability, and wiped out the doubt which was aroused by his connection with some near-great pictures in the past, notably "The Wanderer." C. Gardiner Sullivan, of the old guard of screen writers and supervisors, has been among those who are going ahead to prove that even better pictures can be made, as over-

lord of such fine pictures as "Gigolo" and "The Yankee Clipper" (a 1927 release) he has been prominent among the leaders. Also, Walter Woods, co-author of "Old Ironsides." Bertram Millhauser, a young man of fiery temperament, keen intuitions, and sound screen training, has made rapid strides to the front as writer and supervisor, and will soon be heard of as a director of prominence if given the opportunity. With Rupert Julian, director, Beulah M. Dix, writer, and H. B. Warner, the star, Millhauser shares the honors of "Silence," one of the most remarkable pictures of the year. Under his supervision, Nils Chrisander, a new Scandinavian director, has turned out for the De Mille Studio (P.D.C.) a significant desert picture in "Fighting Love" which will make a strong claim for attention.

In a sense some of the most important efforts of 1926 have been made in connection with pictures which will not be shown to the public until 1927. There is Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"; "Sunrise," under way for *Fox* in the hands of the German director, Murnau; "Wings," a great aviation war special being made by the *Lasky* company; the *Metro-Goldwyn* production of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island"; "The Rough Riders," featuring Theodore Roosevelt in Cuba, being turned out by *Lasky* after many months of close work, with Herman Hagedorn of the Roosevelt Memorial Association safeguarding every detail of the picture. And above all the rest, in the united opinion of Hollywood, stands the gigantic undertaking of Cecil B. De Mille in "The King of Kings."

To picture the drama of the life of Christ, with the Saviour for the first time interpreted in person on the screen—this is to tell the story of stories of all the

world. It must have taken great courage to essay this task, and more than courage to accomplish it . . . a vein of religious imagination must necessarily have inspired the will to give us on the screen the profound mystery and potency of Christ.

Thus the year closes with a dual record of accomplishment; it is interesting not only for the pictures that have been shown, but also for its decidedly ambitious promise of new undertakings not yet given to the public..

A WHO'S WHO OF CONTRIBUTORS

A WHO'S WHO OF CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT ASBURY was born in Farmington, Missouri, and educated in private and public schools and in Baptist College and Carleton College, both in his home town. His people came from Virginia and North Carolina and most of his ancestors were Methodist or Baptist preachers. A collateral ancestor was Bishop Francis Asbury of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a great-grandfather was the Rev. Daniel Asbury, one of the first Methodist presiding elders. His father was born in Mississippi and became an engineer and a major in the Confederate Army. In the World War Herbert Asbury was a lieutenant of infantry and was gassed and wounded while in command of a platoon of machine guns on the Vesle River. He spent about five months in French and American hospitals. He has never done any sort of work but newspaper and magazine writing. He started on the Farmington *Times* and later worked on the Quincy (Illinois) *Journal,* the Peoria (Illinois) *Journal,* the Atlanta (Georgia) *Georgian,* the New York *Press,* the New York *Tribune,* the New York *Sun,* and the New York *Herald.* He is now on the editorial staff of the New York *Herald Tribune.* He has contributed frequently to the *American Mercury.* His chief interest is in religion and it is the background of his two books, "Up from Methodism" and "A Methodist Saint: The Life of Bishop Asbury," just published; but he is also interested in Japanese art and New York gangs and has written books on both arranged for future publication.

LARRY BARRETTO, christened Laurence Brevoort Barretto, a descendant of the New York Brevoorts and of a Portuguese family resident in America since 1697, was born in Larchmont, New York, in 1890, the son of Gerard Morris Barretto and Laura Brevoort. He was educated at the Hoosac (New York) School and was an assistant editor of *Adventure* magazine, 1920-24. During the War he served in France and Belgium in the American Ambulance Service and received the French War Cross. His first novel, "A Conqueror

Passes," appeared in 1924 and was followed by "To Babylon" (1925) and "Walls of Glass" (1926). For some time he has been the critic of plays, art exhibitions, etc., for *The Bookman;* under the heading "The New Yorker."

LOUIS BROMFIELD, the novelist, was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and studied at Cornell and Columbia Universities. In the War he served with the American Ambulance attached to the French Army and, like Larry Barretto, whom he met at this time and with whom he became close friends, was decorated with the Croix de Guerre. His first novel was "The Green Bay Tree" (1924) and he has since added "Possession" and "Early Autumn," the three forming panels of a comprehensive presentation of American life in the last three generations. For a while he resided in New York City and on Long Island, with visits to New England, but he has for upward of a year been a resident of Paris, with some excursions into the rest of France and Italy.

HENRY SHIPMAN BROWN was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1893; was educated in the schools of that city and was then for two years assistant to the librarian of Amherst College. During those years, as well as before and since, he did a good deal of special work for many newspapers, including the Boston *Globe,* the New York *Evening Post,* and the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Union.* From Northampton he went to Havana where he worked for one of the largest firms of Chicago packers, first as secretary to the manager and then as buyer. In the World War he was chief accountant for the Alien Property Custodian in Washington. After the War he went into Wall Street and was private secretary and statistician for Jesse Livermore, the speculator. Those unfamiliar with Mr. Livermore's career may find it only thinly disguised in the account of Larry Livingston in Edwin Lefevre's book, "The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator." Mr. Brown left Mr. Livermore to undertake for the United States Government the liquidation of a large block of stocks and bonds. That job has been done and has left him, for the moment, free for occasional speculative ventures in Wall Street and some writing.

HAZEL RAWSON CADES, the well-informed and diverting writer on good looks and good-looking clothes—on whose wisdom readers of *Woman's Home Companion* have leaned much—was born

in Vermont but left there when she was quite young. "I loved the hills," she says, "but I couldn't stand the woolen underwear or the doctrine that all you have to do is to try to act as well as you look." She lives in New York and has been on the *Woman's Home Companion* staff for some years. She is, in fact, rather particularly fond of writing for girls aged twelve to twenty because, she says, "they like it." She is reported to get more mail than Gloria Swanson or the Prince of Wales; women believe her when she tells them that they can be good-looking, anyway (and she tells how). "I have no pets, no hobbies, no secret sorrows and no great burning ambition, but I have a nice young husband who believes in letting women write as they please, and a nice old apartment in which I can burn two fireplaces at once. My book, when it comes out (advt.) will *not* be a novel and some one owes me a medal, because after having had two poems published in anthologies I have given up writing verse."

SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, born in Russia in 1889, came to America at the age of seven, where he has resided ever since. He spent his childhood and early youth on the lower East Side of New York. He attended Columbia University and learned about music and literature from Daniel Gregory Mason and John Erskine respectively. He toured America and Europe as accompanist to Efrem Zimbalist, Alma Gluck, Frieda Hempel and Jascha Heifetz. He became musical critic of *The World* in the fall of 1925.

HOMER CROY was born at Maryville, Missouri, in 1883. He began as a police reporter on the St. Louis *Dispatch* and once made a trip around the world taking motion pictures and writing. Besides nine months in France in war time he has spent nearly two years in Europe since the War. "I am now an authority," he writes, "and like all satisfactory authorities, quota'd both ways." His reputation as a humorist came first but he is equally well known for his novels, which include "West of the Water Tower" and "They Had to See Paris."

CLARENCE DARROW, possibly the best-known lawyer in America, was born at Kinsman, Ohio, in 1857, educated in the Ohio public schools, and admitted to the bar in 1875. He was chief counsel for the anthracite miners in the anthracite coal strike arbitration in 1902-03; counsel in the Debs strike case and a large number of labor in-

junction and labor conspiracy cases on the side of labor; counsel for the McNamara brothers in the Los Angeles *Times* dynamiting case; attorney for the defendants in the Moyer, Pettibone and Haywood case arising from the murder of ex-Governor Steunenburg of Idaho; attorney for Leopold and Loeb in Chicago, 1924, and chief of the defense in the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, 1925, opposing William Jennings Bryan. His early novel, "Farmington," is still remembered and he is the author of "Crime, Its Cause and Treatment" as well as of various pamphlets on social and economic questions. His office is in Chicago.

ELMER DAVIS was born in Aurora, Indiana, in 1890, was graduated from Franklin (Indiana) College in 1910 (A.M., 1911) and received a Rhodes scholarship at Queen's College, Oxford (B.A., 1912). He had taught in the Franklin High School in 1909-10 and was on the editorial staff of *Adventure* magazine in 1913-14. Then followed ten years on the staff of the New York *Times* as reporter, special correspondent and editorial writer. He left the *Times* in 1924, having already established himself as a writer of fiction. Besides many short stories in magazines he is the author of a number of novels—"Times Have Changed" (1923), "I'll Show You the Town" (1924), "The Keys of the City" (1925), and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" (1925). No small commotion was created last year by his "Portrait of a Cleric" which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* and the subject of which was easily identified from contemporary public life.

MURIEL DRAPER writes:

"I am. I am Muriel Draper. Before that I was Muriel Sanders. Just before that I was born in New England. Before that I do not know.

"I live. I am curious about who or what living is. I am interested in the living of people and things: manifestations of this are significant to me. I do about this:

"I work. I paint walls and ceilings and floors and design some furniture for rooms where I and people live. I write about this. I talk. I have two sons.

"I know nothing."

HARRY HANSEN, the literary editor of the New York *World,* was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1884, and received his Ph.B. from

the University of Chicago in 1909. In 1914 he was appointed Berlin correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* and he was a war correspondent with the Belgian Army until the retreat to Antwerp, with the German Army until the Battle of the Marne. He was then a correspondent in Italy and Austria-Hungary (1915) and in the Scandinavian countries and the Baltic region (1916). He represented the Chicago *Daily News* at the Paris Peace Conference, 1918-19, and then returned home to succeed Henry Blackman Sell as literary editor of the Chicago paper. In the six years of his service he added much to his own reputation as well as to the reputation of the literary pages he conducted. He joined the New York *World* last year. His books are: "A Peace Congress of Intrigue" (Vienna, 1815); "The Adventures of the Fourteen Points"; "Midwest Portraits" (1923); "Carl Sandburg, the Man and His Poetry" (1924). He translated Jacob Wassermann's novel "Faber" (1925).

CARL HOVEY, after graduating from Harvard, came to New York and was associated with Lincoln Steffens in newspaper and magazine writing, besides turning out a couple of books of biography (one was the "Life of Stonewall Jackson" in the Beacon Biographies). He then became managing editor of *Metropolitan Magazine* and worked closely with ex-President Roosevelt during Roosevelt's four-year connection with the magazine, the high spots being the Colonel's campaign for preparedness and his agitation of public matters with President Wilson. Afterward Mr. Hovey joined the Hearst magazine forces and from there entered the motion picture field. He is at present connected with picture production in Hollywood in an editorial capacity.

KATHLEEN NORRIS has as good a claim as any to the title of America's most popular novelist. She was born in San Francisco in 1880, the daughter of James Alden Thompson and Josephine Moroney. The story of her early life is generally known. She was one of a half dozen children and the parents were well-to-do, so that she was largely educated by private teachers. Both parents died within about a month of each other and the family of children were left in poverty. Kathleen, the oldest, was nineteen, and she who had been just about to make her début in San Francisco society got work at once in a hardware house at $30 a month. With her 15-year-old sister she took charge of the family fortunes. An attempt to take a year's course

in English at the University of California had to be abandoned because the family needed her. She became a librarian, a story writer, a newspaper society editor and a reporter. In 1909 she was married to Charles G. Norris, then merely a younger brother of Frank Norris, the author of "The Pit" and other novels, since become a novelist of importance himself, with "Salt," "Brass," "Bread" and "Pig Iron" (1925). Mrs. Norris made her reputation with "Mother" (1911), enlarged to a novelette from a short story and so successful that the *Ladies' Home Journal* under Edward Bok insisted on buying it as a serial *after* its book publication. Mrs. Norris's many novels include "Certain People of Importance" (1922), "Little Ships" (1925), and "Hildegarde" (1926). "The Callahans and the Murphys" (1924) assembles some of the most famous of her Irish-American stories and "Noon" (1925) is autobiographical.

GRANT OVERTON, the editor of this volume, was born on Long Island, New York, in 1887, spent two years at Princeton University and became a reporter on the New York *Sun* at the end of 1906. Except for brief periods of newspaper work in Denver and San Francisco and a passage before the mast around Cape Horn he was continuously with the *Sun* until October, 1919, as reporter, editorial writer and literary editor. For two and a half years he had charge of publicity for the book publishing house of George H. Doran Company and since December, 1924, he has been fiction editor of *Collier's.* He is the author of several novels and of books on authors and books of which the best-known are "The Women Who Make Our Novels," "When Winter Comes to Main Street," "American Nights Entertainment" and "Cargoes for Crusoes."

GRANTLAND RICE has succeeded the late Walter Camp as the most widely known authority among sporting writers. He was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in 1880, and was graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1901. He was with the Nashville *News,* the *Forester* magazine, the Atlantic *Journal,* the Cleveland *News,* the Nashville *Tennesseean* and the New York *Mail* successively. Since 1914 he has been with the New York *Tribune* and *Herald Tribune.* His war service was as a first lieutenant with the 115th Regiment Field Artillery, Thirtieth Division, A. E. F. His articles on phases of sport, including the annual selection of the All-America football team, appear

weekly in *Collier's* and he is the author of "Songs of the Stalwart," "Sportlights of 1923, 1924," and "Songs of the Open."

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1883; was a student at Holy Cross College and was made a bachelor of law by Boston University. After practicing law eighteen months he entered newspaper work in 1906. He has contributed regularly to magazines since 1910. In 1918 he was commissioned a captain in the Military Intelligence Division of the American Army. His first novel, "Loot," published in 1916, was a sensational success and his recent novels include "A More Honorable Man" (1922), "The Pleasure Buyers" (1925) and "Devil-May-Care" (1926). He divides his seasons between Darien, Connecticut, and Palm Beach, Florida.

SCIENCE SERVICE, Inc., is an institution in Washington, D. C., backed by men of wealth and men eminent in science and journalism. It is directed by Edwin E. Slosson, the originator of all these books which tell us why we behave like human beings and why our glands are to blame if we don't. In other words he was the first (with "Creative Chemistry") to achieve the strictly contemporary scientific best-seller in which the science is sound and the speech that of every day. The writers of the staff of *Science Service,* says Dr. Slosson, that he has trained "write so much like me that I cannot tell the difference myself." This chapter, undertaken by them, has required of their director (he says) no more than that he "breathe gently over it"; and he is therefore, he insists, not the author in any but a respiratory sense.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, or William Stevenson as we should say, is by profession an Arctic explorer. He was born in Manitoba in 1879, the son of Icelandic parents, and began a lifetime as a scholar at the University of North Dakota. Thereafter the University of Iowa, Harvard, the University of Michigan and the Harvard Graduate School either educated or honored him. He made a trip to Iceland in 1904 and an archæological expedition to the same place the following year, but his time north of the Arctic Circle, which was to exceed the total attained in his lifetime by Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, may be said really to have started in 1906-07, when Stefansson conducted an ethnological expedition to the Eskimo of the

Mackenzie delta under the auspices of Harvard and Toronto Universities. A second expedition lasting fifty-three months (1908-12) was made on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and the Government of Canada. This was the adventure which added to the map of Canada many new features, including the Horton River, over 500 miles long, and in the course of which Stefansson discovered the so-called "blond" Eskimos, who had never seen a white man and whose ancestors never had. He lived a year with them and found that some had certain Europeanlike characteristics. The record of Stefansson's Arctic expeditions is continuous until 1917. Among his books, both scientific and popular, the best-known are "My Life with the Eskimo" (1913), "The Friendly Arctic" (1921) and "The Adventure of Wrangel Island" (1925). Half a dozen geographical societies have given him their gold medals.

MARK SULLIVAN has been known nationally for twenty years or more as a writer on politics and political personages. He was born in Avondale, Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1874, and was educated at the West Chester Normal School and at Harvard, which gave him his LL.B. in 1903. He had been half-owner of the *Daily Republican,* Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, for a half dozen years; in 1903-04 he was a contributor to the Boston *Transcript,* and then for two years he practiced law in New York City. But in July, 1906, he went to the staff of *Collier's* and began a national reputation. He was editor of *Collier's,* 1912-17, and is now the chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* and associated newspapers. His books include "The Great Adventure at Washington"; "History of the United States in Our Own Time" and (1925) "Our Time: The Turn of a Century."

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